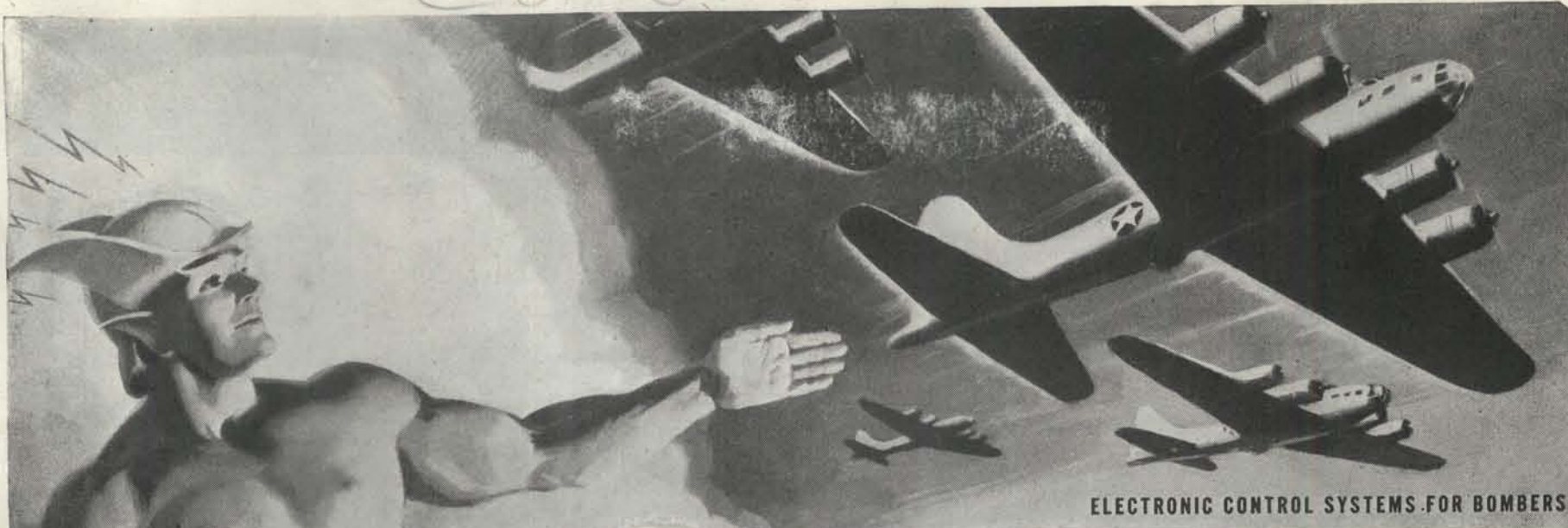


Collier's



ELECTRONIC CONTROL SYSTEMS FOR BOMBERS

M-H *Electronic* CONTROLS



ELECTRONIC TEMPERATURE CONTROL SYSTEMS

IN WAR TODAY . . . IN THE HOME OF TOMORROW!

TODAY M-H Electrons have gone to war. On heavy bombers, for example, various electronic control systems were developed and are being made by Minneapolis-Honeywell. Perhaps the most important of these is the M-H electronic Autopilot, which is largely responsible for the remarkable precision of daylight bombing.

TOMORROW, M-H Electrons will serve the home. The same engineering genius that created these marvelous instruments of war is now developing electronic control systems for postwar homes. Some day M-H Electrons will automatically control house heating and air conditioning—will dispense year-round, attention-free indoor comfort.

Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, 2720 Fourth Avenue South, Minneapolis 8, Minnesota.

LISTEN: The Blue Jacket Choir with Danny O'Neil every Sunday 11:05 to 11:30 A. M., Eastern War Time, C. B. S.

MINNEAPOLIS
Honeywell
CONTROL SYSTEMS

Back The Attack!
Buy MORE
Than Before!

July 1-1944
July 1, 1944

FLORSHEIM SHOES

Designed and Built for Military Wear



YOU CAN TAKE THEM WITH YOU!

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Most Styles
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JOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Keep up with the world



H.B.
HENRY BOLTINOFF

by Freling Foster

About two thirds of the people in the United States live in areas having hard water which, if not softened by a municipal system or a home unit, costs some families as much as \$115 a year in extra plumbing bills, additional soap, spoiled food and reduced life of linens and clothes.—By Steve Turczyn, Bronx, N. Y.

The latest microfilm recorder can take 260 pictures a minute. It is equipped with mirrors that reflect each side of the page into the lens simultaneously, so both may be photographed in one exposure.

Many defendants are unable to appeal their case because of the high cost of reproducing the record of their trial for the appellate court. Not only must the entire record be printed and as many as 20 copies made, but each must also contain reproductions of all the documents offered in evidence, such as contracts, letters and photographs. A number of such records, containing from 3,000 to 7,000 pages, have cost from \$4,000 to \$10,000.

After H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, there are about 125 other living descendants of Queen Victoria who are potential heirs to the British throne.—By Zellah Pike, Rutherfordton, N. C.

Animal blood, obtained from slaughterhouses, is the chief ingredient of a new fire-extinguishing fluid now being tested by the Navy. When sprayed through a special nozzle with water under high pressure, it instantly smothers any burning oil.

Dallas, Texas, now maintains a prophylactic station as well as a venereal-disease clinic for its civilian men and women, both services being free, confidential and available twenty-four hours a day.

Russia now has six large plants that "mine" coal by underground gasification, a method whereby the coal is burned in the mine and the gas forced up one shaft by compressed air or oxygen pumped down another.

Store clerks in Germany today live in fear of inadvertently accepting counterfeit coupons taken from the bogus Nazi ration books which Allied fliers have dropped in large numbers over Germany during the past three months. Anyone who offers or accepts these coupons is liable to a long prison sentence.

Planes of the U. S. Air Transport Command, which fly supplies daily

from Sadiya, India, to Kunming, China, now carry more cargo than was ever carried by vehicles over the old Burma Road. In some months, the tonnage delivered by these planes would require the use of about 4,500 trucks.

Still unbroken is the record for shooting at and hitting the largest number of flying targets, which was made by Adolph Topperwein in San Antonio, Texas, in December, 1907. Firing a .22-caliber repeating rifle continuously eight hours a day for ten days, he hit all but nine of 72,500 two-and-a-half-inch wood blocks tossed in the air 25 feet from him, his longest run without a miss being 14,560 targets.

More than half of the adults in this country, according to a recent survey, do not know whether the United States has ever joined the League of Nations, a subject that has been discussed repeatedly in American newspapers and magazines for the past 24 years.

Because large electric generators require two hours to warm up and be ready for service, every public power company maintains a detector system to warn it of approaching storms, so it can prepare for the unusual increase in the load that results when the day sky darkens and thousands of lights are turned on. In New York City, one such detector begins to blink lights and ring chimes when a storm is 100 miles away.

The only clue of its kind was a piece of wood found recently at the scene of a time-bomb explosion. Photographs of this fragment, part of the box containing the bomb, revealed an impression of printing from a newspaper, which was identified, and led to the capture of the criminal who set the bomb. In the explosion, which occurred during a rain, the fragment was imprinted by the violence with which it was forced against the wet newspaper that had served as wrapper for the bomb.

Since 1925, executions have taken place in American prisons on an average of every two days and 13 hours. . . The lustrous surface of pearls may be injured by bright sunlight, certain gases, and the abrasion caused by harsh dry skin.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

Collier's for July 1, 1944

MORE AND MORE ETHYL IS GOING OVERSEAS

THIS NEWSREEL TELLS YOU
WHERE AND WHY



**BOMBERS RAID BERLIN . . . AIR
FORCE HITS JAP BASE . . .** that's
good news! But for every ton of
bombs dropped, our fliers use,
on the average, over a thousand
gallons of high-octane gasoline.



PT BOATS SINK JAP CRUISER.
The gallant crews of American
PT boats will tackle the biggest
enemy ship afloat. These mighty
midgets are powered with high-
octane gasoline—and plenty of it.



SHIP CONVOYS DEFY SUBS to
bring high-octane gasoline to the
fighting fronts. A big tanker like
this can carry as much as 6,000,000
gallons per trip—but it's only
enough for four 1000-plane
bombing raids on Berlin.



**ETHYL PRODUCTION AT ALL TIME REC-
ORD.** Fighting a war not only requires
enormous quantities of gasoline but the
Army and Navy must have the very best.
That's why oil companies use Ethyl fluid
to improve the antiknock quality of prac-
tically every gallon of fighting gasoline
—aviation and motor.

Every branch of the petroleum industry
is doing its utmost to meet the ever-
mounting requirements of the war. It is
to help oil companies meet these needs
that government agencies have placed
limits on the quantity and quality of gas-
oline for civilian use.

ETHYL CORPORATION
Chrysler Building, New York City



ETHYL
IS A TRADE MARK
NAME

The statements in this advertisement have been submitted to the Office of Censorship, and it has no objection to their publication.

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"The Lucky Stiff..."

You see him... but you don't understand him... He's wings, bars, uniform, youth, high adventure, glamour to the girls, comic strip hero to the kids. His mother's friends say it's *so nice* that he got a commission!... At home on leave he gags about his job, just good clean fun. His family finds him a little aloof, less talkative... Sometimes he shows up a year later with a ridiculous rank for his age, a double row of ribbons, tired eyes, marked reticence... And some people say enviously, "The lucky stiff"... Listen—



LEARNING TO FLY the Army way isn't lollipops... Each day he dies a little until he learns to put down his natural fear, forces instinct, intellect, nerves to take on hard new habits... anticipates every possible accident, conditions himself to danger... He grows in grace, confidence, and judgment of distance from the ground. "Precision" begins to be more than a word... He breakfasts with a bunkmate who is on his way home by night—in a casket... A few short months and some mighty long moments make him a pilot, more afraid of failure than death... Put this down in your book: Wings never come cheap!

In the cockpit, he meets Responsibility... charged with a quarter-million dollar plane, nine lives besides his own, kid gunners who expect him to be God at times, a hundred items to check before a take-off; maps, air photographs, flight plans, instructions to get right, and remember...

EVENTUALLY he finds himself garbed and goggled and masked like some monster, slow oozing oxygen... unnaturally alert, always apprehensive, incredibly lonely... up in an eerie world where unearthly light tries his eyes, thin air threatens blue death in minutes,

ravenous cold gnaws at his gloved fingers, fantasy tricks his senses... Evil black blossoms of flak buffet the sky. Fighters close in out of nowhere streaming destruction. A bomber ahead vanishes suddenly in a golden burst. Another sidles down in a smoke trail, spawning specks of parachutes... The target far below is vague and gauzy, hard to certify. The twenty second bombing run seems a lifetime...

Sometimes the return trip is just a long toboggan ride; sometimes a long nightmare nagged by fighters, an anxious inching back with the shot-up ship hard to handle, some dead props and dying men, a landing that leaves him limp. Missions end with missing ships, missing men, sleep that comes harder... yet he carries on with the cruelest, lousiest job on earth.

FOR WHAT? Flying pay, rank and ribbons don't mean much if you're dead tomorrow. But these men know they have found a job bigger than they are... the extermination of maniacs who menace the whole hope and future of all mankind... the stoppage of war at its source to save lives, dirty work, matériel and time for the ground forces, speed the finish fight... Do you begrudge a bomber crew anything that will make their job easier, more effective?

Be a patriot—buy another War Bond! Sounds pretty shoddy, doesn't it?... For how much of anybody's money will you match *your* life? Can any amount of Bond sales square one day's losses of bomber crews? Lending money may hurt—but can't kill! Your pledge of a billion would still be small change stacked up with these boys who sign on the dotted line with Death every mission!... Any way you figure it, those of us who stay at home, know where we'll be tomorrow—and not the boys in the bombers—are the only "lucky stiffs" in this war. And let's not hold our luck cheap!

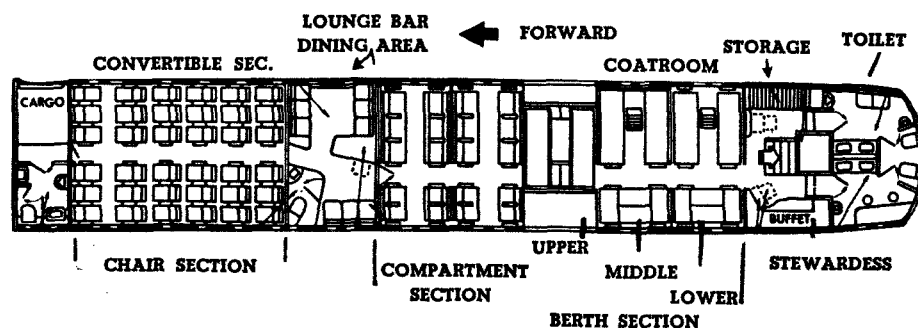
This advertisement for the Fifth War Loan is sponsored by Jacobs Aircraft Engine Co., Pottstown, Pa. . . largest manufacturer of aircraft engines in the medium power class.



WING TALK

Passengers in the postwar DC-7 will be impressed by the luxury of its accommodations. Pilots will be more interested in the better vision afforded them by the "bug eyes" atop their compartment

JO KOTULA



PASSENGERS will be impressed with the pastel lounge bar, the sinky chairs, the cozy dining areas, and the wide upper, middle and lower berths in the DC-7, big brother of the world-renowned DC-3, which the Douglas Aircraft Company has projected for trans-oceanic travel in days to come.

But what impresses pilots is not the 86 passengers they will tote, or the 12,000 horses they'll whip up, or the full load of 145,000 pounds they'll heave off the ground, or the 40,000 feet at which they can cruise—it's the bug eyes, or inverted goldfish bowls, that protrude from what would be the roof of the pilot compartment. Gone are the windows, front and side, and that terraced break in the otherwise sleek nose of the plane.

Though the pilot and his first mate will be sitting with their heads thus enclosed in an unbreakable transparent material, it is something big-ship pilots have yearned for ever since they left open cockpits where, by operating a well-oiled swivel neck, they had no fear someone would run into them from behind. In the transports and bombers of the present, the pilot has no rearward vision in flight; he could stick his head out the side window and look backward but the wind would blow his hat off.

And so the passengers grouped around their cocktails in the commodious lounge of the fancy DC-7 may sip secure in the knowledge that the boys up front can see upward, backward and downward, as well as forward and sideways—a feeling that would make us enjoy the surroundings more than the bug-eye designer will ever know.

NOBODY complains much these days about the cattle-car accommodations they get in airplanes while knocking around the world on official missions. They're so glad to get from here to there at 200 miles per hour that they forget about the traditional American desire for luxury in travel. The only beef we've heard lately came from Capt. D. R. Kindred, who has been pushing big transports out to India for the Army on TWA's cargo-carrying contract, and his was justified.

He and two pilot pals, having to thumb

rides back from India, caught a C-87 (transport version of the Consolidated B-24 Liberator) from Karachi to Aden. For nine hours they lay flat on their stomachs atop a pile of mica boxes without blanket or pillow and tight against the ceiling of the cabin. It was 120° on the ground and below freezing in the air. No temperature control at all.

"The misery and discomfort of this ride was an experience which beggars description," Capt. Kindred relates on the slightest encouragement. "Breaking out in gooseflesh as big as golf balls because of the cold, with our muscles screaming for relief from our cramped positions, we had to lie there and watch the oil leaking from the engine head and burn off as it appeared."

In Miami at last, Capt. Kindred bought a ticket on Eastern Air Lines and sat in the first seat in 12,000 miles.

"I definitely prefer to have my thumb on the throttle and a choice seat in the cockpit of a good old C-54," he concludes emphatically.

GOOD news for thousands of students and pilots of Grasshopper-type aircraft is in the making at General Motors' Aeroproducts Division, Dayton, Ohio, where intense experimental work is going forward to develop a controllable pitch propeller for low-powered engines. Imagine an automobile without a gearshift; imagine its gears compromised and fixed so that it could pull most hills but not go very fast on the straightaway. That's about the size of it with the toothpick-fixed pitch props on the tiny primary trainers and puddle-jumper types.

Propeller pitch control by the pilot enables him to use full engine power for his take-off and get out of a tight field, with his blades in low pitch. Once off, he increases his blade angle and throttles down for cruising, getting the same results your automobile gives you in high gear with the same amount of throttle.

Countless accidents have occurred in the past because the little jobs couldn't pull out of a short field. It's been thought of and worked on, but added weight and cost—poison to the light plane manufacturer—have not been successfully circumvented, up to now. F. R. N.



"Our Daily Bread"

At this time when the American farmer is asked to produce food *and more food* for a world half-starved, an important means of increasing our food supply is being gathered together *from thin air . . . and a refinery "waste" . . . and petroleum gases . . .* and combined as potent fertilizer.

One of those modern fairy tales—"Science discovers?" Yes, but as real as barnyard manure to a farmer or Victory gardener who has learned, through experience, the practical value of AMMONIUM SULPHATE.

Shell scientists make ammonia from invisible hydrocarbon molecules which at one time were allowed to escape, in the form of gas, from oil wells and refineries—joining these precious molecules in "chemical wedlock" with good old breathing air. Result: ammonia.

An essential chemical tool in the refining of petroleum is sulphuric acid. Once used, it loses its value for this purpose. *It had to be thrown away . . .*

But waste, to a scientist, is the deadliest of the seven sins. The next step of Shell scientists was to save "used" sulphuric acid from the chemical scrap pile—put it to work with ammonia—and come out of this combination with crystalline, salt-like ammonium sulphate.

Applying it to the hungry earth is one of the easiest chores in a farmer's year. And the reward, as it touches the soil with the magic of its nitrogen, is one of the surest. The fruit grows larger, sweeter. The garden plot awakens to new abundance. The grain pays out generously in extra bushels.

With Shell's ammonium sulphate—re-

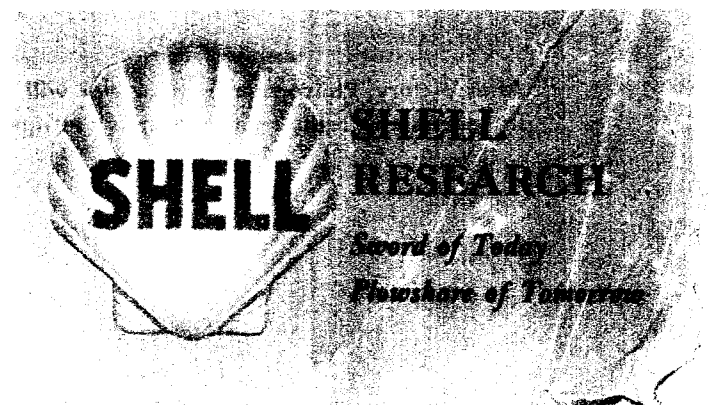
claimed from "nothing"—hundreds of thousands of American acres will this year do more than their share to ease the world's hunger.

* * *

As a result of Shell Research, petroleum molecules may be contributing to your everyday life in many more ways than you think—from your breakfast fruit and cereal . . . to the cleansing cream and tooth paste which make you ready for "Good night."

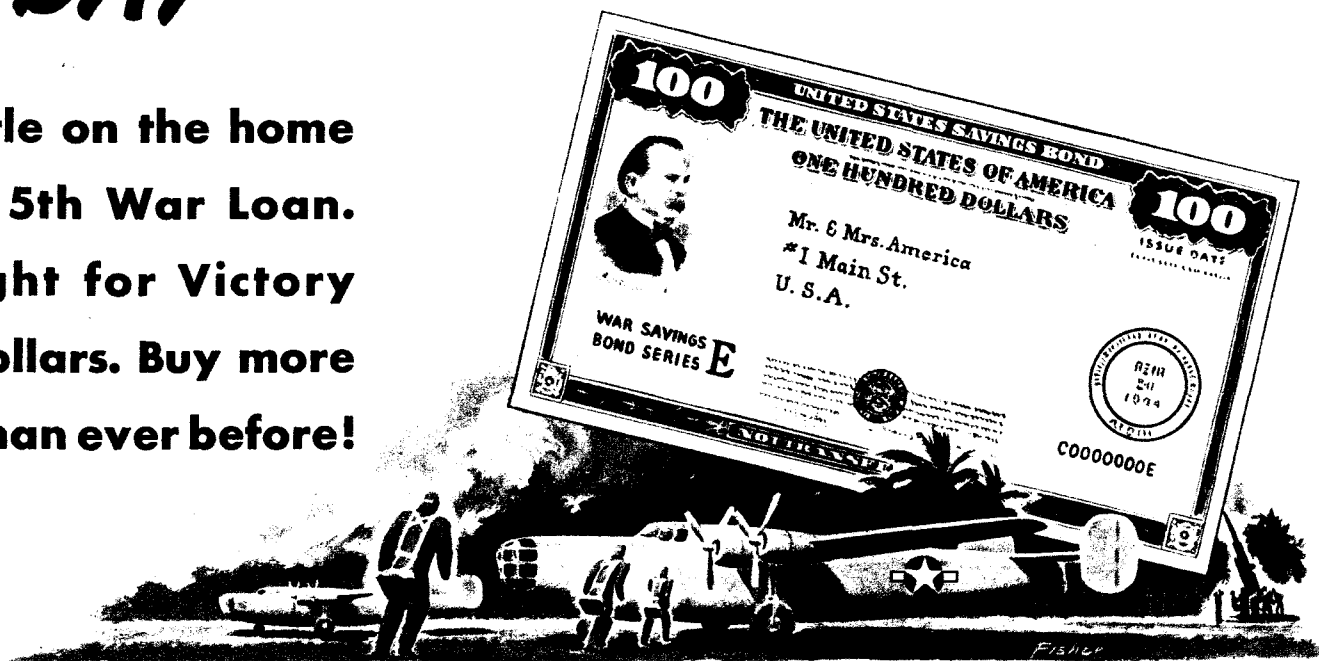


*First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—
Shell's Wood River Refinery*



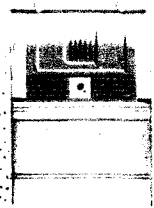
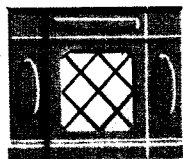
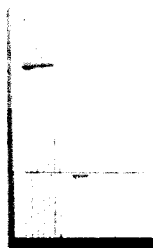
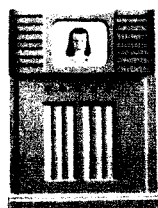
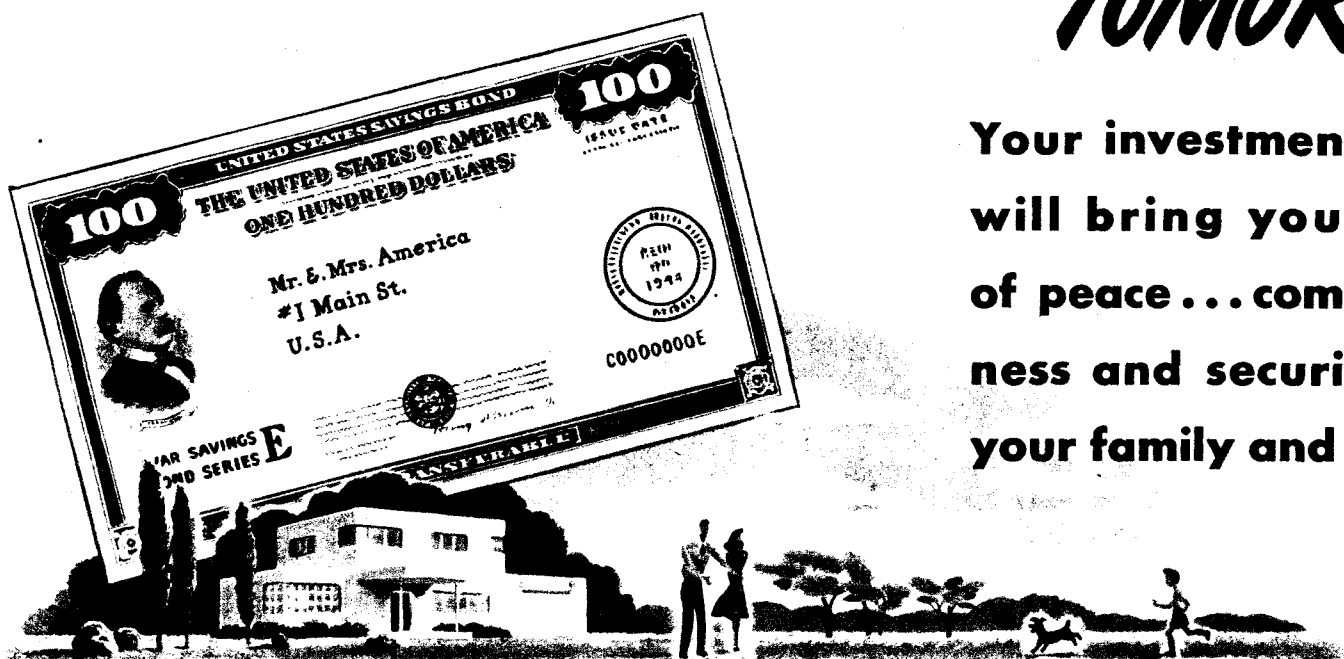
TODAY

Our big battle on the home front is the 5th War Loan. Join the fight for Victory with your dollars. Buy more War Bonds than ever before!

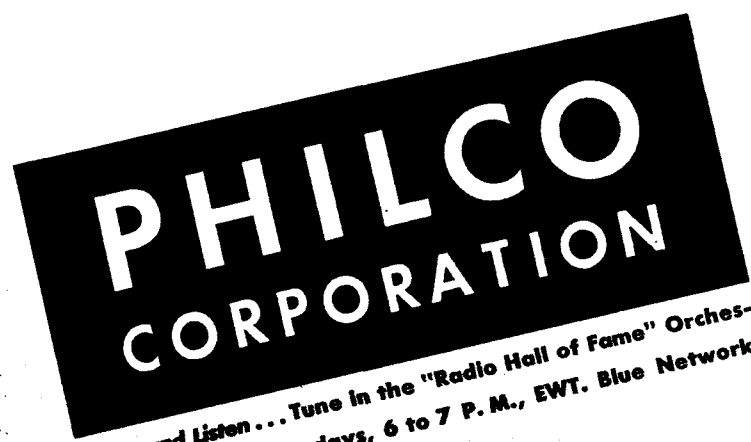


TOMORROW

Your investment in Victory will bring you the fruits of peace... comfort, happiness and security for you, your family and your home.



After Victory, Philco research for war will bring you new joys for peace in television, radio, phonographs, refrigeration and air conditioning.



Relax and Listen... Tune in the "Radio Hall of Fame" Orchestra and Chorus. Sundays, 6 to 7 P. M., EWT. Blue Network.



Wings of Fear

BY **IGNON G. EBERHART**

ILLUSTRATED BY **C. C. BEALL**

Monica started to dress. It was as if she were mesmerized. Her fingers were slow and clumsy; it seemed to take minutes to fasten her garters

If you've ever waked suddenly with a shivery sense of being pursued, then this new serial will catch at your heart. Monica Blane saw death and fled, but death flew at her heels—faceless and terrifying. This four-part story of her frantic search for safety will twang your nerves like piano strings

THE night of March ninth had various guises. In Poland it was cold and raw, with fields and roads deep in mud, and scarcely a hint of spring in the air. In France, especially along the Côte d'Azur, it was warm with something almost tropical in the balmy wind from the ocean. In Mexico, in that high plateau surrounded by still higher and loftier mountains, it was clear and fine.

In New York, it was cold, too, and raw, as it was in Poland (by that time in the morning of March tenth), but there was a note of spring in the air, nevertheless;

the stars shone in the dark sky; the store windows along Fifth Avenue were ablaze with color and in the Stork Club, dancing, Monica Blane wondered what quality exactly there was in an early, cold spring night that could permeate even the walls of a restaurant, infect the diners, touch the orchestra, certify itself so unmistakably with its own promise and enchantment, and its own special poignancy and longing, and yet forever elude touch and sight and sound. It seemed even to catch Eric so that he danced better and with a gayer rhythm than usual.

But then Eric Weller always danced well; he did everything well, thought Monica, moving in the beautifully patterned rumba, in and out of his arms. She would miss him if he went away again on one of his frequent business trips. For the first time really, with the soft lights, the moving couples all around the , and Eric's hand barely touching her waist, a question thrust itself in her mind: How much would she miss him?

Five years was five years. Wasn't it possible that, really and actually, he meant more to her than she realized?



"Give it to me," said Eric, reaching for the cachet. Involuntarily Monica drew her hand away, as if he might snatch it. "No," she said, "it—" "Give it to me," Eric said and this time he reached for it definitely

Wasn't it possible that, in the end, he could take John's place? There was a certain reluctant inevitability about that question; as if she had evaded it for a long time, yet known it had to come.

And it was exactly then that the soft beat of the rumba stopped; they moved through the moving couples, back to their small table near the wall, and the cachet lay on the table.

It lay beside Monica's small coffee cup and as she sat down, she saw it. For an instant, struck by its incongruity, she only looked at it. Then, as Eric moved around the table to sit beside her on the bench she thought brightly and sharply: Why, that's a French one.

A small French cachet—on the table, in New York, in the Stork Club, at midnight. She took it in her hand.

"What's the matter?" said Eric, sliding onto the bench beside her. "What's that?"

She opened her hand and showed him. He stared and frowned. "It's a cachet."

"Yes. Of course."

"The kind of thing they give you medicine in, in France. Big enough to choke a horse."

"Well, no. They go down quite easily." She thought of Linda then, unexpectedly, almost as if someone had spoken Linda's name. And John! "Remember when Linda had such a bad throat that summer? The doctor gave her some of these, and we each took one to show her it could be done."

"Look out. It's coming apart."

THE edges of the papery little cachet looked battered as if it had been in somebody's pocket. She glanced around, wondering idly then who had dropped it on her table, thinking it was an accident. Later, she was sure that there was no one near them whose face was familiar. She listened, unconsciously seeking to hear French phrases floating out of the soft babble of words and music, but if anyone near were French, she heard or could distinguish no French words.

"It's been opened," said Eric suddenly.

The tiny thing did look battered. She said, "It's probably been in somebody's pocket. It's likely full of headache powder, and whoever dropped it—"

"Give it to me," said Eric in a voice that was, all at once, sharp and urgent.

Involuntarily she drew her hand away, as if he might snatch it. "No, it—"

"Give it to me." This time he reached for it definitely.

Eric was looking odd. In the soft light, with music and laughter and voices, perfume and furs and gaiety all around them, he seemed suddenly pale, and queer and very ungay. His eyes, set rather close together over his thin nose, were bright and intent upon her hand, now doubled over the cachet. His dark hair receded slightly from a long, usually rosy face which always looked very clean somehow and scrubbed, but just now was not rosy. His mouth was never very friendly, in spite of his gift for much laughter, and it looked now particularly tight and unfriendly.

He said with a harsh, unfamiliar edge to his voice, "Look out! You'll crumble it."

It didn't sound like Eric. Yet she had known him for so long, and they so often went for a night's dancing and little gay tour of the night clubs. He was almost the only man she saw much of in New York. Everybody else was in uniform and, for most of the time, away.

Or was it because she still didn't, couldn't care about other men? Except Eric who was a part of that gay, lovely, summer pattern of five years ago; when she was with him now, it was possible to convince herself that the rest of it had actually happened—all of it. That she and Linda, Gibbs Brooke and Eric Weller and John Basevi really existed. Or rather, had existed. What had happened since then? Where was Linda? Where was Gibbs? Where was John—where was John? She had to shut those questions, sharp and poignant and terrifying, out of her mind, out of her heart, out of her pulses and her nerves and her very body as she had at last learned to do.

She started to say something and was caught by the beat of the music and the look of a couple dancing past—the man was about John's height, taller than she, compactly and thickly built and yet not fat. It was queer how even a man's shoulders, or the way he walked, or the look of the back of his neck could make you think it was somebody else: how many times had she hurried, heart pounding, to get a better view of some man, walking down Fifth Avenue or turning into the Park, thinking: Perhaps it's John—perhaps it is John.

THE couple dancing turned and, of course, the man wasn't John. She opened her fingers. She had unconsciously tightened her hand upon the sugary, papery cachet so it had crumbled inward. And Eric cried sharply, "There's something inside it!"

That was how she got the message from Linda.

Eric would have helped her but she extracted it herself; it was a small paper rolled tightly as if it had been rolled around a pin, and then doubled over in order to go inside the cachet which was scarcely an inch across. It was still tough and as, in a kind of stubborn disbelief at the findings of her own eyes, she sought to unroll the tiny paper, Eric seized her hands and brought them down below the level of the table, between them. So no one could see.

She thought of that later, too, but not then; she was intent only upon the incredible thing her own fingers were finding, shaking free from the brittle bits of the cachet, unrolling.

She had to hold it nearer the light. "Well, well, what is it?" cried Eric but in a whisper, his bright eyes darting around the gay, pleasant, crowded room.

The handwriting wasn't recognizable as Linda's; it wasn't recognizable as anybody's. It was too small and cramped, obviously labored to fit the tiny ribbon of thin paper. But it was signed Linda.

"Read it! Read it! Here, give it to me."

"No. Listen. It's hard to see— Oh, Eric, it's Linda. She wants help."



He took it from her; snatched it, really, but she couldn't blame him for his anxiety. Linda; beautiful Linda with her blue eyes and golden hair and delicate, slender grace. Linda, who had said that day in September and promised to take care of herself, to get home somehow, anyhow, to write and had never been heard of since.

The strangeness of it pierced her with surprise. "Eric, do you understand?" she asked. "It's from Linda!"

Eric's face had suddenly lost all movement and mobility. "Hush," he said sharply, under his breath, staring at the wrinkled paper.

"But Eric—"

"People will hear. Be careful—"

He looked up then and all around them. But no one was watching. No one was looking, no one—yet how had the capsule got there!

"Give it back to me."

He did so, passing it below the edge of the table, surreptitiously. She read it again: "I am in a dreadful jam. Monica, come to me. Help me. Linda."

It sounded like Linda, too. She didn't say what the jam was. Yet there was a note of sincerity and appeal in its very directness and lack of explanation. Monica said, "But where is she? I haven't even heard from her in five years! She was in France—Eric, where is she?" She paused and stared at Eric. "Who put the capsule here? Is Linda here? Is she in the room!" But there wasn't anybody here she knew; not anybody. Linda's golden hair; Linda's high, gay voice. The girl in black, dancing? No; she turned her face and it wasn't Linda. The woman in furs, preparing to leave? But she had dark hair.

Eric's bright eyes, too, were darting all around the room, seeking. "Let's dance," he said.

"But Eric—"

He got up. He was very graceful always and moved quickly. "Come along." The bits of the cachet slipped from her lap to the obscurity below the table as she

rose. Then they were on the floor, dancing, and all she was aware of was the message in her hand. Eric, still watching, still looking, eyes still everywhere among the dancing couples, around the room, exploring, hunting, seeking, said, "Do you see *anybody* you know, Monica? Look hard."

There was nobody. The lights were soft; some people at the round tables were turned with their faces away from the dance floor. Still there was no one who was even faintly familiar. Eric—looking now at the men in the small orchestra quickly, sharply, yet with something covert and hidden about that look—said abruptly, "Let's go."

"There's nobody here. Eric, who could have put it there? *Where is Linda?*"

"We'll talk later. There's no use staying here. There's not a soul I've ever seen before, except the waiters."

"But she must be here. Or if she isn't here I can't go until I find out who knows about her. There isn't any other way to find her. I can't leave—"

"There'll be something at your apartment."

"Why, no. She doesn't know where I live."

"She knew you'd be here tonight. She or whoever left the cachet."

"But—" She paused, bewildered and excited, feeling reluctant to leave the place where the only clue to Linda's whereabouts had come to her, yet impressed, too, by Eric's reasoning.

He said, "Your number and address are in the phone book. She'll have to get in touch with you there if anywhere. If there's anybody here whom you know or who knows you, stay by all means. But my advice is to go home where she can reach you herself, and quickly."

"But Eric, we've got to ask."

"Ask whom? Pick somebody at random? Or ask everybody in the room: 'Excuse me, Madame, but did you just put a cachet on my table and if so where did it come from.' Come on. We'd better go."

There was something rather specious in his reasoning, but she couldn't say exactly what it was, and actually he must be right. No one had approached her to speak to her; there was no way to inquire about the cachet. In her own apartment she would be at least available to Linda; perhaps even now Linda was there, waiting for her. She was still in a kind of daze of disbelief. Things like that didn't happen—not in New York, not on a quiet spring night exactly like other spring nights.

If Linda was alive, if she was near, why not John? John, alive! John in New York! Before she could tell herself not to hope, it was surging back, like a flood, shaking her whole body and all her senses.

Her short white lynx coat was over her shoulders; she wasn't aware of Eric's having put it there; they had left the dance floor and passed the bar; Eric got his coat and hat and they were on the street. She turned, for it was only a short walk around to the great building of apartments where she lived, but Eric had a taxi and was putting her into it. All she could think of was John; if Linda was alive, why not John?

"Linda must be in New York," said Monica.

"We'll talk later," said Eric. She'd forgotten how stubborn he could be. Usually he was almost too friendly and amiable and agreeable to other people's notions and wishes. It was a quality she had never quite liked about him; a kind of super-salesman air. They reached her own number; the doorman greeted her; they walked through the foyer and even in the elevator Eric wouldn't say anything and his very silence warned her not to speak. Which, of course, was silly; you could say anything you wanted to, couldn't you? In America. In New York.

THERE was no yellow telephone message in the door of her small apartment.

Her hands were unsteady, so when she tried to unlock the door Eric had to take the latchkey away from her. The lights were on and the curtains drawn in the small living room; there was only that and a bedroom; an infinitesimal kitchen called a serving pantry, and a large dressing room which was probably accidental but gave a feeling of spaciousness to the apartment. Bill Fiske had found it for her, when she started to work for him. His own apartment, a penthouse really, very large, very high and very sunny, was in the same building and she had always rather suspected that her rent had been shaved a little because Bill had vouched for her, had said she was his friend and employee and one-time ward. He did things like that constantly for her. He had done them for John until John had vanished in the limbo of September, 1939. As Linda had vanished.

There were no letters or packages on the table in the tiny foyer.

Eric closed the door and came forward slowly, taking off his coat.

She slid back her fur coat and sat down, catching a glimpse of herself, slim and erect in her scarlet dress; her dark hair smooth and shining, her eyes blue, too,

but darker, not the brilliant, laughing blue of Linda's eyes. She cried, "Eric, what are we going to do?"

He sat down and got out cigarettes, slowly, tapping one deliberately on the table. "You don't know where Linda is?"

"No, of course not. I've heard nothing, not a word since I left France. I've tried to find her; I've inquired; I've watched the lists of people that got sent back to America. She must be here and she's in trouble—"

After a pause Eric said with an effect of efficiency and truth, "Well, I don't see what you're going to do about it."

"We've got to do something. She needs help. She wouldn't have written like that. Not Linda. You knew her. She was impulsive and quick, but—"

"She was a lot of things," said Eric. Suddenly his eyes were watching her now, rather narrowly. "I wouldn't have thought that you'd forget what she did to you. So soon."

It held her for a moment in silence. Linda, with her golden hair. Linda, with her charm and her laugh and her assuredness. Eric, of course, knew that whole story—or at least guessed at what he didn't know. In its essence it was brief enough: she and Linda, roommates in school, had graduated the same year and had gone to France together. John had taken the same boat; they had planned it that way (she and John), and Gibbs Brooke was with him.

SHE'D thought Gibbs would be nice for Linda; she'd dreamed of days on shipboard and weeks in France and the four of them swimming and riding and going about together. As much, of course, as Linda's French aunt would think was *comme il faut*. *Convenable*. (The French had a variety of words to suit the exigencies of proprieties.) Madame Fae de Rissaud was to meet the girls and to travel with them. Both Linda and Monica had hooted at the idea of a chaperone but Bill Fiske, in his bluff, good-natured way, stood firm. He'd had his way, too; he'd stood for years in the place of parents to Monica and also to John; that was how she and John knew each other. Had known each other for years.

It was John's first trip to Europe and her first trip, too. But it was more exciting for John, for he was going to see his own birthplace and his father's; his name was Basevi, John Basevi, and his father had been a landed Polish gentleman. His mother had been American, a Kentuckian. John was rather like them both. Monica had thought, although they had both died when he was very young and left John some lands, vaguely situated in Poland, and a rather large trust fund in the care of his lawyer, Bill Fiske, who had been as good to John as he had been to Monica, and had made no shred of difference between them.

John Basevi was rich. The small annuity and insurance which Monica had inherited had been barely enough to last throughout school and dentists and dancing lessons. It was always understood that she was to get a job eventually, and support herself; she had to for there was no one else to support her. She had always suspected that the little windfall that Uncle Bill claimed had been paid unexpectedly into her account by some insurance company, belatedly discovering a mistake somewhere that was in her favor, was actually a present from him. He'd been convincing about it; he was a middle-aged bachelor, not rich perhaps but he had plenty of money. She'd inquired and demurred but he had convinced her; probably she was easily convinced, she had so wanted to go to France. Especially when she knew that John was going.

So they had gone. Eric Weller had fallen in with them later; they'd picked him up somewhere along the Riviera, and liked him and he was soon one of the gay, fun-making little group.

Only it wasn't really so gay. Not for her.

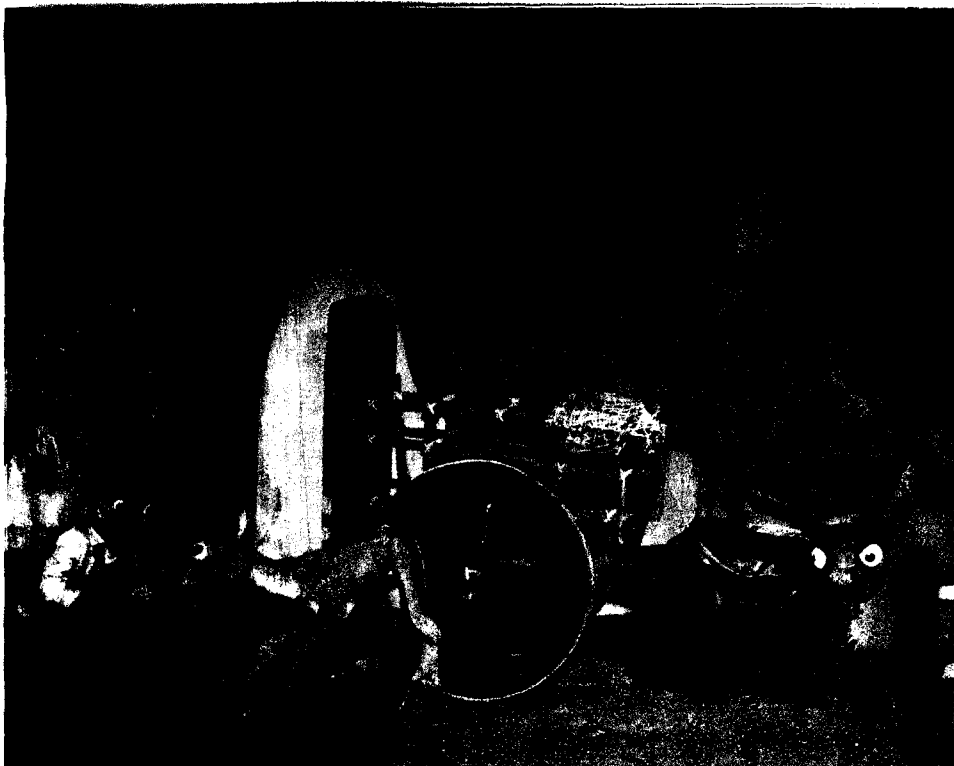
For John had taken one look at Linda. That was on the boat.

And there was nothing, really, she could do about it. She and John were not engaged; they had never talked marriage; she had only known she loved him and had had a faith in the happy ending. Which was wrong. She—and many other people soon, men and women—were to learn that you can't count on the happy ending.

Before they had been at Cannes a week she was sure that John and Linda were in love. By mid-August everybody was sure of it. The night of September first, when Hitler's army thundered its murderous way into Poland and the end of the world—so it seemed at the time—began, Linda told her that she and John were engaged.

"He wants to marry me now," Linda had said. "Right away. He's afraid we'll be separated somehow. I don't know. Everything's so—so different all at once." There was something feverish and bright in Linda's eyes.

They hadn't married. John had left at dawn on September second. He'd said goodbye to Linda and he came to say goodbye to Monica. She remembered it then clearly, every detail, every word; she had thought of it so much during those five (Continued on page 27)



Boy meets calf. "If you treat her right she'll grow up to be a cow and give you milk," says Dad. It's the start of puppet movie for South Americans



"Milk makes you strong," says Dad, giving dignified demonstration of how to extract the fluid. Little Snarkito does his milking to joyous rumba tune



Enter the villain, Blackie McGoo. Through his telescope he spies the boy and his cow, resolves to steal the cow for beef. The owl hoots "For shame!"



Poor Snarkito, captured along with his cow. But he persuades Blackie's stooge to sneak him a drink of milk; his muscles swell; he breaks his bonds

"I've got you!" cries the two-gun villain, from hideaway strewn with bones of other stolen cows. But the boy and his pal push rock on him, capture him

The happy ending: Snarkito gets his just reward—50 pounds of gold, plus Blackie's boots, spurs and saddle. The cow surveys the scene with pride



THE neighborhood children are always hanging around the entrance to 334 West 70th Street, a sort of warehouse building on Manhattan's West Side. When Bil Baird emerges, they beg, "Can't we go in for a while? We'll be very quiet."

Sometimes, if the inside of 334 is seething less than usual, Bil says yes, and the children get to watch a brand-new kind of movie in the making.

Bil Baird and his wife, Cora, are producing a marionette movie designed to persuade South Americans to drink more milk. It's a part of the program of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs to help make South Americans healthier and happier, better customers and better friends. If the purpose is serious, the movie is anything but. It is gaily fantastic. Children love it, and so do grown-ups.

"Would you like to wiggle the villain's eyebrows?" Bil asks a ten-year-old visitor, showing him which string to pull.

And Cora says, "Here's how you stick the gun in Blackie McGoo's hand."

The children like to look at the miniature stage sets and to climb up the ladder to the platform where the puppeteers stand to manipulate the strings that make the puppets move. Even better they like to go back to the workroom where the Bairds design and make the puppets, with an assortment of heads and hands for each body.

"Here's the little boy's smiling face," says Bil, "and here's the head he wears when he cries."

The children may look at, but not touch the Kodachrome movie camera and the machinery that blows a mist through the stage valley, and the gadget that makes it possible for the puppet cow to give milk.

The movie, almost finished now, will be entitled *Snarky's Cow*. It's a two-reeler, running to about twenty-two minutes, with three interchangeable sound tracks, in Spanish, Portuguese and English, and a whimsical background of music composed by Harry Simeone, of Fred Waring's band. Bil, with the help of Cora, wrote the script, designed and made the puppets and sets, directed the whole works.

Charles Morrow Wilson, the Co-ordinator's executive in charge of educational films on agriculture, is pretty excited about what the Bairds have done.

"Their movies are an excellent medium for our purpose," he says. "South Americans like puppet shows, anyway. They are used to them. And the Bairds have brought puppetry to a new high, both for precision of operation and for dramatic content."

More Joints Than a Centipede

The Baird puppets are exceedingly intricate, as they must be to stand the critical gaze of a movie camera. They have twenty-five to forty mobile joints, and that means perhaps twice that many strings to manipulate. They are carefully designed for facial expression, for here again the camera picks up details that would be lost in a stage puppet show.

Upon completion, this and another Baird movie entitled *Gardening is Fun* will be released through the Co-ordinator's committees in the capitals of each of the twenty republics. Because established movie houses reach only a fraction of Latin America's 125 million population, the Co-ordinator committees send their own mobile theaters on tours into the most remote hills and jungles. Earlier films—some of them Walt Disney animations, and others regular movies of live actors—already are making a big hit.

"The people will stand in the rain to see the movies," Wilson says. He anticipates similar success for the Baird productions. "Furthermore, the Bairds will help get them to drink milk, you'll see," he confidently predicts.

The Latin Americans, Wilson says, have the most inadequate supply of milk

of any major population, except possibly that of South China. They are, he says, worse off in this respect even than the people of India.

"Our idea is to make them realize the value of having a family milk cow. We try to overcome any prejudice they may have against milk, to teach them how to care for a cow, and how to keep the milk clean and pure."

Wilson, who knows Central America well and has written many books about it (including *Ambassadors in White* and his recently published *Middle America*), checks every foot of film to be sure it strikes the proper balance between education and entertainment.

"To succeed, it has to be entertaining," he says. "We aim to interest the young people, especially, because they are more

fire the furnace himself, and there are certain other inconveniences to contend with. "But where else," asks Bil, "would we find a landlord who wouldn't mind if we cut a hole in the floor, which we did to solve a mechanical problem on the stage below."

The Bairds met each other through puppetry. Cora, then Cora Burlar, a young actress who never had had any truck with puppets before, was doing the voices for the seven deadly sins, represented by puppets, in Orson Welles' production of *Doctor Faustus*. Bil designed and built the sins. So he and Cora were married, and she chucked her own stage career in favor of working with Bil and his puppets all of the time.

Bil was a puppeteer from about age eight, when his dad built him a little thea-

ter up in the attic of their Mason City, Iowa, house. At the University of Iowa, he traveled with the dance orchestra and put on puppet shows at intermissions. Bil was christened Bill, but he dropped an "l" during a spell at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

That was so he could join the Crowned Radishes Club, the members of which all had to have three-letter names. This fellowship of convivial artists later established branches in New York and Paris. Next came several years with the famous puppetmaster, Tony Sarg; then his own commercial show at the Chicago and the New York World's Fairs, and several seasons of touring with a show he staged from a truck. Pearl Harbor put an abrupt stop to his commercial contracts, and that was a good thing, perhaps. He was forced to think up a lot of new ideas, including this newest one of developing puppet movies, the most radical use of puppetry since it flourished under the Pharaohs in ancient Egypt.

The funny thing about pulling puppet strings, Bil says, is the identification of yourself with the puppet you control. Bil, for instance, has an affectionate affinity for Snarky the father of little Snarkito, whether Snarky is dressed in his zoot-suit evening clothes for the Follies, or in his farmer overalls for the milk production. When Snarky smiles, Bil smiles down on him from the platform above. When Snarky frowns, Bil's face contorts in a most unhappy way.

Cora has a sneaking sympathy for the villain, whose wickedness she portrays by means of strings. "I like him, I guess, because nobody else does," she says. "He is all villain, with no condoning characteristics—even to his clutching villainous hands and his gnarled, villainous feet." ★★★

Puppets in Politics

By Amy Porter

teachable, in the same way that the 4-H Clubs here in the United States teach youngsters rather than their parents the latest farming methods."

The Bairds and their six helpers have worked more than five months on the milk film, but now that the difficult experimental stage is past, they believe they can cut the time on their next one to three months. They had no rules to go by. Nobody had made movies just like theirs before. Vernon Lewis, expert Kodachrome cameraman, helped solve many technical problems.

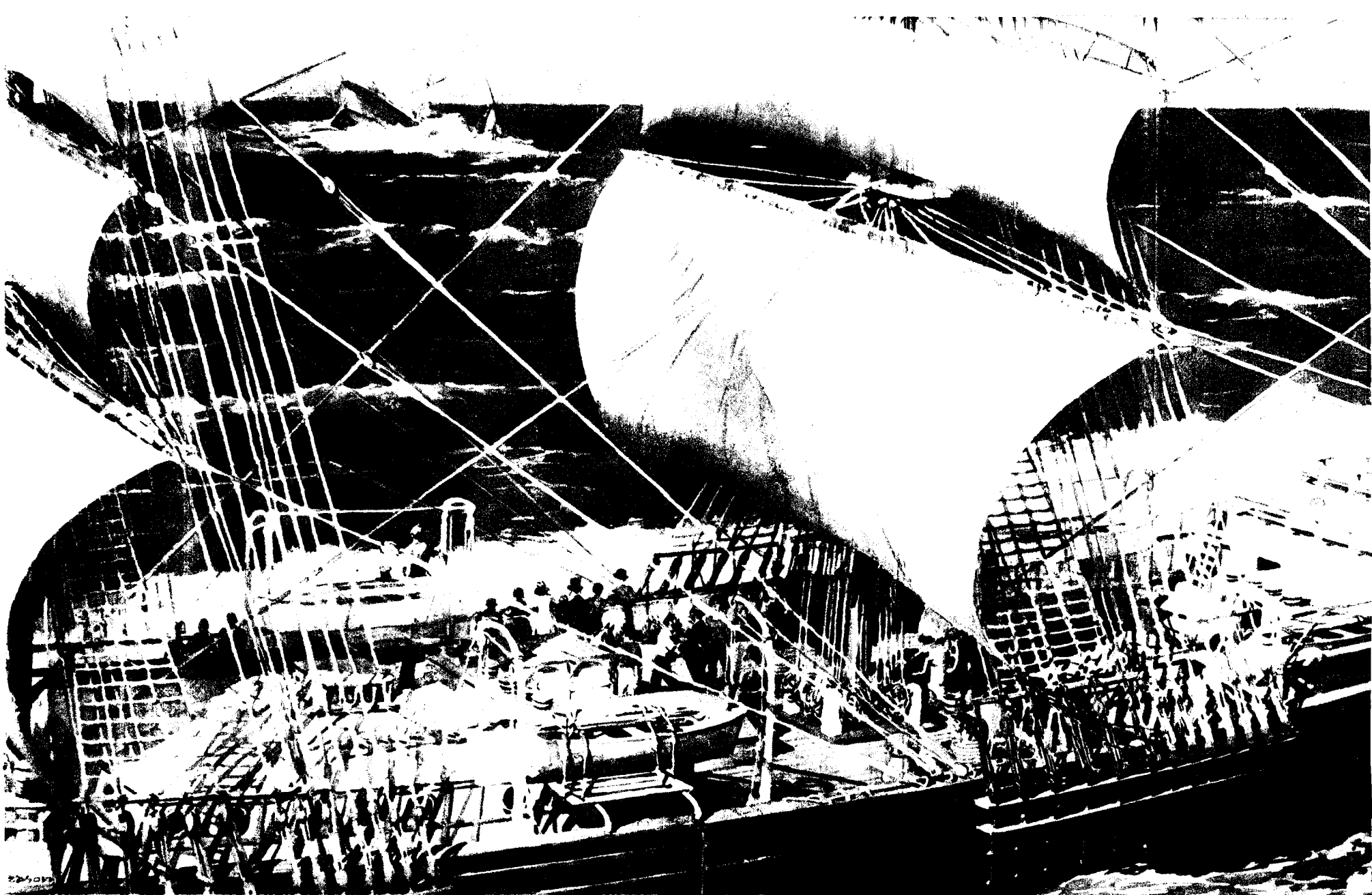
The Bairds are furious workers. Movie-makers by day, they appear by night with their puppets in the Ziegfeld Follies. So as to waste no time coming and going to work, they've rigged up an apartment in the skylight loft above the studio. They get up at eight, run down to the studio at nine, work straight through until six, except for a brief luncheon. Then they run upstairs to the dinner the maid has ready, discarding their working slacks for the evening clothes they wear at the Follies, and arrive at the theater at ten minutes to eight. They have Sunday morning off, until matinee time, and Monday evening after the day's movie work is done.

"We were doing a night-club act after the show, but it made us a little tired, so we gave it up," Cora says.

The apartment was custom-built—by Bil—to fit their needs, with shelves to accommodate records and a projector and two built-in sofa beds forming a partition between the living-room section and the dining room, which also serves as a film-editing studio. An attractive old sideboard has a hinged top, opening to reveal the phonograph where they test sound-track records. In spite of its workmanlike efficiency, the apartment is pleasantly livable, warmed with good rich colors and generous supplies of pictures and flowers and bright china. Bil has to

Bil and Cora Baird adjusting the complicated strings. Lady puppet bears a striking resemblance to Cora





The brig went down by the head, her wreckage of spars and gear dragging after her, to Davy Jones' locker

THE FLIGHT

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

Horse stealing has got many a young blood hanged by the neck, but when Dennis transmogrified his sorrel mare, his heart ended up in a noose

MALACHY SCARNELL of Pipers' Glen, Esquire, was an open-handed gentleman and easygoing landlord; and his wife (born an O'Kelly) was a match for him. When the lady passed to her reward at what looked to be the height of her bouncing vigor and benevolence, Malachy was crushed for a month and then speeded up his way of life by adding the breeding and running of race horses to his former sportive and expensive activities. He increased his daily and nightly consumption of wines, too; and if the extra pint of claret at noon didn't do him any harm, the extra quart of Brogan's Superior Family Port after dinner was more beneficial to his reputation as a broth of a boy—it made a two-bottle man of him—than it was to his vital organs.

Malachy slid from his chair one night with the neck of the decanter squeezed in his right fist and a startled look in his eyes; and his only child, Dennis, was all that remained of that ancient family.

What Dennis Scarnell did not know

about the state of his affairs, he sensed without much effort of thought. He did not need any lawyer to tell him about the mortgages, chattel mortgages, bills of sale and notes of hand with which his galloping sire had plastered and encrusted the lands, houses, goods, gear and stock of the ancient barony until the heir had no more stake in it than had any chance-come-raggedy vagabond. And well he knew that no mercy would be shown him by the creditors, the chief of whom was James Brogan of Dublin, an artful and heartless rogue who practiced money-lending and note shaving and general knavery under the cloak of importing and vending superior wines and liquors. So Dennis decided to move out before any of Brogan's people moved in.

Old Brigid Dever, the herb doctor and what else, came down to the funeral all the way from the mountainy top of the glen.

"Ye'll be getting out quick, if ye ask me, Denny b'y," she said to the chief mourner, in a side whisper.

"Ay, Brigey darling, or they'll be putting me up for auction along with the livestock," he replied.

"Make it tomorrow," she whispered again. "And lively, at that. Before first cockcrow. Pocket what's left in the house of yer blessed mother's rings an' trinkets an' come to me an' I'll do all a poor old woman can to start ye on a safe road."

"I'm thinking of me sorrel filly," he

whispered back. "I'll not leave her to any Brogan, law or no law!"

She gave him the answer to that without moving her lips or flicking her eyes.

"Fetch her along, with her little hoofs tied up in clouts so's to leave no tracks, and I'll do all that lays in the power of a poor God-fearing old woman to save the two of ye and to confuse an' confound yer dirty blood-sucking enemies, Denny Scarnell."

IT WAS not much after midnight when Dennis started out from the big house among the riverside fields and meadows for the queer home of Brigid Dever among the crags and chasms at the top of Pipers' Glen. It was the dark of the moon and there was a mist under the stars. He had a few of his mother's rings and trinkets in his pockets, including a little gold box for beauty patches and another for snuff; and he hoped they were not mentioned in any of the inventories held by the creditors. He had also pocketed a flask of brandy and the first volume of *Le Morte d'Arthur*. One book more or less wouldn't matter to James or any other Brogan.

Fairy Isoult, his pedigreed three-year-old bright sorrel mare, followed him with her velvety muzzle touching his shoulder. She was saddled and bridled; and the two saddlebags were packed with serviceable garments; and her four hoofs were wrapped in old sacks.

The darkness kept them to a slow pace. When they reached the neck of the glen, where the track humped and twisted and was beset by bogholes and boulders, a small will-o'-the-wisp appeared and went floating before them. The filly snuffled alarm at the young man's shoulder.

"Didn't ye ever see a bit of marsh fire before?" he asked.

That was all she wanted to know. If Denny was not afeard of it, neither was she. . . .

Brigid Dever received them at the front door of her house—if you could call it a house. The front half of it was constructed of logs and rocks jumbled together and chinked with sod and clay, and the rest was a natural cave.

"Step right inside," she said; and at that word, the little glimmering wisp of marsh fire went floating off to the left and disappeared.

"Many thanks for the guiding light," said Dennis.

"T'ink nothing of it, as between friends," replied the Wise Woman, coolly.

"Be ye a witch after all, Brigey darling, or still only the innocent herb doctor ye claim to be?" he asked.

If she winked at that, he couldn't see it. "God forbid!" she said.

Dennis laughed at her, admiringly and affectionately.

"Ye've a light hand at an evasive answer, Brigey darling," he told her.

(Continued on page 43)

Maybe they don't always salute and sometimes they call the officers "Bud," but America's mechanical kids have turned scrap heaps into bombers and have saved Uncle Sam millions of man-hours, dollars and lives

GINGENUITY: U.S. Superweapon

by W. B. Courtney

RADIOED FROM LONDON

THE Yanks have a secret superweapon. It is bound to play a constant stellar though perhaps unnoticed role in the invasion. It costs the United States nothing, but it has saved us millions of dollars. There is no way of telling how many lives it has saved, but they are many.

It has been said that America's greatest secret weapon is the American boy. Your conscience would hurt unless you qualified that to American youth—because the girls are wonderful, too—the nurses at the fronts, the Wacs in their tin helmets at forward air stations. Thinking and remembering how he has built the chief arsenal of the United Nations, you would have to include the American workman. So you'd probably end by agreeing that America's secret weapon, like any land's, is the good citizen.

However, there can be no uncertainty, no sharing of credit with regard to this secret superweapon. It is one that no other country possesses equally with us, because no other has provided circumstances of life so favorable to its development. For it is almost entirely a product of the motorcar age. It grew from mass Sunday driving, from advertising, good highways, national parks and from the whole restless urge that put the United States on wheels; from the spaciousness of our West and Middle West that made a family car a necessity; from the "cultch" boxes in which New England farm boys immemorably have stored odds and ends to repair or patch their jalopies. And lastly it grew from the acute "time sense" which is a corollary of mass driving, mass production and mass industrial expansion.

Your indulgence in lending Junior the old bus on Saturdays to take his girl out, your skimping of money in order to buy a car on time are paying dividends now. It has been translated into one of the most important factors which keeps not only the Air Forces, but all the mechanical power of the United States, at top fighting pitch in spite of hell, red tape, bungled shipments, local shortages and all the delays in even the most efficient of armies. For all these and other reasons, our superweapon will be of even more incalculable value in the invasion than it has been up to now.

The Fine Art of Improvisation

Over here, it is cloaked under the name "Gingenuity," meaning the mechanical ingenuity of the G.I. on and behind all the fighting fronts of this global war. He makes do with what he has. If he finds a job takes too much time—the one unexpendable commodity in war—he devises a method to shorten it. If all this requires something he doesn't have on hand he invents it. That is our superweapon. Its name was coined by First Lieutenant Henry J. Andrews of an Air Forces Service Command, who used to write sports for the Cleveland Press and has the Runyon-Lardner-Rice verbal gift for apt names.

You personally knew many of these superweapons in the days before the war. They waited on you at filling stations; came to fix your radio, and when you saw their greasy hands and caps, you hoped they wouldn't touch anything else. You knew them skylarking outside manual-training high schools, flying model planes in vacant lots and hanging over airport fences. Maybe you even knew Joe Pucci, especially if you ever wrecked a new car or bought an old one in Philadelphia.

Joey's home is at 5109 F Street there, and he spent more time in the cellar than in any other part of the house. It is a cellar of which the décor is by Rube Goldberg rather than Tony Sarg. Joe's father, a skilled mechanic, worked for a big automobile company. Since his regular job didn't take all his energy, he bought wrecked cars, hauled them home and in his spare time rebuilt them.

When Joe was big enough to grasp a pair of pliers in both hands, he toddled out beside Pop—and he learned well. Philadelphia car wrecks are not better or worse than any other city's, and Joe says it frequently took considerable ingenuity to recognize that what Pop dragged home had once been a car.

It was good training for the wrecks that Joe was presently to deal with on the green fields of England. But Mamma Rina Pucci, (Continued on page 51)

You can't mash potatoes with an electric drill unless you have a man like S/Sgt. Harold Gladstone, of Illinois, smart enough to turn the trick for you

17



The seat of a junked British truck, a salvaged truck rim, a hydraulic jack and Gingenuity produced this highly effective chair for Barber Frank Leighton (working jack) at a base in England

JOE DEARING
JOE DEARING





A RELAXING EXERCISE. Slump 'way over forward, **RE-LAX!** Bounce up and down three times. Then slowly reach for the ceiling, go up on your toes and stretch, hard. (Repeat 4 times)

Wave Workout

STOMACH in! Chest out! Shoulders back! Tail under!" This is the kind of talk newly recruited Waves hear from their officers all day long. And if muscles are too lax to obey orders—well, they have to be exercised into acceptable shipshape quickly, by means of the exercises shown here.

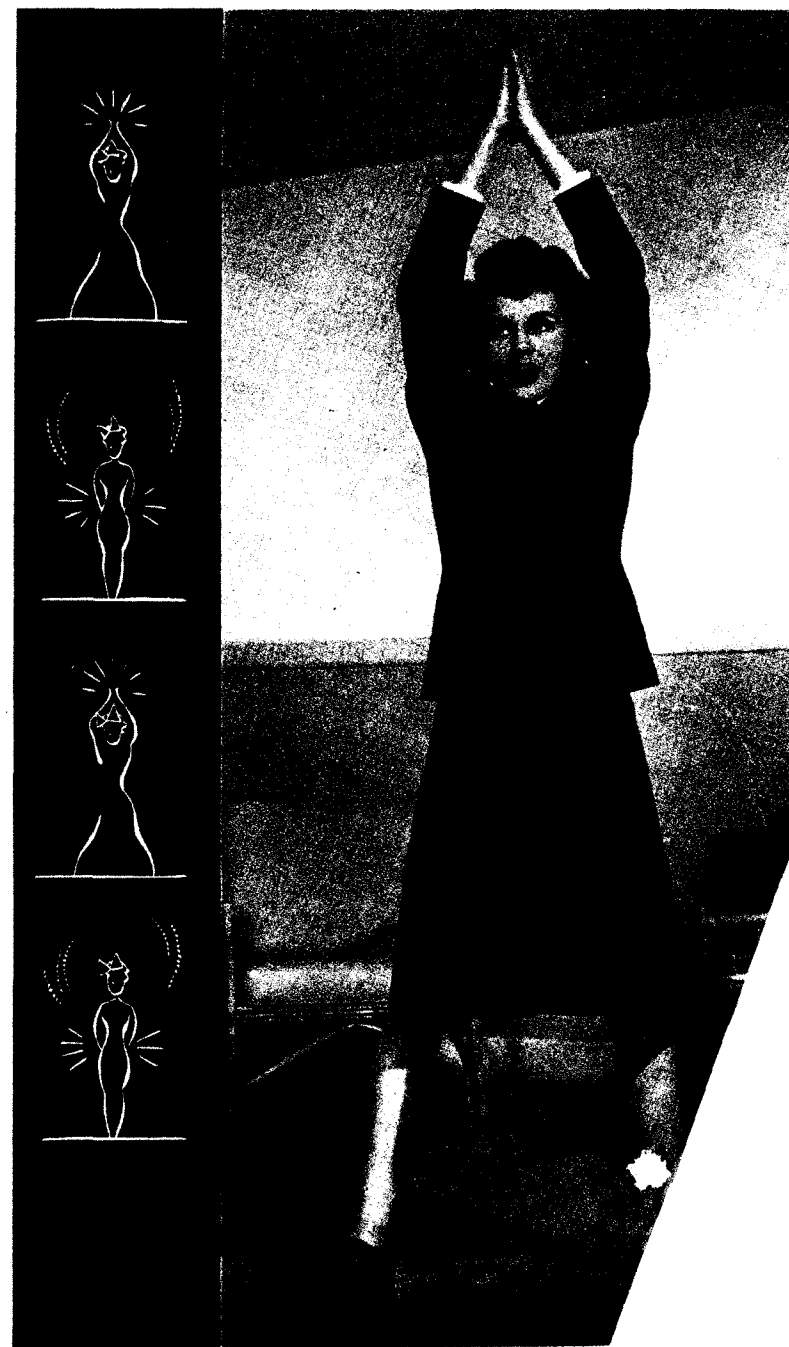
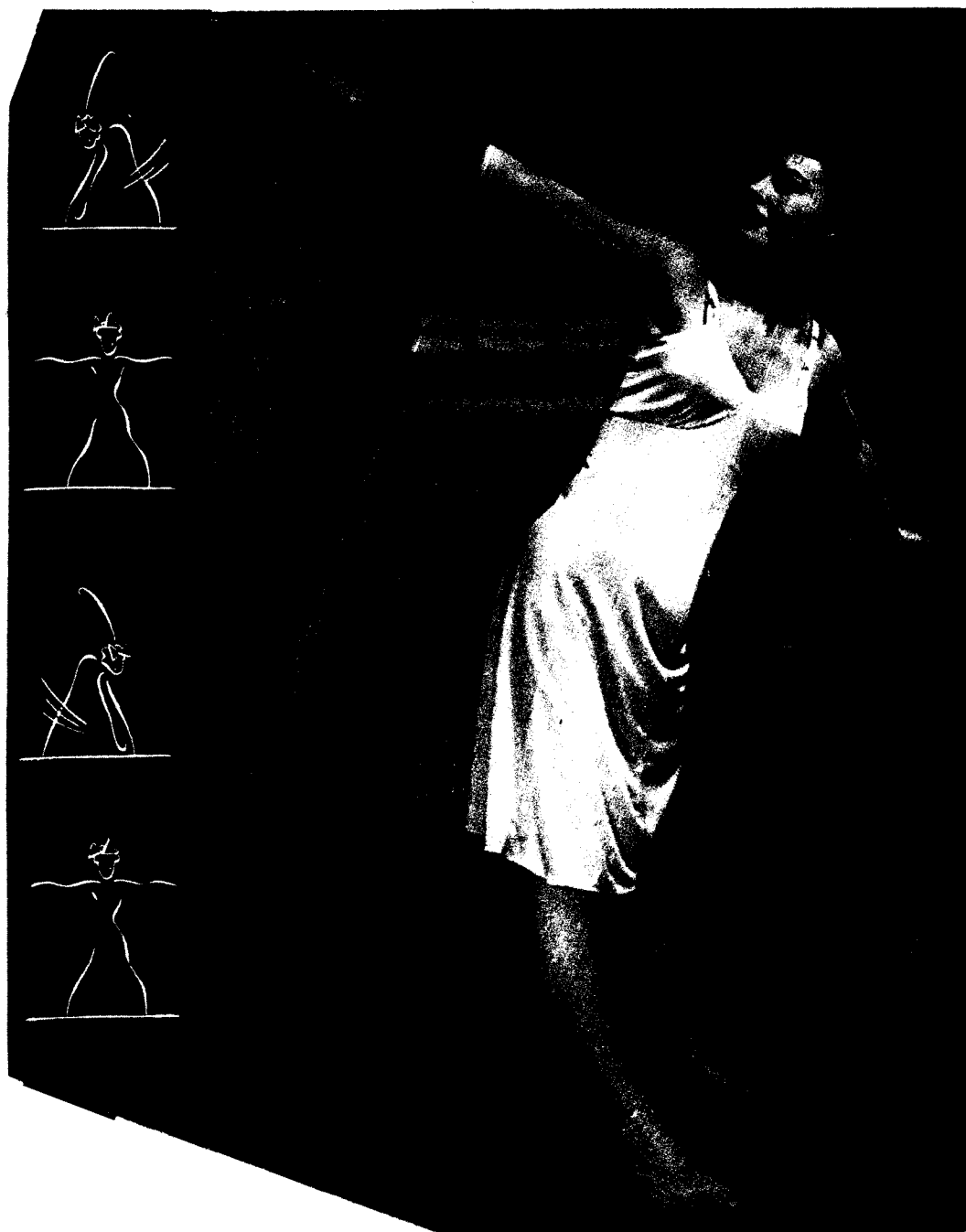
These are the official Wave exercises prescribed by the Navy. They are called Figure Fixers. They give the whole body a workout, with emphasis on tightening stomach muscles and shaving weight off the hips. Waves are told to work at figure-fixing ten minutes a day, until "Stomach in! Tail under!" comes easy, and uniforms fit as they should.

The Wave workout is no military secret, so you can make it your own if you like. These official pictures are released to inspire civilian women to do as the Waves do—toughen up, tighten up, slim down, for health and good looks.

The Navy introduced the program to Waves in a new training film entitled *Make-up from the Neck Down*. Examine the pictures and you'll see how well it lives up to its billing. Each exercise has a specific purpose—to achieve a trim waistline, or a youthful bust, or hips of a reasonable size—all just as important, surely, as lipstick or a permanent wave.

The first five Figure Fixers shown here are recommended for everyone. To round out your personal program, choose one or more from the other three, depending on whether you have a sitting job, a standing job, or an active energy-demanding job. Do each exercise vigorously; flopping through them won't do you a bit of good. If you can't do the recommended number at first, start with half as many and gradually work up to the full quota. Or do each exercise until you feel it in the muscles involved, but not until you feel strained. . . . **LT. ROBERT T. FURMAN, Jr., U.S.N.R.**

FOR BUST LINE (Below). Jump to stride, clap hands over head. Then jump feet together, clap hands behind back. (16 times)



FOR THE WAISTLINE (Above, left). With arms extended bend and touch left toe with right hand. Return to position. Then touch right toe with left hand, etc. (8 times)

FOR STANDING JOBS. Sit up, touch toes.
Reach and touch them twice more. Then go
slowly back to the flat-on-back position. (8 times)

FOR THE HIPS (Below). 1. Start on back
with arms out and knees raised to chest.
Roll on hips and touch knees to floor on right,
then on left. (4 times.) 2. Place feet flat on
floor and roll to right and to left as above.
(4 times.) 3. Extend legs flat on floor
and again roll to right and to left. (4 times)



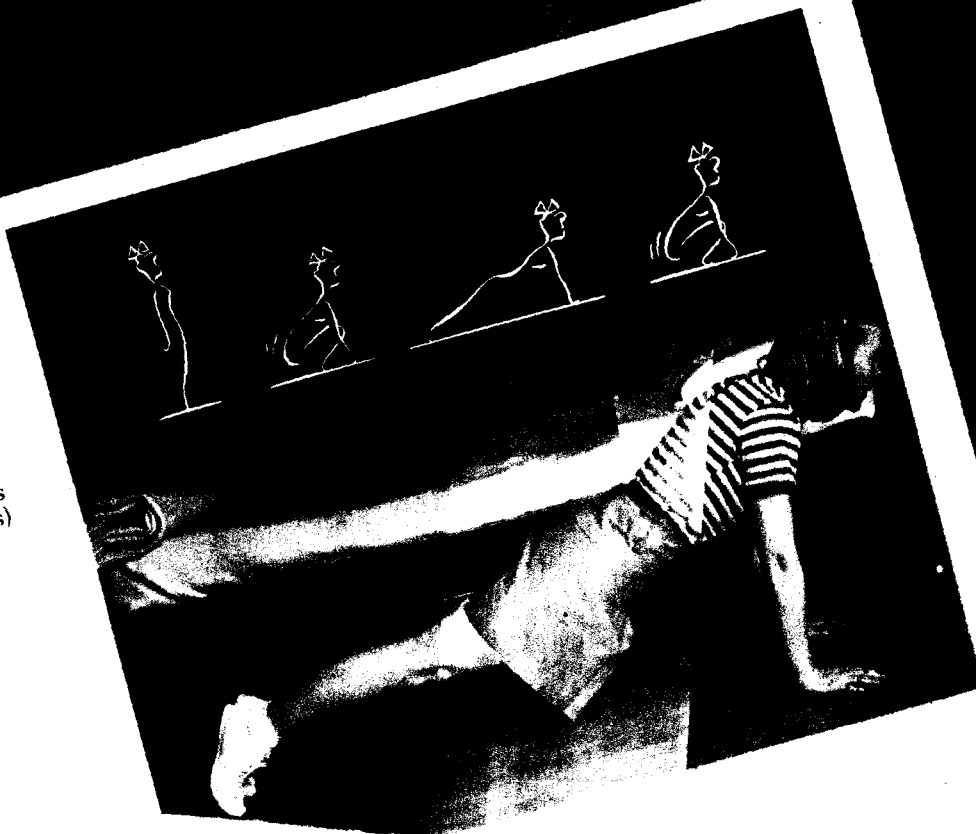
FOR SITTING JOBS (Below). Swing right leg and touch left hand—or make
a try for it. Return to position, swing left leg and touch right hand, etc. (8 times)

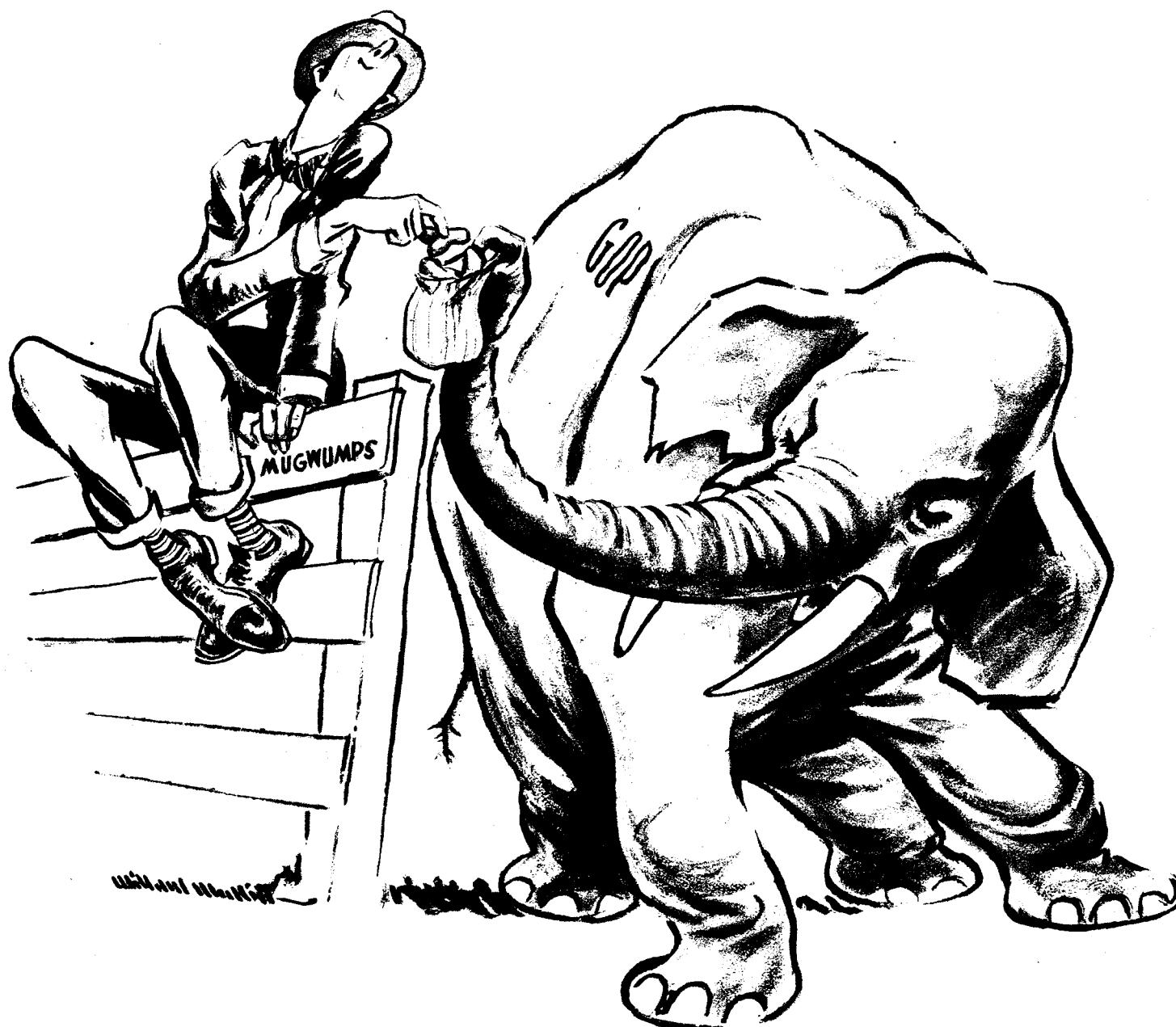


FOR LEGS AND WAISTLINE (Below). Sit down on heels with
arms extended for balance. Return to standing position. (16 times)



FOR ACTIVE JOBS (Right). Squat
down on heels with hands on floor
in front of you. Throw legs out be-
hind you, back straight. Bring legs
forward again, and stand. (8 times)





Can the G. O. P. Win?

BY ELMO ROPER and WALTER DAVENPORT

CARTOON BY WILLARD MULLIN

How one of America's best testers of public opinion weighs Republican chances for victory in November



THAT rising hum you hear comes out of Chicago. In the next few days it will compete for your ears with the roar of wings over Pacific islands, the crash of guns in Europe, the shrill cries of men in battle. The Republican Party, moribund for the past twelve years, is about to nominate a man for President. It is writing a set of principles, a code of conduct, which will be either its certificate of regeneration or its confession of inadequacy—a platform. On this platform, possibly more than the man who stands on it, will rest its chances of victory.

Time was when the Republican Party could name a handsome nonentity and write a few thousand words of cynical claptrap and call it a victory. And victory was all but inevitable. But men and methods changed, and the Republican Party, blinded and fat with power and glory, didn't see them changing. Today, trusting that the same wasting disease fills the bones of its rival, it hopes to regain its old prestige, ascend again to govern. Wise Republicans admit that their chances are long. Like soldiers, they realize that a strongly entrenched foe has an easier job than the invader.

What the fortunes of war will be and what these fortunes will do to the minds

of the voters are beyond speculation. All we know is this: That if the Republicans come forth in narrow provincialism, with old shibboleths, moldy precepts, backward-looking principles, they will offer no reason why any but mired minds and blind Roosevelt-haters should vote for their candidate. They've sat on the side lines for twelve years. If they haven't seen the light, it's just too bad.

As they convene, three groups of voters watch and listen. These groups are the two parties and the Mugwumps, distrustful of parties and men too long in power. In this Mugwump group are Willkie-ites of both parties who agree with Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy but foresee economic ruin in his domestic formulas.

In this group, too, are a great but unknown number of voters who are exercising the characteristically American will to change, to whom hero worship is a happy habit but who quickly tire of individual heroes. There is nothing static about the American mind. The will to tear down, to seek new faces and new scenes, is fundamental.

In this Mugwump group are thousands of voters who will demand that the Republican candidate be able to do business now and after the war with Churchill and

Stalin and, while commanding their respect, save America's face and shirt. They will want to know whether he will be firm but fair, co-operative but clever, alert as well as able. They will demand as the price of their votes that he be politically and economically liberal with no back-sliding tendencies and no special privilege preferences. They will demand that the pendulum shall not swing too far to the right, that social reforms be retained, enlarged and even broadened. But these reforms must be written and administered realistically under a strong light of practicality.

If by personal conviction, by platform avowal or by his record, the Republican candidate shows himself apathetic to the gains that the workers—labor—have won, he will not command the Mugwump vote. While postwar jobs must come from established industry for which taxation schedules must be written with its continuity and expansion in mind, the Republican Party's bid for the independent vote will be unanswered if its taxation policy is reactionary.

Platform Must Be Progressive

If the Republican Party is to have more than a token chance of victory in November, it must not tolerate the old Tory antagonism toward such progressive thinking. From a standpoint of practical politics as well as the changes in human relations which have come to the world, the Republicans must accept it as an irrevocable principle that the majority of us today believe every man who can work has an inalienable right to a job, that it is the government's responsibility to see that he has a job, that he has an income adequate to his living needs.

The Republican Party and its candidate will be brushing off this Mugwump or independent vote, this vote eager for new methods and new faces, if it confines itself merely to denunciation of the New Deal and deploring the fade-out of tradition. The public is ripe for change but not for reaction.

Groups who conduct surveys, who seek scientifically to measure public opinion and identify trends, can only guess how numerous this independent vote is today. They can make catch-as-catch-can estimates of the size and character of the soldier vote, but only that. And yet, barred from conducting polls of our Armed Forces, they may assume that the majority of the serviceman vote will be Mr. Roosevelt's—not any Democrat's but Mr. Roosevelt's.

They assume, too, that Mr. Roosevelt will stand for re-election.

This independent vote which is now shopping for a candidate and a platform may be as much as 2,500,000 or even 3,000,000. It will welcome younger, fresher, less weary leaders. To a large extent, it may be called the Willkie vote, not necessarily because it was Willkie's in 1940 nor in anywise pledged to him, but because his principles are largely theirs. They agree with his (and Mr. Roosevelt's) international policies and their conviction of complete international co-operation in the dangerous postwar days but definitely dissent from the New Deal's domestic methods, many of which they regard as irresponsible.

There is yet another group which may, for all we know, be found inside the Mugwump vote. These are the voters who fear that, if re-elected, Mr. Roosevelt will spend the greater part of his time at international council tables, thus delaying the solution of imperative domestic problems.

If the Republicans hope to be successful next November, all these contingencies must be met by them now, in convention. Although neither their candidate nor their platform may seek to be all things to all men, thereby setting up a vote catchall, they must see to it that both candidate and platform are acceptable to the wavering Democrats, to the liberal Republicans and to the youth of the country.

(Continued on page 68)



Lotta leaned back against the magnificent old tree. The tears were coming, thick and wet and fa

The Magnolia Tree

BY LAEL LAIRD

Women without men don't get on too well, especially women who've had husbands around. But these three girls worked out a way of life—after the fireworks subsided

Lotta smiled across the polished dining table at her oldest sister, Betsy Jane, and then, turning her head slightly, at their middle sister, Missy, who sat between them. Then she smiled fleetingly at the reflection of herself in the mirror over the high, dark sideboard. The two girls and the reflection each smiled back at her, mirroring her affectionate contentment.

The mirror framed the three of them in a picture that was pretty to see. They

still looked, thought Lotta, as the Knight sisters had looked ten years before when they were the belles of the county and seldom sat alone in the big rooms of the Knight house. They did not look, in that reflected picture, like matrons and mothers and temporary war widows.

"We do look nice," said Lotta smugly, aloud. "I apologize for thinking it was a waste of energy to dress up at night, all for ourselves."

Why in the world had she been afraid to accept when Betsy Jane had first written suggesting that the three of them pool their children, their resources, their war-disrupted lives, and come home for the duration? It had been so right a thing to do. All she wanted was to be snug and cherished and quiet until her Johnny came back for her. Who could cherish and comfort her except her sisters, now that her father and mother were dead? Where could she and her baby son have

found such haven except at home? An overwrought day such as today would have happened once in so often anywhere.

"So that is what you were grinning at, you silly baby," said Missy, and Betsy Jane said, "I do think it is good for our morale not to get careless and sloppy just because there aren't any men around."

Betsy Jane, thought Lotta, must have said that every night since they came, seven times a week before dinner, like grace. The trouble with women, she thought, is not that they have no conversation, but that they are ruminants. They cannot digest a conversation if they have held it only once. They have to chew it over and enrich it very slightly with new saliva many times before they will eject it finally. They will do that with conversations, according to their juiciness, for days, for months, for the duration.

"I have a surprise for you," said Betsy Jane, "for dessert."

Now, there, went on Lotta to herself, cheerfully now, was a line Betsy Jane repeated every time it was her turn to cook. So, she thought with deliberate fatuousness, you must take the good with the bad. Betsy Jane was a fine cook, and her surprises were special and even elaborate.

Lotta watched Betsy Jane as she got up and started, with nervous delicacy, to clear the table of the dinner plates. It was the rule that the one who cooked did the serving, and neither Missy nor Lotta was expected to help.

"Such lovely plates," Betsy Jane said with satisfaction, as she stacked them. "One blessing about not having help in the kitchen any more. The china doesn't get nicked and broken like it did."

For the duration, thought Lotta, wearily. That was the hundredth time, surely, Betsy Jane had said just that. (Continued on page 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROWE NEWHALL

Neither time, conventions nor customers have changed things in Henrici's, famed and fabulous eating place in Chicago's Loop

YOU can't eat fast at Henrici's. You feel too important. One of Chicago's finest eating places for seventy-five years, it has a quiet dignity that forbids a quick lunch. Walking into the place is like entering a Lillian Russell setting. The paneled and medallioned walls, the old-fashioned light shades, the grandfather's clock, the rococo gilt frames around numerous oil paintings of the sea and barnyards unmistakably speak of the Gay Nineties.

It's class in any language; in excellent taste despite the fact that it comes from a period when good taste was generally passed off as anything with curlicues. Above all, it is leisurely and dignified. Yet it has been the hangout of politicians, doctors, hoodlums, fighters, bookies, bankers, movie stars en route to Hollywood, and plain Chicagoans for so long that they think they own the place.

This is both profitable and a headache to Henrici's. The management dare not contemplate changes. They once moved a large painting of Niagara Falls from the spot behind the cashier where it had hung since the restaurant opened, and the howls of customers brought it back next day.

A marble floor was put in once, bit by bit, in the wee hours of the morning, then hastily overlaid with the old flooring until the entire restaurant had been covered. As it so happened, the customers were pleased when confronted with this *fait accompli*. It added to the dignity of the place, most of them said.

Yet there is nothing pompous about Henrici's, and its workings are streamlined. Service is fast and, unlike many famous restaurants, the tariff is not ransomlike. No tables are reserved, and there is usually a line of people waiting to be seated. Henrici's seats only 574, but feeds an average of 3,500 daily, some 1,800 at luncheon.

A Forum for Politicos

When the national political conventions are held in Chicago, Henrici's becomes an important annex to the convention hall; the delegates meet in Henrici's before and after regular sessions.

The luncheon bustle dissolves itself into numerous small cliques which want to hash over developments that particularly interest them. Because City Hall is only three minutes away, politicians predominate. At one table is Mike McGrath, the sage of small business in Chicago; at another, Joe Sherman and Jack Kearns, Dempsey's old manager. Next to the stairs Judge M. L. McKinley, dean of Chicago courts, chops up the latest political moves. At the extreme end of the room Frank Mesce assembles the remnants of Big Bill Thompson's Republican machine to denounce the Kelly Democratic machinations.

Near the front door, some bookies and gamblers needle "Society Kid" Hogan, prominent "turfman," swearing he is the kiss of death, because he was the last man to be with six gangsters before they were knocked off. Moving around from table to table is big, blond, baby-faced Nate Gross, Chicago's leading gossip, gathering items from people like Connie Bennett and Chief Fire Marshal Anthony J. Mullaney.

No one will ever know exactly how many financial and political deals have been doodled into existence on the table linen of Henrici's restaurant but some of them literally changed the face of the city. The city's famous lake shore drives were first sketched by Dan Burnham, Charlie Wacker and Mayor Fred Busse on a Henrici tablecloth. Their plans

(Continued on page 61)

No Orchestral Din

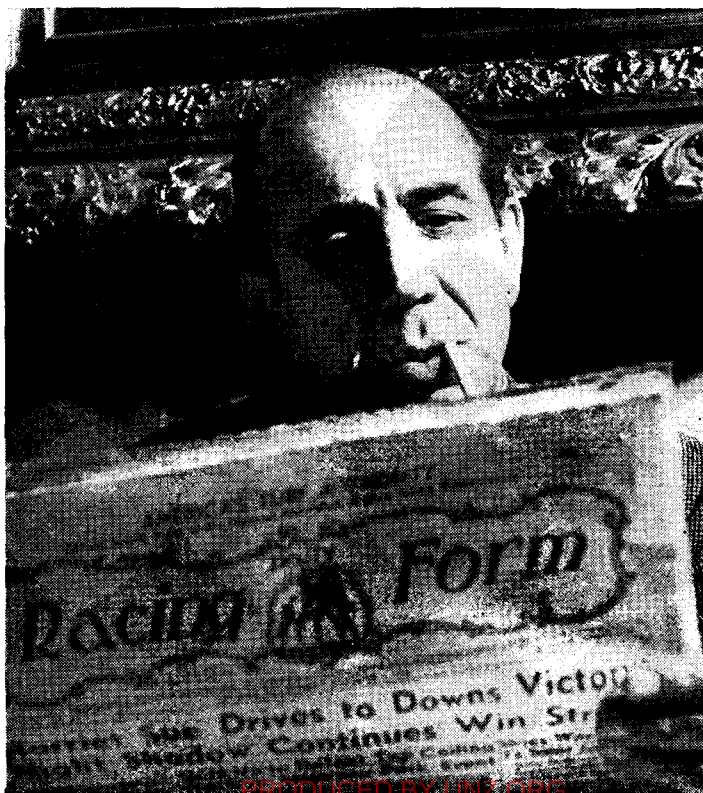
BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS



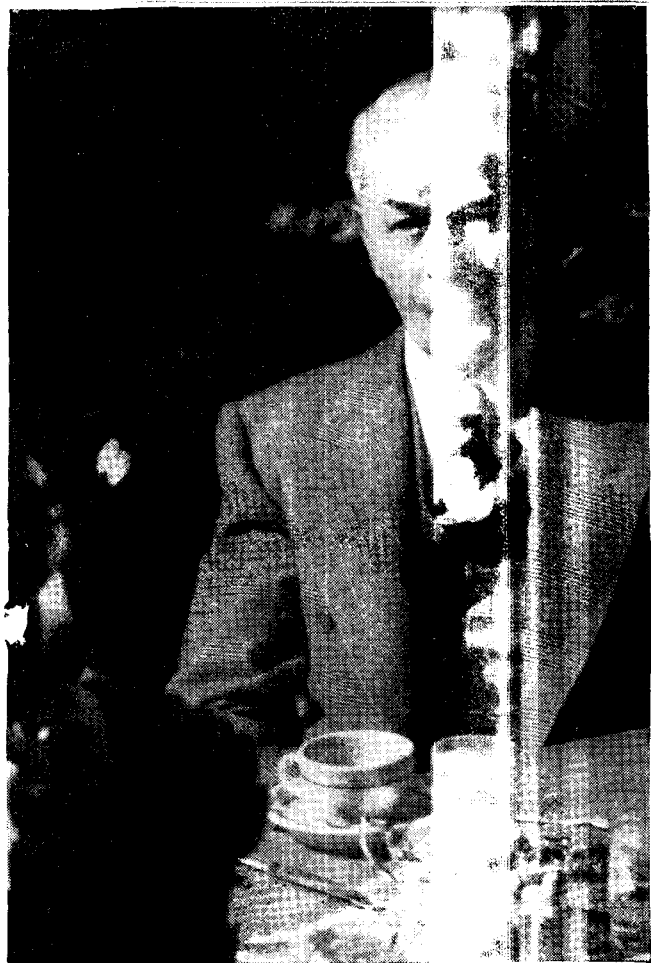
Henrici's celebrated its 75th anniversary with pretty girls, dressed in Gay Nineties' finery, visiting the table of dignified Attorney Frederick Brammer, a veteran of the Chicago fire and a steady luncheon visitor for the past 50 years

"Society Kid" Hogan, prominent turfman, is one of the many Chicago sports who checks in to pick the day's best bet



Earl Carroll and Beryl Wallace buy some pastries for Hollywood friends at counter in front of restaurant





Judge M. L. McKinley, dean of Chicago lawyers, presides over a table of political strategists.

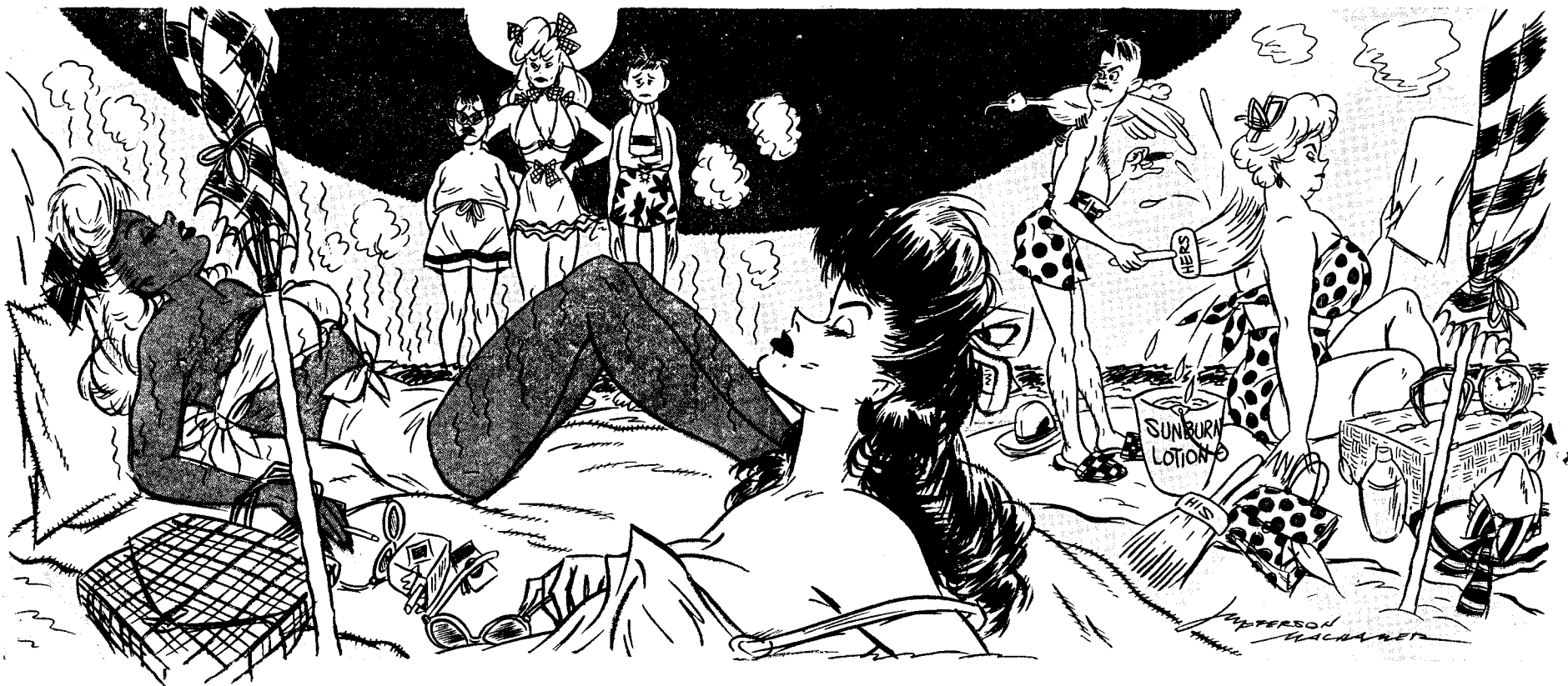


James Jardine, head of Chicago's Young Democrats, stops to chat with a group which has occupied Henri's front table for years. Nearness of restaurant to City Hall makes it a natural hangout for politicians.

Columnist Nate Gross, who uses the restaurant as an extra office, gets an item from Tomazoneri.

Hollywood Producer Boris Morros and Gertrude Niesen split a mammoth potato pancake, one of Henri's most famous dishes. The restaurant is a favorite stopping-off place for Hollywood or New York-bound celebrities.





Don't try to bake yourself into a soufflé on the beach. Too much sun may cause painful and possibly malignant skin disease

YOUR SKIN

BY ELSIE McCORMICK

(AFTER AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. FRANK C. COMBES, DIRECTOR OF DERMATOLOGY, BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, NEW YORK)

Here are a few things you should know about your outer covering and how to take care of it and keep it handsome

THE only thing that stands between you and a perilous, germ-ridden world is about twenty square feet of skin—enough to carpet a fair-sized clothes closet. If it is burned or deeply cut, you are in the position of a fortress with invaders pouring in through a hole in the wall. If it should become diseased,

your condition might range from discomfort and unsightliness to deadly danger.

Besides being related to health, the condition of the skin is tied up closely with personal happiness. A badly disfigured skin is a social and economic handicap of outsize proportions, much worse, from this standpoint, than a leaky heart. Keeping it at top form can mean better marriage opportunities; more social contacts; a chance at jobs that are closed to the ailing and the old. Small wonder that our outlay for cosmetics and skin preparations runs well over half a billion dollars a year!

Because of their importance, it is worth

while to know how our precious hides are built. The skin is much more than an inert overcoat. It is a full-fledged, busy, and tremendously efficient organ—the largest one we possess. Besides protecting us, it keeps our temperatures on an even keel; gives warning, through its nerve sentries, of heat, cold, damage or contact; manufactures hair and nails; excretes certain waste materials; makes the pigment that shields us from the sun; and constantly rebuilds the surface layer as it rubs off in its contact with the world.

That expression, "skin deep," is likely to make you wonder how thick your covering really is. It has two main divisions, the epidermis or cuticle, which is on and just under the surface, and the corium or true skin, which lies below. Because the lower layer merges into the subcutaneous tissue without any definite boundary, its exact depth is hard to estimate. As a rule the skin's thickness ranges from about one twenty-fifth of an inch on the eyelids to a quarter or even half an inch on the soles of the feet. A woman's skin is thinner than a man's.

The surface of the skin is an armor made of overlapping, fishlike scales. If unbroken, it can stop almost any germ in its tracks. Also, nobody ever invented a better raincoat. The skin is punctured by millions of tiny holes; yet, because of its oil glands and its ingenious structure, you can stay submerged up to the neck for an indefinite time without having your organs waterlogged.

The under layers of the cuticle manufacture the surface scales, but most of the other jobs are taken care of by the true skin. Its most vital role is keeping the body at an even temperature. The vasomotor nerves have power to dilate or contract its blood vessels; the secretory nerves give orders to two million sweat glands. When the weather is warm, the blood vessels enlarge to let heat escape, and the sweat glands pour out as much as two quarts of water a day to keep you comfortable. When it is cold, the sweat diminishes and the blood vessels con-

tract. So precise is this mechanism that a person in good health maintains a steady 98.6 degrees, whether unloading tanks in the South Pacific or hunting walrus on the Arctic shore.

There is also the job of hair manufacture. Nearly all of the body is covered with it, though it is often too fine and downy to be visible. Each hair has a small blood vessel and several sacs of oil to lubricate it; a nerve to give the alarm if it is pulled; and a little muscle to draw it up if one is chilled or scared. When human beings were more hirsute than they are now, this bristling doubtless helped to protect their bodies against injuries and cold. Now it results merely in gooseflesh and the pricking of the scalp that sometimes goes with fear.

(Continued on page 60)



Brother-in-law's nightly visit gave her hives. The answer—an emotional upset

ILLUSTRATED BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER



Grandma was not smart-looking, but she was sensible—she protected her skin

Collier's for July 1, 1944



Somehow the talk got around to Manhattans

YOU SEE, there were the cherries—big, red, luscious ones. And the rose bed was hand-

Putting two and two together, it was the most natural thing in the world to think of Manhattans made with Four Roses.

So—well, what would *you* have done?

Just what *they* did, we imagine. For, once you've sipped a gloriously flavorful Four Roses Manhattan, it's hard to recall

that pleasant memory without wanting to renew it!

How to make the world's finest Manhattan:

Take one part sweet vermouth and two parts Four Roses Whiskey. Add dash of Bitters. Stir well with cracked ice (don't shake), strain, and serve with cherry

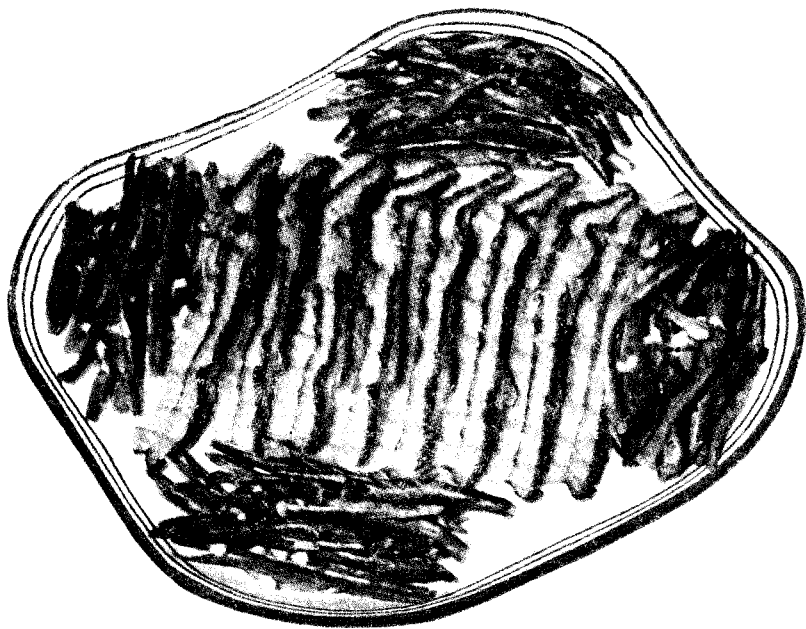
As you probably know, Four Roses

isn't as plentiful today as it was before the war. But we assure you that we're trying our best, these days, to see that everybody gets a fair share.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.



FOUR ROSES A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY



Armour ideas make the most of meat

Armour's Star Bacon 'n Beans

½ lb. Armour's Star Bacon
1 lb. fresh green beans
2 tbsps. bacon drippings
1-1¼ tps. salt
½ cup chopped green onions
2 tbsps. chopped pimiento

steam about 10 minutes to cook onion. Serve with crisp bacon. 4 servings. This makes a real dinner—for very little money!

Wash and French green beans (cut lengthwise.) Cook in a small amount of water with salt added. When tender, add bacon drippings, green onions and pimiento and let

To cook bacon: Place on rack 4 inches under broiler unit and broil 4 to 5 minutes, turning once, or fry slowly for 7 to 8 minutes. Save the drippings.

For the Best in Bacon, Buy Armour's Star Bacon

Then Cook it Right and Use it All. This Page Shows How

Do you just take whatever bacon your butcher gives you, then cook it and serve it?

Of course, lots of women do that, which is too bad, because those who know how to get the very *most* from bacon do this:

They buy the best . . . they buy Armour's Star Bacon. This bacon is so rich in mellow flavor that just a few slices add a great deal of goodness to any meal. In fact, its real richness makes Armour's Star Bacon a fine meat for hearty dinners . . . see the recipes here . . . as well as for breakfasts and lunches. That's something to remember.

They cook that fine Armour's Star Bacon right. The recipes on this page tell you two *right* ways to cook bacon . . . and when you follow them, you get all the satisfying flavor in every slice.

They use all the Armour's Star Bacon they buy. Not only the bacon itself, but even the drippings left after the bacon is cooked.

Bacon drippings, you know, are good for seasoning many foods, good for shortening. Both the dishes shown here use the Star Bacon drippings, too, to add rich taste to the dishes and save vital food.

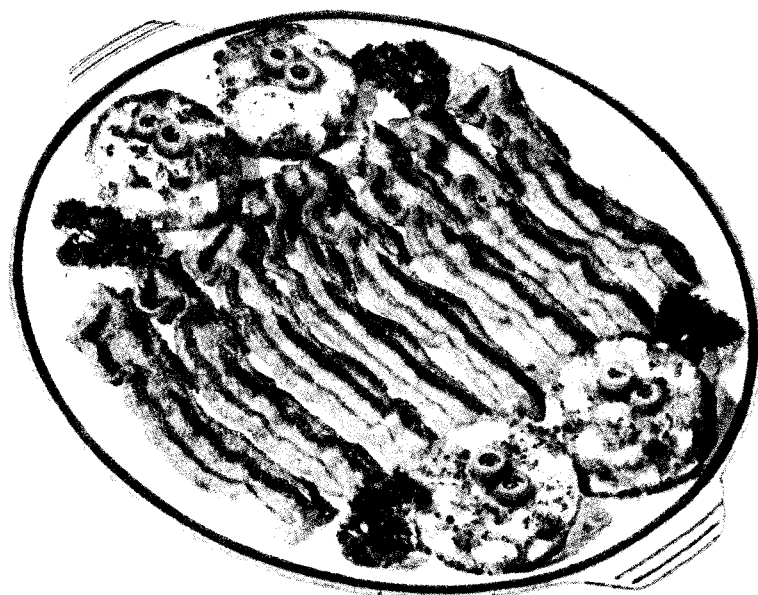
Three Reasons Why People Call This America's Finest Bacon

One. Only the very finest bacon sides are used for Armour's Star Bacon, because only those are good enough to begin with.

Two. Those choice bacon sides are carefully sugar-cured to accent their rich, smooth flavor.

Three. Then the bacon is smoked over fragrant hickory and hardwood fires . . . to heighten that luscious aroma and taste in every last slice.

What's more, when Armour's Star Bacon is cured, it's cured in a special way that minimizes shriveling and curling when you cook it, so you get big, even slices on the plate.

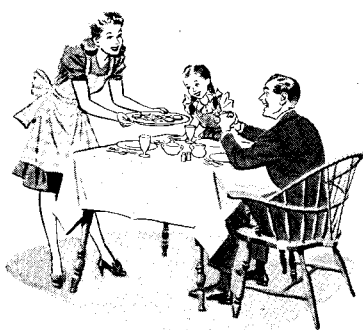


Armour's Star Bacon with Egg Cutlets

½ lb. Armour's Star Bacon (about 8 slices)
4 hard cooked Cloverbloom Eggs
2 tbsps. bacon drippings
3 tbsps. finely chopped onions
2 tbsps. flour
½ cup milk
½ tsp. Worcestershire Sauce
¼ tsp. salt
Pepper
2 tbsps. finely chopped parsley
1 cup bread crumbs

Saute the onions in melted drippings. Blend in flour. Add milk gradually and stir until thick. Add seasonings. Cool. Cut hard cooked eggs into small pieces. Add egg, parsley and enough bread crumbs to facilitate handling (¼ to ½ cup). Form into patties and roll in remaining bread crumbs. Brown in 3-4 tbsps. melted drippings. Top cutlets with 2 slices stuffed green olives and arrange on platter with crisp bacon.

To fry bacon: Place in cold frying pan over low heat and cook slowly 7 to 8 minutes, turning often until the bacon is crisp but not brittle. Pour off fat as it accumulates.



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For finest quality and flavor ask for Armour's Branded Products:

Star Ham and Bacon
Star Beef
Star Lamb and Veal
Star Sausages
Star Canned Meats
Cloverbloom Poultry

Armour and Company

Blowouts Prevented by Sound

When the precious automobile tire is on the market again, America will treat it with far more respect than formerly. Prevention of tire damage will take the place of tardy cure. To implement this worthy resolve a machine has been invented that will detect minute cracks in side walls and treads and thus indicate the need for a vulcanizing job before there is danger of blowout and ruin.

A standard piece of garage equipment, the device will consist of a shallow tank of water set in high-speed vibration by electrical means. When a tire casing is dipped in and revolved, the sound will pass through the rubber to a microphone suspended inside, lighting a green signal on a control board. If the most minute cut or tear crosses the sound path, some of the waves are deflected, the microphone output falls off, and the green light is replaced by a red one. The operator, who need not be specially trained, simply lifts the tire out and marks the damaged spot with chalk for vulcanizing later. Tire repairs will be made without even seeing the injury to the rubber. The supersonic vibrations used will never lie.

Farmers of tomorrow will get their haying done earlier in the season and at the same time will store away considerably richer hay in their barn lofts. Fields will be mowed while the grass is tender and young, and the crop will be dried for storage by infra-red heating units after it reaches the barn.

Hormones for Health

Medical research now nearly finished promises that a powerful new aid to general health and vigor may be expected in the hormones, those mysterious bodily factors that control sex. If the final experiments are successful, both men and women tomorrow may enjoy better all-round health and freedom from the many vague illnesses that must now be classed as "just being tired."

Synthesized in the laboratory in large quantities, hormones may perform definite services in a civilization constantly overloaded by the mad rush of modern living. Women will probably be freed from periodic depressions which reduce their business efficiency; especially, they may escape the difficult burdens associated with change of life. Men in their turn may expect to remain in vigor longer, escaping many ills of old age which are only remotely associated with the decline of virility.

Most recent advance is a new synthetic molecule of the hormone estrone and sulphur, which has the extraordinary power to diffuse through the skin into the blood stream. With it, a patient may be able to receive effective doses of the drug without resort to expensive hypodermic injections. This quick-penetrating hormone will also be used in cosmetic creams designed to give tone and color to the skin itself. Already, hormone preparations are showing remarkable power to heal certain types of war wounds.

Wings of Fear

Continued from page 13

years that it was as clear in every detail as the words of an often-repeated prayer.

He'd knocked and she'd heard it at once; she hadn't been asleep. She cried, "Who is it?" and hearing John's voice got up quickly and snatched a dressing gown and unlocked the door. He came in. He was in a tweed suit and had a coat over his arm and a brief case. His face was very white. "I'm leaving," he said. "I can get a train. Monica—"

She'd clung to him. She didn't know she was doing it. She'd never done that. She'd been shy; she'd wanted it to come slowly, richly. That was a mistake. Yet nothing could have stopped or checked the thing Linda had done to him. "John, where are you going?"

"Never mind. I can't tell you. I—"

"You're going to fight."

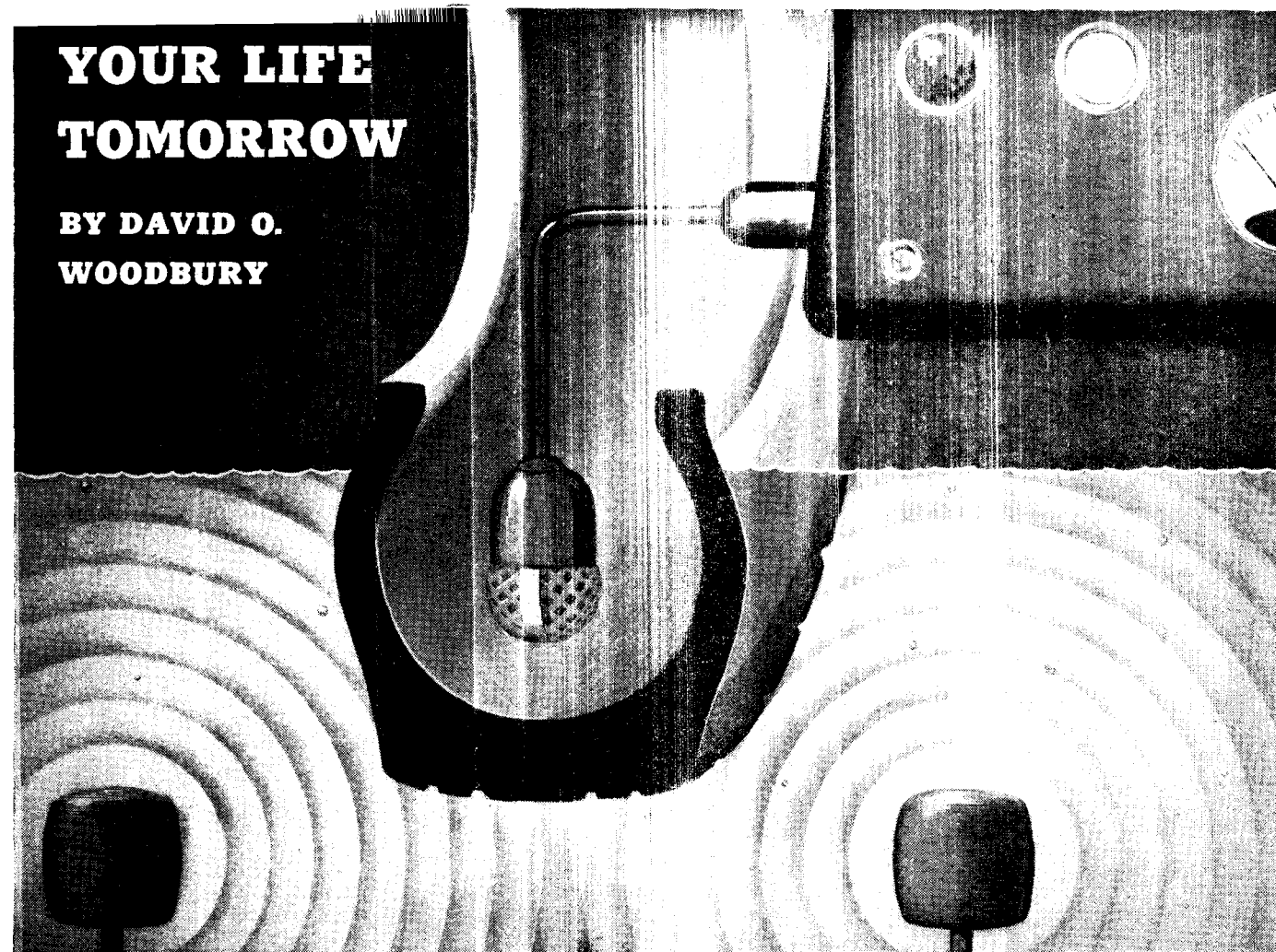
His eyes, direct and dark gray, suddenly avoided her own gaze. "I can't tell you, Monica, I wanted to say goodbye."

"John, you can't go. You mustn't. You're an American."

"We'll be in it sooner or later. I'm Polish, too. I've got to go now."

"John—"

He took her in his arms then and kissed



YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Research in this advanced field of body chemistry is being carried on with exceeding care, in order that all possible dangers of using so powerful a growth factor may be thoroughly understood. There is still a division of opinion as to the wisdom of using this chemical stimulant, and much more clinical testing will be necessary before doctors agree. In any case, hormone treatments are something for the future and then only under the direction of a competent physician.

The lowly peanut shell, most useless by-product of a nation of baseball fans, will have an assured future after the war. Ground to a coarse meal in combination with corn-cobs and other farm wastes, it will be used in air-blast guns as a high-speed cleaner of machinery. The whirlwind of soft particles will cut rust, grease or dirt, but, unlike sand or other abrasives, will not attack metal surfaces.

Magnetic Teeth

To Doctor Hyman Freedman of New York City goes the credit for using a great metallurgical discovery to solve a vexing problem in dentistry—how to stop artificial teeth

from loosening in the middle of a meal. Freedman, learning of the extraordinary magnetic power of the alloy Alnico, had the ingenious idea of inserting pairs of magnets in upper and lower dental plates, arranging like polarities opposite each other. The strong repulsion of the near-by poles, he believed, would create a "magnetic spring" which should help to counteract the forces tending to pull the teeth loose.

After experiments with more than 400 variations on the Alnico formula, metallurgists found a mixture that would meet all dental requirements and still provide the strong magnetic forces needed. The idea is now being applied in actual practice.

The dentist's greatest annoyance in fashioning artificial teeth is that the lower set often holds insecurely in the soft tissues of the lower jaw, though the bony structure of the upper keeps that denture firmly in place. George Washington was bothered with this so much that he had Paul Revere fit him with metal springs in an effort to force his lower teeth down against his gums. But the invention proved clumsy and impractical and was not generally adopted. Modern dentistry has learned to fit the

plates in so snugly that suction holds them there and gives millions of wearers comparative comfort. Yet many mouths still offer poor security for the dentures they must have, and the uncertainty becomes a great trial.

The virtue of Doctor Freedman's invention, which may attain widespread use in the future, is that it provides strong spring action without mechanical attachments of any kind to catch food or fill the wearer's mouth with bothersome machinery.

The powerful magnetic properties of the Alnico-type alloys, originally devised to improve the quality of radio microphones, have already been reported in this column in many interesting applications to medicine and the household.

Valuable natural gas, a by-product of most oil wells, is often piped away and burned as useless waste, since there is no handy market for it. But with a serious fuel shortage looming, this destructive practice must be stopped. A method is being perfected to pipe the gas back into the ground for storage in special geological formations until it can be processed and sold. ★★★

her. And said, "Goodby, dear. I'll see you sometime. Take care of yourself. Get home as quickly as you can. It's going to be more or less hell. And, Mona—"

"Yes, John." Her own voice seemed lost and desolate and faraway; her arms were linked around his neck, her head against him. "Monica, take care of Linda. She's—she's such a child. Reckless."

Here memory did fail; there was a kind of pause, a blankness; then he had kissed her again, on the mouth because she forgot herself and all her shyness and put her mouth up toward him. And then he went away, carrying only the lightly packed brief case with him.

She had never seen him since. She had never heard from him. Uncle Bill had tried to find him. Nothing was any good. He had vanished completely into the hell and chaos that was Europe.

Take care of Linda, he'd said.

But Linda of course wouldn't be taken care of. She could have come home with Monica; she wouldn't. She said she'd have to stay and see that her aunt (Fae de Rissaud, pretty, unexpectedly young, entirely able to take care of herself) was safely at home. Then she'd return to America. "There'll be a way," Linda said. "I'll be all right. Do go on, Monica."

In the end, Monica had had to go; Uncle Bill had cabled every day and got her a

place on a boat. She and Linda had said goodby; they had stood on the pier at Villefranche with a great heap of oranges on a cargo boat just beside them, and the Mediterranean almost as blue and sparkling and bright as Linda's eyes. The Maritime Alps rose in blue mist behind them; Linda had on a white sun suit which showed her lovely slender brown legs. How many hours had they sat in the sun, the five of them, on the sand, smoking, talking, romping, getting tanned! Swimming and coming out to lie on the sand again! Now John had gone. Eric had gone. Gibbs had left days before. The little group had disseminated like dust before a giant wind. Linda was going to Lyon soon with Madame de Rissaud. Monica was turning her back on everything and going home. Suddenly, passionately she wanted to stay at least on the same continent with John. Was that why Linda was staying?

SHE had hated Linda then, but she'd loved her, too.

She had never seen or heard from her again.

Monica got home and Uncle Bill Fiske had given her a job in his own office. Eric Weller had turned up one day, and asked her to lunch and they'd seen each other rather often since, except when business took him away. He'd had no news though from John

or Linda. Gibbs, he told her, had gone straight into the army.

There had never been in all that five years of war and horror any news of John or of Linda until tonight.

Eric sat now, looking at the rug, smoking, frowning, thinking too, perhaps, of that summer. He put down his cigarette and looked at her. "Mona."

It had been John's name for her. She'd never since then liked anyone else to use it. "Yes, Eric."

"Look here, Mona. You forget about Linda. You'll only get yourself into a mess. If Linda's in trouble let her get herself out. I think it is a trap."

"A trap! What do you mean? How could it be a trap? Who—"

"Oh, never mind," cut in Eric, shrugging. "I didn't mean that exactly. I—don't know what it means. But she's not in New York. Believe me, Mona, listen. There's something I've been wanting to—say to you. Something you've known, of course. We haven't put it into words but—"

"She must be in New York," said Monica.

Eric came across to her quickly and put his hands hard on her wrists. "She's not in New York. Believe me, Monica," he said. "I want to tell you I love you. I've loved you for a long time. You've known it. Haven't you?" said Eric and leaned down to put his arms tight around her. "You might

just as well admit it," he said, smiling. "You love me, too." . . .

A wind seemed to creep from some chill and unknown limbo into the night and into the apartment, changing it. Changing everything, so that familiar things became suddenly unfamiliar and strange.

The cachet and Linda's name. The surging hope that John might be alive.

And now Eric telling her he loved her. Like that.

There wasn't time to analyze what she meant by "like that." Or why she knew instinctively but with complete certainty that Eric didn't mean what he said and wasn't in love with her and never had been. There wasn't even time for her to analyze herself; a few minutes ago she had wondered almost in so many words if she did not, really, love Eric—and the sudden wave of hope about John (leaping into her heart merely because Linda was alive) had answered that half-uttered self-question about Eric. But she didn't consciously think that. She said, "Eric, you don't mean that. Linda—"

"Linda doesn't matter. I do mean it."

"But you— Oh, Eric, this is impossible. Go on back to your chair and—"

"Monica." He made her look up at him by putting one hand strongly under her chin. "Have you been playing with me, Monica?" he asked.

It was incredible, not only because there had never been the smallest hint of anything sentimental, certainly nothing romantic in their relationship, but also because it was exactly as if he were speaking lines in a bad play. People simply didn't say things like that. Surely, she thought, he can't be serious.

SHE tried to withdraw from him and his slender, blunt-fingered hands were like steel. She felt, however, not the smallest alarm, merely discomfort and a strong sense of embarrassment, as if at any moment the audience would object violently to the banality of the scene. Uncle Bill Fiske had said, once, "Remember to laugh. A little, not too much, but laugh. It gets you through a lot of"—there'd been an oddly reminiscent look in his eyes as he'd finished—"a lot of bad moments."

Laugh, then, not too much, only a little, lightly. She did and Eric didn't like it; his face darkened. She said, smiling, "Eric, you don't mean all this. Let's talk sensibly."

"There's just one thing for us to talk of, Mona, and that's you and me. We've been together constantly—"

"Not constantly, Eric. Sometimes—"

"You've led me to believe you were in love with me—"

"But I didn't. I never thought of it." But she had thought of it, briefly, that very night. It lent a small sense of guilt to her embarrassment.

"You've let me come to your apartment. You let me come up tonight. It's well after midnight. Girls don't let men come to their apartments at this hour—"

Her hand slid out of his grasp as if at its own volition and slapped him. Hard and quick across the cheek so near her own face. She hadn't known she was going to do it; she was suddenly appalled at her own action. She tried to sit upright, to rise, and was aware of Eric's face, very white except for the imprint of her hand in scarlet on his cheek and his blazing, narrow eyes and a man in uniform standing in the doorway, staring. An elevator boy.

Eric didn't see him; he was looking down at Monica with a kind of deadly stillness in those dark eyes. She said, her voice uneven, embarrassment now a pool in which she could scarcely get her footing, "Pinky. I didn't see you."

Pinky was one of the several elevator boys and acted occasionally as a bellboy and messenger for the apartment-house tenants. He was red-haired, young and very quick on the uptake. He said, swallowing hard, "Sorry, Miss Blane. I knocked and thought you said to come in." His eyes slid to Eric who straightened up and turned, his face still cold with anger, the face, suddenly, of a stranger. The boy's eyes skidded quickly away again. "Mr. Fiske gave me a message for you, Miss Blane. I didn't see you come in. He said would you call him. I—that's all, Miss Blane."

The boy was caught in the spreading pool of embarrassment. He turned and was closing the door as Monica thanked him. The door came to with a bang. A long, unpleasant silence followed and Eric said at last,

BUTCH

by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



"Sure I'm pullin' out right away—soon's I get more fares goin' in your direction"

"You should train your servants better." "Eric, don't be absurd. He's not my servant. He's one of the elevator boys."

"He's impertinent."

"He isn't at all. He—you're being very medieval. Anyway, it doesn't matter."

"Doesn't matter?" Eric turned again to her, his eyebrows lifted. "Well, if you like the elevator boys to see you in"—he paused and said slowly—"remarkably compromising positions—"

Monica got up swiftly and then as swiftly told herself to hold onto her anger this time. Be warned. Take a light tone. And get rid of him.

"That wasn't very compromising. I'm sorry, Eric. We are too good friends to quarrel like this. I didn't like what you said. I didn't stop to think that you couldn't have meant it as it sounded. We've been good friends a long time and—"

"But I did mean it exactly like that," said Eric.

"Then I think you'd better go at once. And never come back."

"You're thinking of John."

"John—"

"It was that silly bit of paper with Linda's name on it. It made you think that maybe

John is still alive, too." He smiled. "Don't you realize that even if he were alive, he'd still be in love with Linda?"

She turned and walked across the room to the little curved Victorian mantel she'd found, and bought, and then liked so much that she had furnished the small apartment, with the bright rose chintzes and moss-green carpet, around it. She could see herself again in the long, gilded mirror above. Two bright, angry spots of color were in her cheeks and her eyes were angry and bright, too. I must hold onto myself; I mustn't let this thing go on like this; I'll think later. "Eric, you'd better go now. We're both saying things that we don't mean—"

"But I do mean them," said Eric. "I mean everything I've said. It's all true."

After a moment she faced him again: "The only thing that matters to either of us now is the fact that Linda, somehow, has appealed to me for help. We've got to do something about it."

Eric smiled briefly again. "What?"

"Well, I don't know. Find her first. Find the person who put the cachet on the table. Obviously it was—well, someone she had seen and trusted to deliver the message. Somebody who—" She was forcing herself

to think; to shut out the new image of Eric with his handsome, white face, standing there looking at her with something deadly and cold in his eyes. "Obviously it was somebody who knew me. Or at least recognized me."

"How?"

"By her description perhaps."

He laughed shortly. "Darling, you are very sweet and pretty but you overrate the unusualness of your beauty. There are a million young women who look, in a general way, like you."

It would be fatally easy to bicker with Eric, like a child. "I don't know how I was recognized, but there was no one in the room I knew. If somebody who didn't know me put the cachet there at the table, he must have—well, inquired of a waiter or—"

"How would anybody know that you'd be at the Stork Club tonight?"

For a moment again she forced herself to think and to ignore this strange Eric who had turned suddenly from a pleasant companion to a stranger of unknown (and rather frightening in a curious way) potentialities. "I didn't tell anyone. I don't remember saying to anybody that we were having dinner together. Did we plan to go to the Stork Club, or just drop in? I can't remember."

Eric always knew everything exactly. He lighted a cigarette; his face was still stiff and unnatural like a mask. "I phoned to you at the office. I said, 'Let's have dinner at the Maisonette and dance a while and drop in at the Stork Club on our way home.' Was anyone listening?"

"No, of course not." She thought of the three office girls, one at the switchboard, two stenographers. "The girls at the office wouldn't listen."

Eric's thick eyebrows went up. "People do listen. People do the oddest things, really."

"Well, they wouldn't."

"How about your switchboard here? The doorman? Your pet little elevator boy who comes in without knocking?"

"Eric, you—"

"I'm being insulting. Darling, it sounds trite but if you only knew what men think of a girl who leads them on as you have and then—"

IT WAS perfectly horrible to feel as she suddenly did; anger really did make you see red; that blinding flash of impotent fury was terrifying. She steadied herself against the mantel. "You've got to go. Now."

"No," said Eric calmly. He sat down, stretched out his legs on a little tufted, satin hassock and smiled.

"I don't know what's happened to you, Eric. We were friends, and I liked you and—you're not yourself."

Or, she thought, rather alarmingly, was he himself? Had she merely never seen the real Eric?

He hadn't been drinking; she thought of that, too, swiftly. He said: "And you won't have me thrown out, darling, if that's what you're thinking."

"I shouldn't like to." She could be calm and reasonable, too. Only her voice was a little breathless. "But I can. I can phone down and have the—"

"The elevator boy?" Eric laughed.

"The doorman will do it."

"Beautiful scene," said Eric. "I can see it all in the papers."

"Nonsense." (Be sensible; use common sense; this is very silly!) "I'm not important enough to make the columns. Neither are you."

"Well, it doesn't matter. I'm staying. Right here. Until you come to your senses." He settled himself more comfortably, and yawned—or pretended to.

"Eric, this is absurd! It's late. Get up and leave—"

He got up but came toward her.

The door into the tiny hall between her bedroom and her dressing room was just beyond the fireplace where she stood, and she moved back toward it, without intending to, and said, "I'm going to phone Uncle Bill."

Eric stopped. "To have him come down and throw me out!" He laughed again. "He won't."

"I'm not going to ask him any such thing. This is all too silly, Eric. You're going to stop this—this nonsense. I'm going to phone Uncle Bill because he asked me to. I—"

He moved toward her, laughing as if he were really amused by her mention of Uncle Bill Fiske. And she slid through the door into the small hall, backed into her dressing room,

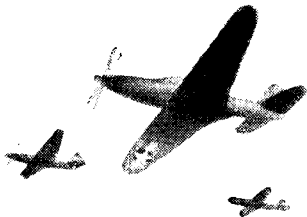


COLLIER'S

BO BROWN

Collier's for July 1, 1944

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The Week's Work

W. B. Courtney
Mignon G. Eberhart



time. In spite of all this, his wife, Marie, is consistently good-humored.

His private correspondence makes even more delightful reading than his articles. A copy of his letter about the Italians as warriors, written from Ethiopia, is cherished by Prime Minister Churchill, who once read it aloud to Quentin Reynolds. Courtney, known to everybody as Bill, won't tell what his initials W. B. stand for. It is rumored variously that they stand for Wilberforce Basil, Winston Baskerville, Wilmerding Blackstone. . . .

Courtney's three colleagues went on like this during an afternoon of slanderous reminiscence, and ended up affectionately, "Good old Bill! We certainly miss Bill around here!"

WHEN Mignon G. Eberhart first outlined her mystery story *Wings of Fear* (p. 11) to the editors of *Collier's*, the editors expressed enthusiastic approval and then asked her, "What sort of setting did you have in mind?"

Mrs. Eberhart was ready with a quick answer: "I think New York and Connecticut—a city apartment and a New England farm. Yes, that would do nicely, I think."

The editors, knowing very well that Mrs. Eberhart is a home-loving woman who likes to divide her time between her own Connecticut farm and her own New York apartment, smiled indulgently, and said, "Come now, let's not make it too easy. In these fast-moving times, your story should move around a bit, shouldn't it? How about Mexico City and New York? That would be a good combination. Why don't you run down to Mexico for a few weeks and get the feel of the place, and . . ."

And there, Mrs. Eberhart later lamented, went one more chance for her to enjoy an uninterrupted spring in the country. It is always like that, she tells us. While the writer of mystery novels does not lead the exciting life of a war correspondent, still she has to do a good deal of traveling around for the sake of story backgrounds. Also, she has to concern herself with certain legal, chemical and ballistical matters which are subjects of secondary interest to her, interviewing experts in these fields to be sure one of her characters isn't doing the impossible.

Mrs. Eberhart, now the famous author of twenty-one mysteries, wrote and sold her first story immediately after her marriage. "My husband was a civil engineer—which meant a fugitive hearthstone or, at best, a portable one," she says. "Writing with me was not so much a matter of self-expression as of self-defense; there was simply nothing to do during long months in the wilds waiting for a bridge to be built or a river turned in its course. (This sounds romantic but is actually deadly dull!)"

Mrs. Eberhart disagrees with those critics who say romance has no place in a mystery. "A mystery is about people. Your characters are like a still pool until the murder happens. The murder is a stone hurled into the pool, disturbing its smooth surface and revealing its depths. Out of ten or twelve characters thus disturbed, isn't it reasonable to suppose that some two of them will have a romantic attraction for each other? The exclusion of romance in a mystery seems to me more artificial than letting it take its course." . . . A.P.

ALTHOUGH *Collier's* Staff Writer W. B. Courtney (*Gingenuity: U.S. Super-weapon*, p. 17) isn't here to defend himself, being engaged in war corresponding from England at the moment, this department felt it was time to offer the readers a few paragraphs on a man who for so long has been identified with *Collier's*.

We know, of course, that Courtney, who joined *Collier's* staff in 1924, is one of the most widely traveled correspondents in the business, and has for years been recognized as an outstanding writer on aviation. He has been around the world four times, not counting side trips. He has covered wars and preludes to war in Japan, China, Spain and Ethiopia—where he contracted a tropical fever. He was attached to the German army as correspondent during the early phases of this war, on the campaigns in Yugoslavia and Greece.

His *Collier's* article on how a Panzer division operates still is required reading for the Armored Forces of our Army. He is an airplane pilot himself, and was a pioneer in writing about the technical, commercial and political aspects of aviation. In 1939 he was awarded a trophy in the Aviation Writers Competition.

But for more intimate information about the man, we turned naturally to those other staffers who have worked with Courtney for years: Kyle Crichton, Walter Davenport and Jim Marshall.

A digest of their remarks (expurgated) adds up about as follows: Courtney is a connoisseur of wine, who sips and makes an appreciative gesture with his thumb and forefinger, and names the vintage—naming it wrong. He likes the life of a country gentleman. He is a fine example of what not to do about buying a Connecticut farm. He bought a bargain place for \$2,200, spent \$87,000 fixing it up and still hasn't got an extra room, and the running water only runs some of the

shut the door between them and bolted it. Then she leaned against it feeling as if she'd made the most feeble and half-witted fool of herself.

She wasn't afraid of Eric. He was behaving badly, stupidly—but then she hadn't taken the right tone either; she ought to have been light and casual about it—or very hard and definite and actually called the doorman. Or—well, or anything but what she'd done. What a poised young woman of the world she had turned out to be!

Everything had been wrong, queer, out of focus, since she'd found the message signed by Linda.

She moved away from the door and sat down on the small chaise longue.

There was no sound from the living room. Eric didn't try the door; he didn't call to her; he didn't do anything. He'd leave, of course; the next morning he'd call and say he'd been joking, kidding her; tell her she oughtn't to have taken it seriously. He'd slip back into the old Eric, the man she knew.

Or would he?

She was listening, unconsciously, all the time; she heard no sound at all from the living room.

SHE decided that the sensible thing to do was to wait—just quietly wait. She slipped back on the chaise longue and unrolled the light satin cover at the foot of it and pulled it up over her. It was a small room, comfortably warm and fragrant, and the mirror reflected shaded lights and the crystal glitter of perfume bottles and her mother's old-fashioned gold-framed hand mirror, and brushes and bottles. She put her head back against the cushion.

It was queer to remember that that day had been like every other day up to the moment when she found the cachet on the table. She had got up, made her own coffee, gone to the office. Her job wasn't difficult really; Bill Fiske's law practice had always been more a matter of handling trust funds and estates than anything else.

Five years ago when she returned from France she had suspected that he made a place for her in his office because he knew she must have a job and because of his affection for her. Now she knew she pulled her own weight. She scarcely ever, now, even had to telephone to him for instructions if he happened to be out of town. She had the combination of the safe; she had access to the records; she knew the small bits of routine, too; old Mrs. Kerrington liked to change her will; young Mrs. Fenway was never satisfied with the safe and sound investments of

the money her husband left her; the young Jenssen child had to be forced to go to the dentist and possibly escorted there and held personally in the chair. She knew all those things.

She had been one of Uncle Bill's charges as John had been—except John had had so much money. Uncle Bill still had John's power of attorney and money; the land, of course, was in Poland; there was no way of knowing anything about that. Uncle Bill had tried and failed. As he had tried to find John and failed. He had guessed how she felt about John; she knew that, because, now, he rarely mentioned John.

But suppose—just suppose—John was alive after all!

She sat up suddenly and looked at her watch and it was two-thirty. Eric must have gone by now.

She got up and listened at the door. She again had the disconcerting feeling that she was acting in a bad play. Does the villain still pursue her or has he gone? she asked herself derisively. But she heard nothing and told herself that if he were still there she could control the situation, briskly and firmly, and unbolted the door and opened it.

It was rather an anticlimax to walk into the small living room all braced and prepared to deal with Eric and find it empty.

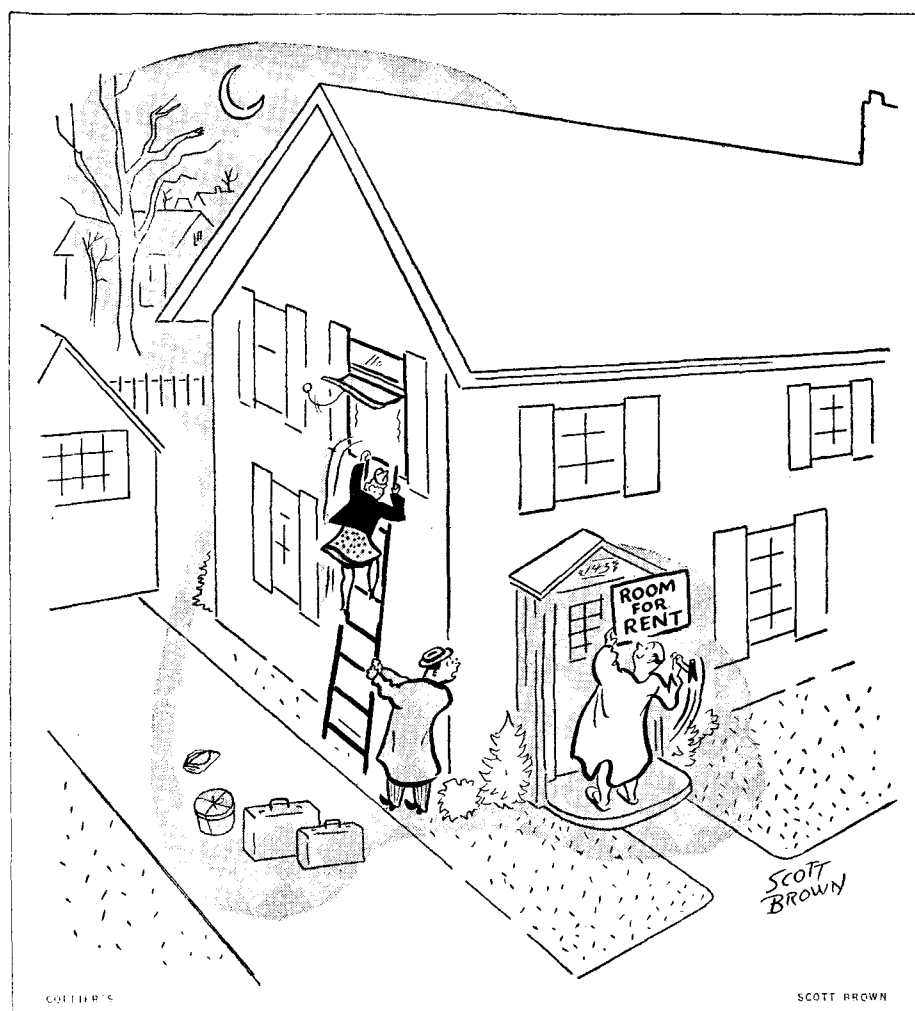
So he had gone.

The small, pretty living room with its pale green wallpaper, its chintz roses, its curved Victorian mantel, was quiet and still. The tiny entrance hall was empty, too, the lamp lighted on the small black and gold table. After a pause she went to the door which led to the main, outside corridor, and turned the bolt. And then stood for a moment again caught by something very still and almost strange in the apartment.

She had never been lonely there. But she wasn't lonely now; it was rather as if someone or something was there; something hidden. That was because she was uneasy and tense; because of the note from Linda. If only Eric hadn't chosen that time to be so stupid they could have planned something.

She'd never be able to sleep. She turned abruptly into the little dressing room again and slipped out of her crimson dress and into pajamas and a long, white wool dressing gown and small gold mules; she shook her hair and brushed it. It was funny how much better a girl felt after she'd brushed her hair!

She went back through the living room and across the hall and into the serving pantry and put coffee on the small, shining stove. A drawer in the cabinet was standing open; she closed it. The fragrance of the coffee





**"Egad and gadzooks!" cried the butler, "It looks
Like someone's made off, sir, with some of your books"**

*"Tut, tut," said the Squire, "Set your poor mind at ease—
I sent them myself to the boys overseas!
You see there's a Book Drive in Blue Ribbon Town
And you'd hardly expect me to let the boys down.*

*"My books were the joy of my life and my treasure—
I certainly hope that they give the boys pleasure,
And as for myself—well, I'll chat with my friends
Over pleasant Blue Ribbon, that noblest of blends!"*

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52
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gave the glittering, tiny kitchen an air of domesticity. It was funny, too, how comforting that was.

After she'd had her coffee she'd think about Linda—really think, to some purpose and constructively. Not just in bewildered circles.

She poured the bubbling coffee into a small silver pot—that had been her mother's, too. She set it and a cup and saucer on a tray. She went back into the quiet, empty living room and put the tray on a table near the big sofa, and sank down into it.

She wasn't comfortable. She drank a little coffee. She lighted a cigarette. She adjusted the pillows again.

If she'd stop arguing in her own mind about this and that and drink her coffee she'd stop listening. There wasn't anything to hear.

She might turn on the radio.

Then she remembered the message Bill Fiske had sent her. She'd meant to telephone to him.

Well, it was definitely too late now. She looked up toward the old French clock fastened to the wall beside the mirror and the hands pointed to twenty minutes past three.

She couldn't see herself in the mirror, but she could see an angle of the room reflected in it.

Eric hadn't gone. Or, if he had, he'd left his hat and coat across a chair.

EVERYTHING in the room seemed to stop—her heart, her thoughts, even the little French clock.

Then she turned her body slowly.

How had she missed the coat and the hat!

She put down her cup; the clatter on the tray was loud and sharp.

She got up. There wasn't any sound except the small rustle of her robe across the green carpet. The chair was high-backed and stood at a desk in the corner. She reached the chair and it was Eric's coat and hat. She could understand now why she hadn't seen them; they were low and in the shadow and she'd been looking only for Eric. But why had he left them there?

Was he still somewhere in the apartment—waiting, smiling?

He couldn't be. It was too small. There wasn't any place to hide. She'd been in the dressing room. The door to the bedroom and bathroom that opened off it was wide open and no one was there. And no one was in the tiny pantry.

She'd have to look.

She made herself walk into the bedroom and fling open the closed door of a shallow, scented clothes closet. Of course he wasn't there.

There wasn't any other place for him to be. Her hands were shaking. A breath of air from the opened window beside the big, four-posted bed stirred the taffeta curtains and the whispered sound brought her heart pounding in her throat. There was the telephone. By lifting it she could summon help. She'd say—well, what would she say? A man was here and he went away but he had left his coat and his hat and—*and there was something horribly wrong somewhere.*

That was hysterical.

Nothing was wrong. She was alone and the door was bolted. She'd bolted it herself.

She was back in the living room, in the small hall, her hand on the door that led to the outside corridor and, of course, it was still bolted. She turned and looked all over the living room again. She'd missed the coat and hat. And they'd been there all along, hadn't they? They had to have been for she'd bolted the door before she went to her dressing room and changed. So she hadn't seen them.

Was there anything else she hadn't seen? Yes.

Naturally, she hadn't thought of that. She hadn't thought that he might get down behind anything. He wouldn't—

She was leaning across the wide sofa now. And he wouldn't lie like that—on his face with one arm doubled up. With his hand covered with red. With a knife that had red on it, too, beside him on the green carpet.

The cup clattered and fell, and smashed on the floor with a tinkling sound that shattered all silence forever. All quiet. All decency and good sense and normal things of life.

She was standing; she had moved around the end of the sofa. She cried, "Eric—" in a sharp whisper and he wouldn't answer, and he'd never answer to anything



ever again because nobody in the world, not even Eric who was so proud of his body, nobody could live with his throat cut like that.

She remembered pulling her white trailing skirts sharply away. She must have bent over him. She ran for the bathroom, stumbling, groping blindly for the door; she was sick and dizzy and didn't know what she was doing. She had to stop being sick; it was horrible; the medicine chest was open; the light was bright in her eyes and on the labels; didn't she have something—spirits of ammonia, what did one take? Aspirin and tooth powder and cologne. No medicine. If she got her head down things would stop whirling. She was huddled against the bed and the walls of the room were wavering but there was the telephone beside the bed.

Uncle Bill.

She heard her own voice when the boy at the switchboard answered: "Ring Mr. Fiske— Yes, yes, I know it's late but ring eighteen hundred—keep on ringing—"

Bill Fiske answered at last; it seemed a long time; his voice was husky. "Hello—" "Uncle Bill—" "Monica?"

"Uncle Bill, something terrible has happened—" It was a jerky kind of whisper. "What's that? I can't hear you. Wait a minute. I'm still half asleep. Is anything wrong—"

"Eric—"

"Monica, I can't hear you. Talk louder." Louder. In that horribly still and silent apartment where there was only Eric to hear. And he couldn't hear.

She forced her voice out clear and flat: "Please come. Uncle Bill, please come."

"Why, I—I'll get myself awake in a minute. You mean—" he cleared his throat and seemed to force himself awake. "Of course, I'll come. Where are you?"

"In my apartment. Uncle Bill—Eric's dead."

"What?"



"Here, in my apartment. It's horrible. Uncle Bill—hurry!"

"I'll be right there." His telephone clicked.

She fumbled, putting down the telephone; she couldn't get it straight on its cradle; the boy who took night duty at the switchboard said: "Yes, Miss Blane. Number—"

"Nothing—" She adjusted the telephone at last. Blankness seemed to descend and then out of it she thought suddenly: I've got to open the door and let Uncle Bill in.

There wasn't any other way for him to get into the place. That meant she had to go through the living room again, and into the tiny hall and unbolt the door which she herself had bolted.

How long had Eric been lying like that?

It was the first clear and coherent thought she had but it was only a flash; the main thing was to get to the door.

Somehow she managed to, and nothing reached out from the silence in the apartment; her hands made clumsy work of the bolt; at last it turned. Uncle Bill might already be coming down the broad corridor from the rank of elevators, three of them, not far from her apartment as a matter of fact. She opened the door. And had to stop herself, for she wanted to run—hurry along that corridor, meet Uncle Bill, go to his penthouse, anywhere away from the terribly still apartment—and the horror it contained.

She mustn't run. But she could walk down as far as the elevators, because she heard very clearly the sound of the heavy sliding doors of an arriving elevator and it would be Uncle Bill.

She left the open door and ran down the corridor but the elevator was not arriving.

It was leaving; it was the third elevator in the rank and it was going down. But she had heard the doors slide open.

Or had heard them close.

But she hadn't seen anyone enter the elevator.

The corridor was well lighted; she would have seen anyone in it and she had instantly looked toward the elevators when she opened her door because she was looking for Uncle Bill.

Elevators don't move of their own accord they can't. So someone had to be in it.

She thought of that, but briefly; obviously someone had entered the elevator from one of the other apartments just before she opened her own door; she heard another elevator coming up swiftly; she waited and it went past her floor and swooped upward. It was going for Uncle Bill; she was sure of it. She waited and listened and there was no sound anywhere in the great apartment building and then all at once the elevator was swooping down again. It stopped. Pinky was running it; Uncle Bill, his hair awry, a bathrobe pulled over pajamas, and an overcoat over the bathrobe, and a package of cigarettes in his hand came out quickly.

"Monica—" "Uncle Bill, he's—"

HE STOPPED her so adroitly that she didn't realize for a moment that it was so Pinky wouldn't hear. He said to him, "Thanks, Pinky. Be going up presently," and Pinky, his red hair flaming, his eyes looking rather alert and curious, said, "Okay, sir." The elevator doors slid together as Uncle Bill put his arm around her.

"Now, now, my dear. Don't talk. Wait till we get inside— Here we are—" He closed the door behind them. "Where is he? Over there?" She must have pointed wordlessly. He walked to the sofa and around it. He said something and bent over.

He was a big man with a high forehead, from which his hair was receding. She could see his face, lean with high cheekbones and a long and aquiline nose; his rather narrow upper lip and unexpectedly full and red lower lip and the small narrow mustache he wore; he was big without being fat; he was actually rather slender for a man of his age, probably in the early fifties, and he had even then, disheveled and eyes puffy from sleep, a look of breeding and sophistication.

After a moment he rose. He had dropped his overcoat on the arm of the sofa and his red and black striped satin robe fitted in with the Victorian room. He was holding his hands out, away from him, staring down. She said, in a whisper, "Is he dead?"

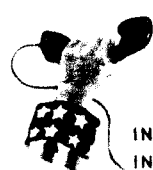
"Yes. What happened?"

"I don't know." Her voice wavered.

Bill Fiske gave her a swift glance. "Stop that, Monica— I've got to wash my hands." She could hear running water and then he



In an Evacuation Hospital, this Army nurse telephones for more blood plasma — quickly. Her call saves minutes that may save lives. She is helping to pay our greatest war debt—the debt we owe our wounded—by giving them every chance to live in the free world that they have suffered to win...for all of us.



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reappeared in the door with a towel, drying his hands. He looked at her and then around the room and saw the coffee. He dropped the towel, and went toward it and put his hand on the silver pot. "It's still hot. You'd better have some." He saw the shattered cup on the floor. "Get two cups. And some brandy."

Brandy, of course. He had given her some from his own stock; cognac, bottled for him with his name, William Fiske, on the label. She got that and glasses and cups. He was standing beside the sofa again, looking down, but came toward her to take the tall bottle of brandy and then went himself to the pantry and found a corkscrew bottle opener.

"Sit down, Monica. Hold everything—Don't faint. I'll have this open in a second."

She watched him tear off the lead foil. "There's no better cognac in the world," he said. "Why haven't you opened this before now? Here. Drink this."

He poured some for himself, too, and then poured coffee into the cups and added sugar. "Now, then. Feeling better? What happened, Monica?"

"Shouldn't we call a doctor? I never thought of it—"

"He's dead. No. At least— Just tell me quietly what happened."

"But it's—so horrible. Uncle Bill, why—"

"Listen, my dear, and believe me. Have I ever let you down when you've needed me?"

"No."

"Then trust me now. I don't know what to do; I've got to think. But first I've got to know everything. And just as quickly and as exactly as you can tell me." He paused and looked at her thoughtfully. "Think now, Monica. You went out with him tonight?"

"Yes. Yes, and then we came back here—I thought there'd be a message from her here, too, you see. Or she might phone, or something. But there wasn't anything. And then Eric—"

"Message from whom?"

"From Linda, of course."

"Linda! Linda Chavon?"

"But there wasn't any. And I left Eric here, and went into the dressing room and locked the door. It was silly—that is, I thought it was silly. And I thought he'd gone; I didn't hear anything; I thought he'd gone and I came out and made coffee and— Her hand went out to show him where Eric lay as if he didn't know. Again she thought in a confused way that it was still like a bad play, except it wasn't a play."

BILL FISKE lighted a cigarette and gave it to her and lighted one for himself. "Now, then, if I've things straight it's like this: Somewhere you heard from or of Linda—"

"Yes, of course. At the Stork Club. In a cachet. And we came back—"

"Wait, Monica. Tell me about the cachet and Linda. Quickly."

She did. Trying not to look at the chintz-covered sofa; unable to avoid looking at it. Bill Fiske was surprised; she knew that, in spite of his habitually cool and imperturbable look; his deep-set eyes were very keen.

"Where is the message?"

Where? It had been in her hand when she entered the apartment. She had removed her coat and put her small suede-covered handbag on a chair. She went to lift her coat and the small piece of paper fell from it.

"So—" said Bill Fiske. He picked it up, read it, examined it. "Is it Linda's writing?"

"It's like it. But— Yes, I think so. I've got to try to help her, Uncle Bill. She wouldn't have sent word like that unless she was really in trouble."

Bill Fiske's deep-set eyes traveled from the note to the sofa. "There's trouble here first," he said. He put the message from Linda on the table. "All right. So then you came back here. I gather Eric made himself objectionable; wouldn't he leave?" He shot her a questioning look and she nodded. "So you locked yourself in the dressing room—"

"Yes."

"And while you were there you heard nothing?"

"Nothing."

"Nobody came into the apartment?"

"Why, I—" It wasn't possible but she hadn't thought of that; and it wasn't possible either but up to that instant another thought had not come into her whirling mind and that was the most important question of all. She leaned forward: "Was he murdered?"

Surprise was now definitely in his face but it was a curious surprise—it flashed upon her with the oddest irrelevance that there was an element of admiration in it. And suddenly

THE OTHER CHEEK

THE TURNER

Motorist in Springfield, Illinois

Lady in San Diego

Printer in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Lady in New York

Prisoners in Dallas jail

Bandit in Boston

THE TURN

After being fined for speeding, he invited the arresting officer to lunch.

After paying her income tax, she sent a layer cake to the tax office.

His counterfeit liquor bottle labels bore the warning: "Beware of counterfeits."

Although the cat she rescued from a sewer tore her nylon stockings, she paid for treatment for the injured creature.

They made up a purse to buy flowers for their jailer's funeral.

When his victims were unable to identify him, he identified himself as the holdup man.

—W. E. Farbstain

something was unuttered, and unspoken and yet lay like a demanding presence in the room. She leaned forward, her hand gripping the arm of her chair, her white woolen robe falling back from her white pajamas. She cried, "You think I murdered him!"

"Nonsense," said Bill Fiske.

"You think I murdered him. We'd quarreled and I—"

He strode toward her and took the cup from her and then took her hands tight in his own. "Of course not, Monica. You're being very silly. How could you murder a man as strong as Eric? How could you murder anybody?" He patted her hands. "I know you didn't murder anybody. What made you think of such a thing?"

"Nobody else was here. I don't think he'd kill himself."

"It has to be either suicide or murder. Didn't you think of that?"

"No, I—I couldn't think. I didn't—" she withdrew her hands and pushed them rather desperately over her eyes. "He couldn't have been murdered. Nobody was here. He didn't talk to anybody; there wasn't any—any quarrel or any sounds at all. He couldn't have been murdered. I only saw him like that. And knew he was dead with all that blood. I couldn't think—"

"Stop that, Monica. Look at me." She forced herself to do so. He said earnestly. "Don't let yourself go like that. You can't have hysterics. Not just now. You've got to keep control. You see, you're going away."

"What?"

"You're going away. Now. Tonight. You're going to Mexico City."

"I am— What do you mean?"

"For me. It's a job."

There was something behind his words; something very urgent and unusual in the look in his eyes. Something she didn't understand and that he was going to make her understand. She said, "What kind of job?" as if he had mesmerized her and drawn the words from her.

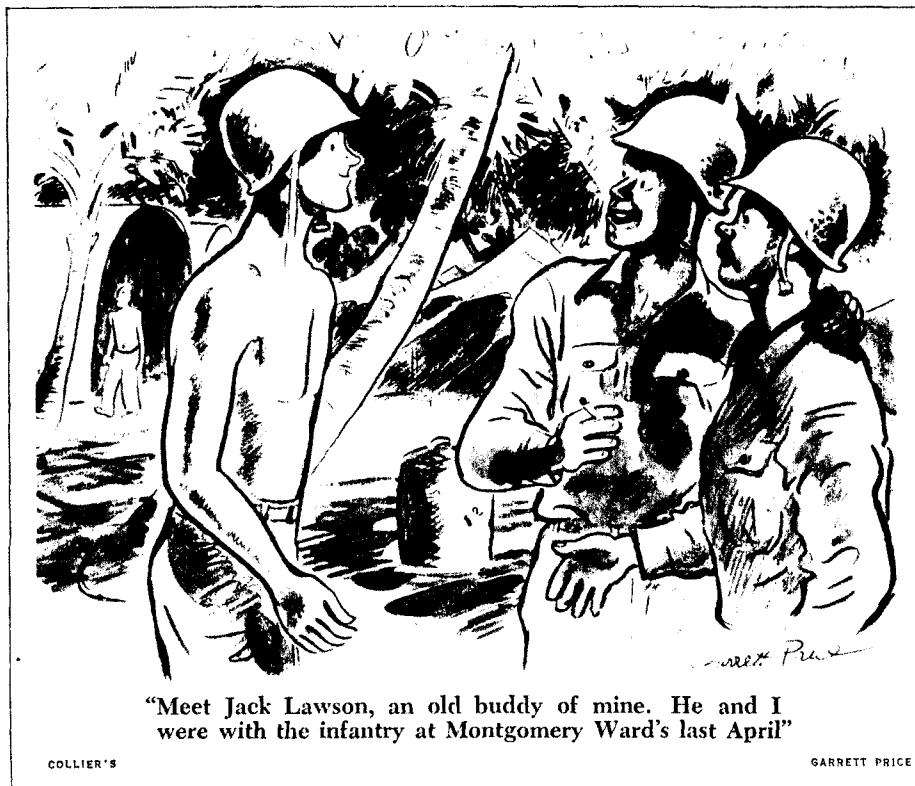
She caught a flash of satisfaction in his face. He said, "Monica . . . I've heard from John Basevi."

She couldn't speak. It was like that other moment in the apartment when everything in it, including her heart and the little French clock, had seemed to stop. He said, "I won't tantalize you. He is well, I think, and apparently all right. I had a letter from him. You'd better read it. I brought it down."

It was in his pocket. She couldn't believe it even when she saw the envelope, with Mexican stamps, and then John's handwriting, fine and vigorous, hard to read, if you didn't know it. She took the letter and still didn't believe it.

"Shall I take it out for you? Here—" he took out the letter and put it back in her hand. It was from John. There was no question of it now. Somehow she read:

"Dear Uncle Bill: I couldn't cable, as things were. But I'm here; just got here, in fact. I can't get into the United States on the quota for God knows how long and I've got to see you. I've got to have some money."



"Meet Jack Lawson, an old buddy of mine. He and I were with the infantry at Montgomery Ward's last April"

COLLIER'S

GARRETT PRICE

I can't explain—I need a substantial amount. And I desperately need to see you; will you come? I can't say more here."

"It's from John all right," said Bill Fiske. "It is a guarded letter, probably for very good reasons; he as good as said because of the censors. I intended to go to him and take him money. But this changes things. You go to John. I'll find Linda if she's in New York. And I'll see to that—" He nodded in the direction of the sofa.

"John," said Monica with stiff lips. "In Mexico City—alive—"

"He needs money. He desperately needs help. Believe me, Monica, we must divide forces. You go to John; take him the money; I'll see to—things here. It is the only thing for us to do. I don't believe Linda is in New York. I think she'd have come to you at once. But tell me again everything you remember of the cachet. In detail, I mean. Quickly, Monica."

She told it again, in detail, as he asked her to do; she was mainly aware of the letter in her hand.

"Well," he said, "if she is here, I'll find her. I promise you. But I think that message was brought by somebody. That she sent it—from France, perhaps. There could be a dozen—a hundred explanations. She stayed in France; we've heard nothing of her since, until now. I'll investigate. I'll watch for any attempt on her part to reach you here. John wouldn't ask for help if he were not in a very serious—possibly a very dangerous—situation. We both know John and we can read between the lines in this letter. I'm going to do your thinking for you. I got the letter tonight when I got home. I phoned and I had a break about reservations. You are going to use my reservation and fly to Mexico City."

HE GLANCED at the little French clock. "In two hours you'll leave La Guardia airport. You'll go to Chicago, then to St. Louis; you may have to stop over there; they weren't at all sure when they could clear me out of St. Louis, but they could get me that far. You'll have to make the trip like that; ready to go whenever they tell you they can get you on a plane. Your birth certificate and an old passport are somewhere in my office; I'll see you get your Mexican entry card; the mail is always fast; it'll be waiting for you at Fort Worth in care of the customs office."

"Eric—"

"I'll see to that. Whether it's suicide or murder there'll be an investigation. I'll report it; I'll give evidence. I'll do everything according to the letter of the law. But I want you out of it."

Thoughts whirled around her as if they had beating black wings. "No. I can't go."

"Why?"

She made a blind gesture toward the sofa. Bill Fiske said gently, "I've told you to let me manage all this. You've always come to me with things, Monica. Let me see to this."

"You're trying to save me."

"All right. Why not?"

"But it isn't—the police— Don't you see I've got to stay—"

"Got to get yourself involved in a mess that will make you a marked woman for the rest of your life? I think Eric killed himself; murder is—not very likely. But I've got to report it right away; minutes count in an investigation. Frankly, I do want to get you out of it. Why not? I don't want you to wreck your own life and a life I—have had something to do with. I've been proud of you, Monica."

"I can't run away. I know how it sound and I'm no hero; I'm scared, I'm sick with fright. But I—can't."

"All right." He glanced around the room. His voice was agreeable as always, and gentle because he was talking to her. "Where's your telephone?"

"In the bedroom. On the table—"

He went into the hall. Was he going to telephone the police? Well, naturally. That was the thing to do. Immediately. So they could start an inquiry at once.

She got up, feeling drugged and indescribably tired. She picked up the message from Linda as she passed the table—idly, really, with no intention. When she reached the bedroom he was sitting on the bed, big and masculine looking in the feminine room with its satin blanket cover and turned-down bed, and lacy pillows. He held the big, fat Manhattan telephone book on his lap. He

The answer is balance



IF that top in Buddy's hand were the least bit lopsided, it would wobble. But it spins true because it is properly balanced.

And if the crankshaft in your car doesn't have perfect balance at all speeds, it will wobble too. But we call it vibration. And it can create a lot of high-class trouble — in warplanes as well as cars.

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every mission. To put these fleets in the skies was a major miracle in itself. And one of the sources of the extra margin of power and durability they hold is the mastery of balance gained by peacetime enterprise.

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was aware of her coming into the room and turned toward her. "I don't want to turn the police loose on you. I'll do it if you say so, but it's not a good idea. Unless—"

She sat down on the crimson-covered slipper chair. "Unless what?"

"Unless you haven't told me the whole truth, Monica."

"I have, Uncle Bill. Surely you believe me. If you doubt my word—"

"I don't. That's why I want you to go. If it were necessary for you to go through with this horror of police investigation it would be a different thing. I'd say, stay and do it. But it isn't necessary. Unless there is something you know that you haven't told me."

"I've told you everything. But I can't leave—"

"What about John?"

In the stillness of the room she could almost hear John's voice; see his brown and laughing face instead of that of the man sitting on the bed waiting.

Bill Fiske said slowly, "You can't do much for John, if the police hold you for questioning, as they will almost certainly do."

John alive, John needing her! She could think of nothing else and she ought to be able to think better and more quickly than she had ever had to do in her life before.

Bill Fiske said as if he knew it, too, "You're not in a state to judge anything. I can't let you ruin your life. That's one thing. And I can't permit you to let John down either." He put down the telephone book and got up. "Where's your dressing case?" He opened the cupboard doors; her small array of luggage was on a shelf; he selected the little alligator dressing case he'd given her five years ago before she went to Europe. He pulled out a large case too. "Now then—" he disappeared into the dressing room and presently came back. "You'll have to pack. It'll be chilly at night, there; it's very high, you know. Wear a suit and take your fur coat."

"I can't—Uncle Bill, I can't—"

"Monica." His voice was so stern and sharp it brought her head up with a jerk. "You've got to go. You owe it to John and you owe it to me. Do you love John?"

"Yes. Oh, yes—"

Something warmer came into his face; it was like a glow of triumph. He took her hands again and drew her up from the little chair. "Get some clothes on and pack. Hurry. There's barely time for everything. I've got to get you—"

She was sure he was going to say, "Get you away before the police come." But he never finished it for just then the doorbell rang; it was low and polite. And demanding.

"GAD," whispered Bill Fiske. His eyes met hers. A purple flush spread upward over his handsome face. "Who is that?"

"I don't know. I— Police?"

"Did you call them? Before you called me?"

"No."

The polite low buzz came again.

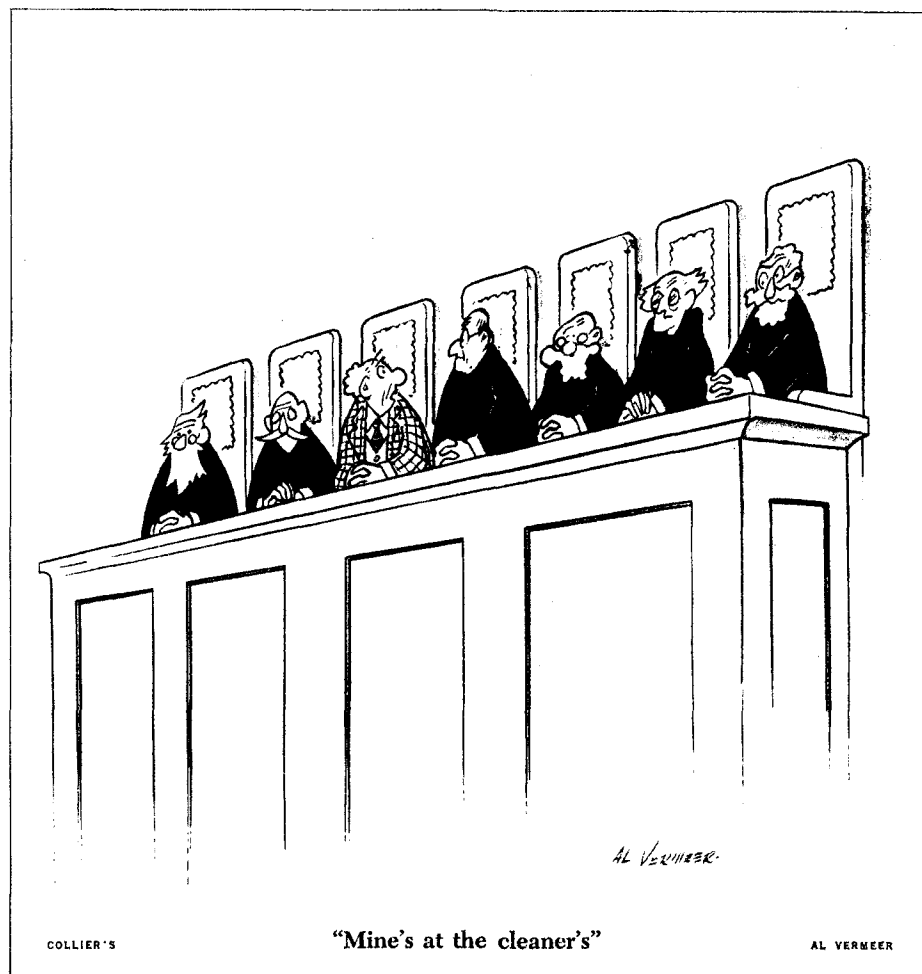
"I'll see to it. Get dressed. Hurry." He closed the bedroom door after his tall black-and-crimson-clad figure. She felt that she must follow him; it crossed her mind that it might conceivably be Linda.

Instead she started to dress; it was again as if she were mesmerized. But not mesmerized enough; her fingers were slow and clumsy; she couldn't get her stocking seams straight; it seemed to take minutes to fasten her garters; the buttons on her blouse, up the back, were impossible to reach. She was suddenly all dressed. She took up an alligator handbag and then saw the twisted white paper that was the message from Linda, on the floor where she had dropped it. She put it in her handbag.

She opened the bedroom door. He'd said to pack. She remembered that and went back to get the big case. The door into the living room was closed and just as she entered the dressing room and looked at the glittering, mirrored little dressing table and fumbled for a brush and thought dimly, "Lipstick. I must put on lipstick—" Uncle Bill opened the living-room door. He still looked purple and angry.

"That," he said biting off the words, "was the elevator boy with the red hair. I've got rid of him."

If only her hands were not so clumsy; she brushed her hair back and twisted it in a round little bun on the back of her neck; where were pins? The first one slid out of her fingers. Uncle Bill suddenly was packing;



"Mine's at the cleaner's"

packing carefully too, looking at her dresses on their little scented hangers; pushing one aside, taking down the next and folding it in the case. He said, "He's a confounded little upstart. Curious, I expect, really. I got rid of him. I'm sure he didn't see—anything."

A small picture rose out of the dim kaleidoscope of the night. "He saw me slap Eric."

Bill Fiske looked at her over the blue sports suit he was folding. "Slap Eric? You didn't tell me. I thought you said you'd told me everything."

"I thought I did." There; her hair was done; her hands moved slowly over the dressing table; the dressing case was fitted and its small gold jars and bottles were filled; still there were things she'd better pack.

"Tell me."

"He came in with your message. Just as I lost my temper and slapped Eric." Slapped Eric; that horrible, sprawled thing in the next room. Bill Fiske said, "Well, I think it's all

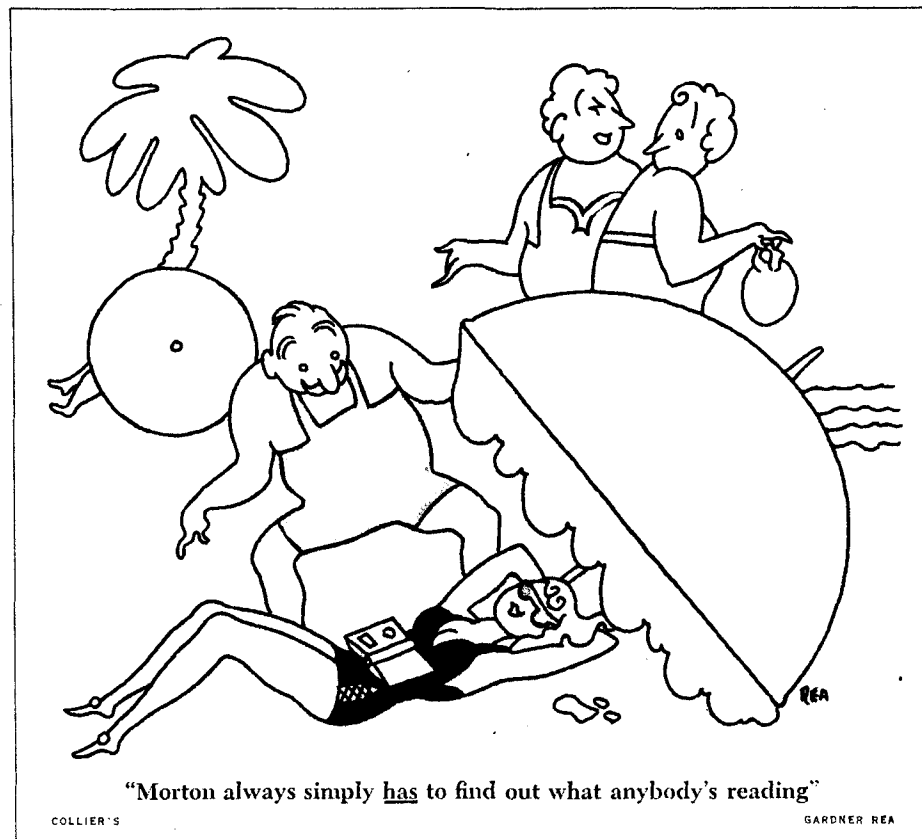
right." There was the look in his face, guarded, intent, that he wore when he was thinking very quickly and very anxiously. He looked at his watch. "I'll ring down for a cab. That'll give Pinky something to do."

ALL at once she was ready. Uncle Bill had put on his coat over his dressing gown; he had her two bags in his hands; she had her short fur coat over her shoulders and wasn't going to look around the living room and had to. Bill Fiske said brusquely, "Don't look. I'll fix everything," and made her leave the apartment ahead of him. He tried the door after them; it opened and he turned the night latch and tried it again; this time it was locked. They walked to the elevator; it seemed very late.

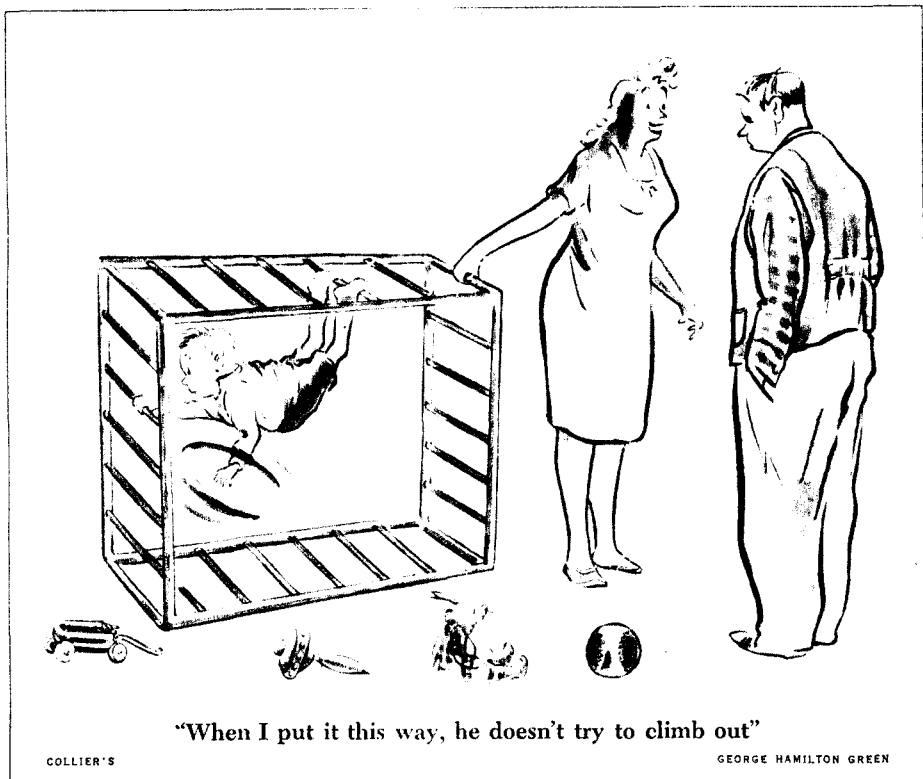
Pinky brought up the elevator.

"Just take us up to my apartment, Pinky," said Bill Fiske. "I've got to get some things for Miss Blane. She's making a business trip for me."

That was so Pinky wouldn't talk; elevator



"Morton always simply has to find out what anybody's reading"



boys did, no matter how friendly they were.

They reached the penthouse entrance which was private. "Wait here, Pinky," said Bill Fiske. He crossed the foyer and opened the door that led directly into his living room. Pinky, waiting and whistling softly, broke off to say, "You going on a trip, Miss Blane? Wish I was going on a trip. Gee!"

She stared at the bags at her feet and thought, yet was unable to believe it, that John was at the other end of the trip. Journeys end in lovers' meetings. How would that journey end?

Pinky said, as if continuing a conversation, "I wish I knew about that elevator, though. How it got up there! But it was a captain in the Army, I'm sure; saw his back just as he went out the door. Blond fellow with a captain's bars. But how'd he get the elevator up? You're sure he wasn't with you, Miss Blane?"

SHE didn't know what he was talking about; she was only dimly aware that he was talking. She said, "No. That is— What elevator?"

"Sounded as if it came down from near your floor. All alone. He must have known how to operate it and got in while I had this cage somewhere in the building, and nobody saw him. Till he left, I mean. I finally came up to— Here's Mr. Fiske."

Bill Fiske had got into slacks and a jacket, and pulled his overcoat around him again. They swooped down to the street level and the taxi was waiting. And when she was in the taxi, with Pinky lounging in the lighted foyer behind them and watching idly, Uncle Bill leaned into the darkened cab and took her alligator handbag.

"I'll put everything you'll need, here. Money—for your trip. And this—package for John. Examine it when you've time. Carry it as seems best to you; this is an emergency—there isn't time now to argue about it; you've got to hide it somewhere about you and don't tell anyone you've got it. It is for John, remember. The end justifies the means." He put a thick envelope in her hand. "It is—" he hesitated, glanced at the cab driver and said: "It is the substantial amount he asked for. Take care of it—and yourself, my dear. Pick up your reservations at the airport; they'll be there in my name. If you get a chance phone to me from Chicago. Or—no. No, don't phone. It's better not to. Don't wire. I'll wire to you if—when I can; go to the Blackstone if you are held up in Chicago for a seat in the plane; the Park Plaza in St. Louis. Are you listening? I have John's address; I'll try to get a cable or a phone call through to him. If I fail, go to the Reforma in Mexico City. I'll get in touch with you. I've put John's letter here, too. His address is on it. Now then—" He closed the handbag, put it in her hand. "Goodby, my dear; be a good girl and keep your head. Be very careful. No matter what happens admit nothing. You must understand that. Do you?"

She nodded. He said with another glance

at the cab driver, "Say nothing till you hear from me. And remember John is waiting." The taxi door closed between them; he said loudly to the driver, "La Guardia."

It was cold, and dark and the street was deserted. Uncle Bill stood against the light from the foyer and waved. They turned and the lighted foyer was gone; they turned again and were on Park Avenue—wide and empty and strange at that hour, with only the traffic lights and a few cars along it, and scattered lights in the great buildings that made a deserted cavern of the street. The envelope in her hand was thick and heavy; she wondered briefly how much money Bill was sending. Hide it somewhere about you, he had said. Moving out of range of the little mirror above the driver's eyes, she stuffed the envelope into her brassiere, making sure the tightness of the small garment would hold the envelope securely, for the moment. Later, when she had a chance, she would look inside the envelope and plan a way to carry it.

They went under a street light and in the small mirror above she caught a glimpse of her face, shadowy, with no hat on her dark hair. She had put lipstick on, for her mouth was clear and definite, but she had no memory of applying it.

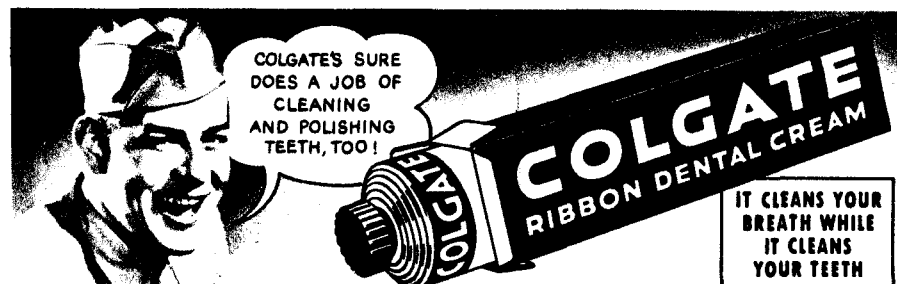
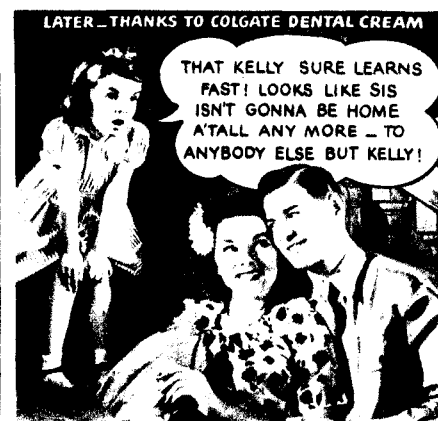
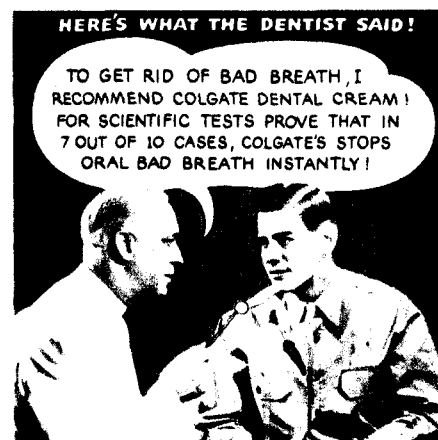
Before it seemed possible they pulled up at La Guardia; lights streamed from the door. Bags were out of the taxi; she paid the driver and tipped him; when she opened her handbag for money she saw John's letter and a roll of bills. It was as if she were two people: one girl spoke aloud and did what was expected; the second told the first what to do. (It was better, said the second, to fix her mind on the letter; not on what was happening back there in her apartment.)

A PORTER took her bags; they went inside and the lights seemed very bright and strong, so she felt suddenly as if she were spotlighted; as if any number of eyes must have been immediately drawn to her entrance.

Actually, of course, nobody looked at her. Her heels seemed to click on the floor; she had an impulse to walk softly, on tiptoe, so as not to attract attention to herself. Reservations; he'd told her to pick up reservations. She must have spoken to the porter and told him; all at once they were at a counter. Her own voice sounded perfectly clear and normal. A ticket to Chicago for Miss Blane. She waited and Bill had apparently telephoned and arranged to give her the reservation he had made for himself for her ticket was there; it went all the way through to Mexico City.

"You understand we may have to ask you to stay over at any point in the trip. We'll try to get you through as soon as possible. Check your reservations at Chicago. At St. Louis. At Fort Worth—"

She replied. She paid for the tickets from the thick roll of bills in her bag. So far, said that inner, second person, she had behaved very well; very coolly; very calmly;



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A Jap bayonet put him out of the fight — but not for long!

BUNA, NEW GUINEA, December 20—For 3 months, Pvt. Charles Turner's infantry company had been slugging it out with the Japs in a life-and-death struggle.

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He knows, too, that in the crucial months ahead, the struggle for Victory is one in which every loyal American can, and *must*, take part.

Are you doing *your* share to help make this the year of Victory? Are you doing,

not just as much as you can—but *more than you ever thought you possibly could?*

Let's do more in '44!



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not as if she were running from the police.

But she wasn't. Not actually.

"Your weight please, Miss Blane."

"A hundred and seventeen."

The porter had weighed her bags; she paid for the slight excess baggage. That was because the bottles and jars in the extravagant dressing case Uncle Bill had given her were so heavy. A public-address system was roaring, asking for someone to come to some ticket window. Her calm gave way for a second; suppose it said: Miss Monica Blane—come to ticket window 9; you are wanted by the police!

The porter said, "You've got half an hour to wait."

She took the checks for the bags and went up to the restaurant; she made herself drink more coffee and eat a sandwich. She saw herself again in a mirror: a slender girl in a brown suit with a white lynx coat flung over her shoulders. Her blouse and her face were white; her lips red. Her eyes had shadows under them and looked enormous. Otherwise from the tips of her alligator pumps to her smoothly parted hair she was just a young woman, suitably dressed for traveling, perfectly calm and poised.

Not running from murder.

The public-address system was suddenly announcing the flight to Chicago. She hadn't got her check yet from the waitress. It took her a few moments to do so; more to go downstairs through the lighted building—where again she had a sensation of being too much in the open, unprotected, a focus of eyes that might be watching her.

SHE reached the gate and saw the plane sitting there, silver, with the runway down. The wind caught her and blew her brown, short skirt tight against her legs as she walked toward the plane. They were putting in the baggage.

It wasn't real, any of it. (But it is, said that inward Monica. All of it is real.) A stewardess was smiling near the door of the plane. She balanced herself on the runway and then in the plane which, on the ground, was uneven and sloping. She wanted to sit alone but realized with a tinge of dismay that she couldn't. The plane was nearly full and all the single seats taken. She sat in the nearest double seat. Again her muscles acted for her—she fastened the seat belt and waited. The thick envelope inside her brassiere pressed sharply against her. Her hand held tightly to the handbag within which was John's letter. The last few passengers got on. The man beside her folded his newspaper another way and kept on reading. Somebody in Army uniform, a captain by his bars, brushed past her and went on to a seat up ahead. The door was being closed.

Motors beat louder; softer, louder again. The plane was moving; the curtains were pulled tightly across the windows so her impulse to look out and make sure that no one had followed her had to be controlled. But no one had followed her. Why should they?

The motors were very loud; and then settled into a regular hum, and she realized that they were in the air. She leaned back. The little green message saying No Smoking and Fasten Seat Belts flashed out. The man beside her put down his paper and lighted a cigarette.

By this time they were high over the city. Away below her, in the distance now. Uncle Bill would do whatever it was necessary to do.

Whether she was right or wrong, there was nothing now that she could do about it.

Sometime later she was dimly aware of the stewardess putting a light rug over her: thinking of John and feeling that sense of security she surrendered again to weariness and the drone of the engines.

It was not as a matter of fact until they left Chicago that she knew she was being followed but not by whom or why.

The plane arrived in Chicago on schedule; drugged with weariness she disentangled herself from the rug and was one of the first passengers off the plane, and into the office buildings at the Chicago airport. It was a foggy, typical Chicago morning, cold and dark and raw and yet with something exciting in the air.

She went to the ticket counter and was told that she had a place on the plane leaving Chicago at six, arriving in St. Louis at seven twenty-five.

That meant some hours in Chicago: she waited for the baggage to be brought in and

went in the bus, with the other passengers, from the airport near Cicero to the Palmer House, and then by taxi to the Blackstone. There was no message for her. She registered and bought New York papers before she went up to her room.

She read the papers; there was, of course, nothing about Eric; there wouldn't have been time. She slid the envelope from her brassiere and opened it. There were bills, flat, within it; she counted with a queer, growing dismay; ten thousand dollars in bills lay on the table before her when she'd finished.

John had said a substantial amount and Bill had quoted his words, but she had not expected it to be so much.

She got out John's letter and read it again; Bill had interpreted John's "desperate" need, to be very urgent; Bill was probably right, she concluded. But the large amount of money seemed to confirm her own deep uneasiness about John. What was wrong? Why could he conceivably need so much money? Obviously John had said everything he dared to say in his letter; he might be sick, he might be in danger, there were a hundred

roused her she showered quickly and dressed; the brown suit again. She checked out and took a taxi to the Palmer House. The limousine to the airport was waiting and she got in. She glanced now at the people who were getting in the car and did not recognize any of them.

It was a long drive through wet streets with the lights haloed by the fog, out through Cicero and to the airport again. Her reservation was still good; the flight would leave on time.

And as she turned away from the ticket counter the girl behind it said suddenly, "Miss Blane? Oh—someone was just now inquiring for you."

It brought her around to the counter again, her heart suddenly in her throat.

"For me?"

"Yes. Just a minute ago. A man—" the girl looked out through the drifting, moving people. Monica looked too, and looked and looked and saw no one she knew; no one she had ever seen before.

The girl said again, "It was a man. I didn't notice his face particularly. But he's to be



"When I yell 'Attention,' I want to hear those heels click!"

COLLIER'S

SGT. JACK CROWE

possible explanations. The only thing that was clear in his letter was its extreme urgency. "I've got to have money—a substantial amount—I need you desperately."

John would not have used the word desperately if he had not had good reason to use it. The money was tremendously important to him, then.

The bills were in thousands and five hundreds; after some thought she doubled them over once, wrapped a handkerchief around them and knotted it tightly and then, making the packet as flat as possible, pinned it to the inside of her small girdle, with a jeweled pin that had a safety clasp. It might be slightly uncomfortable but at any rate it would be safe. By then she was moving like an automaton. She took a hot bath and fell into a queerly heavy sleep—through which, however, still moved figures of the night just past. Uncle Bill in his crimson-and-black satin dressing gown. Eric. Linda, somewhere in the distance, with her bright blue eyes and blond hair, smiling and altogether unafraid and not in trouble at all. Pinky was there somehow, too.

And a tall man in the uniform of an Army captain.

She had left a call; when the telephone

on your flight to St. Louis. You'll see him." She smiled brightly. Doing her duty by the customer. Trying to be helpful. Never dreaming what her casual, friendly words meant to Monica. Monica heard herself saying, "Thank you."

But nobody would inquire for her. Nobody knew she was there except Uncle Bill. Or, by that time, the police.

She debated about taking the plane; but if it was the police—summoned by the New York police to arrest her and send her back to New York (As what? A material witness; wasn't that what they called it? Or as a suspect?)—if it was the police they would stop her whether or not she was on the plane. It was announced just then; she went out into the foggy dusk, looking now at everyone who came near her, searching every face.

She got on the plane. Several passengers were already there, in the choice seats ahead; no one looked familiar; she watched—covertly now—everyone who entered the plane, and still saw no one she knew.

The door was closed.

If she had not been able to think before she now thought too much; she covered every contingency in her mind and still there was no explanation. If Uncle Bill had wired it

would have reached her either at the hotel or in care of the Chicago and Southern Airlines. So it wasn't that.

No one else knew she was to be in Chicago.

Someone had known that she was at the Stork Club the previous night and had left the cachet on the table. Someone had known she was in Chicago and he was to be on the flight. The girl at the counter had said so. Who then? Which one?

Commercial travelers; businessmen; a man up ahead in Army uniform. She could only see the faces of those behind her.

The man beside her slept. The man across the aisle, short and swarthy, with a round face and heavily lidded eyes, finished his supper, lighted a cigarette, folded his short hands across his small paunch and lapsed into dreamy meditation.

Which one? And why would anyone follow her? Suddenly the money she carried seemed an added danger, not so much because of the amount—although ten thousand dollars is no small sum—but because of John's extreme need for it.

Through her thin blouse she could feel the little packet, pinned securely to the top of her girdle. It was perfectly safe as long as she was safe.

Besides no one could know that she carried so much money and no one could know that she was taking it to John who needed it.

She told herself that, over and over again. And watched the occasional lights away below. It was a short trip through gathering darkness.

They were nearly into St. Louis when it occurred to her that she ought to have asked the name of the passenger who had asked for her.

That was stupid, incredibly stupid. The result of blind panic. They were suddenly above the St. Louis airport and she was cold with fright, an unreasoning, silly kind of fright. The way she had felt the previous night, locked in her dressing room.

IT WAS not, however, until they reached St. Louis that the attempt was made to murder her. There was no question about it. But a very unexpected thing happened first.

They were on time. It was exactly seven twenty-seven when the signal Fasten Seat Belts was flashed on and the stewardess went from one seat to another making sure the small curtains were pulled over the windows—a wartime rule. (Are there police down there at the airport? asked that inward voice of Monica. Waiting for you? Tracking you down? As if you were a hit-and-run driver?)

They landed smoothly. In the last moment of landing Monica decided to let all the other passengers precede her; she dropped her handbag and fumbled for it and thus delayed herself.

So when she rose the only passenger remaining was the man in Army uniform.

And it was Gibbs Brooke.

Gibbs Brooke. John's friend and hers. One of the little, intimate group who had danced and laughed and played together on the Riviera that golden August before the war—and who had separated like leaves blown before a hurricane.

"Gibbs!" she cried.

He was very natural-looking except he had put on some weight; that or his uniform made him seem bulkier and more matured. Then for a fractional instant she thought he was going to pretend he didn't know her; it was a queer impression and fleeting, for he said, "Monica!" And paused. And added: "What a surprise!"

"Gibbs! I can't believe it!"

"No, I—What a surprise! Where are you going?"

"Why, I—to Mexico City. Gibbs, I never dreamed that was you!"

"This is wonderful! We—that is, we're holding things up. Let's get out. We can talk then."

"But—all right." It was a dark night in spite of distant lights. Wind caught her skirts again as she went down the runway with Gibbs—Gibbs!—behind her, and started across the open, wind-swept space toward the lighted terminus. The other passengers had struggled on ahead toward the steps that led down, through a narrow tunnel, and up again into the building itself.

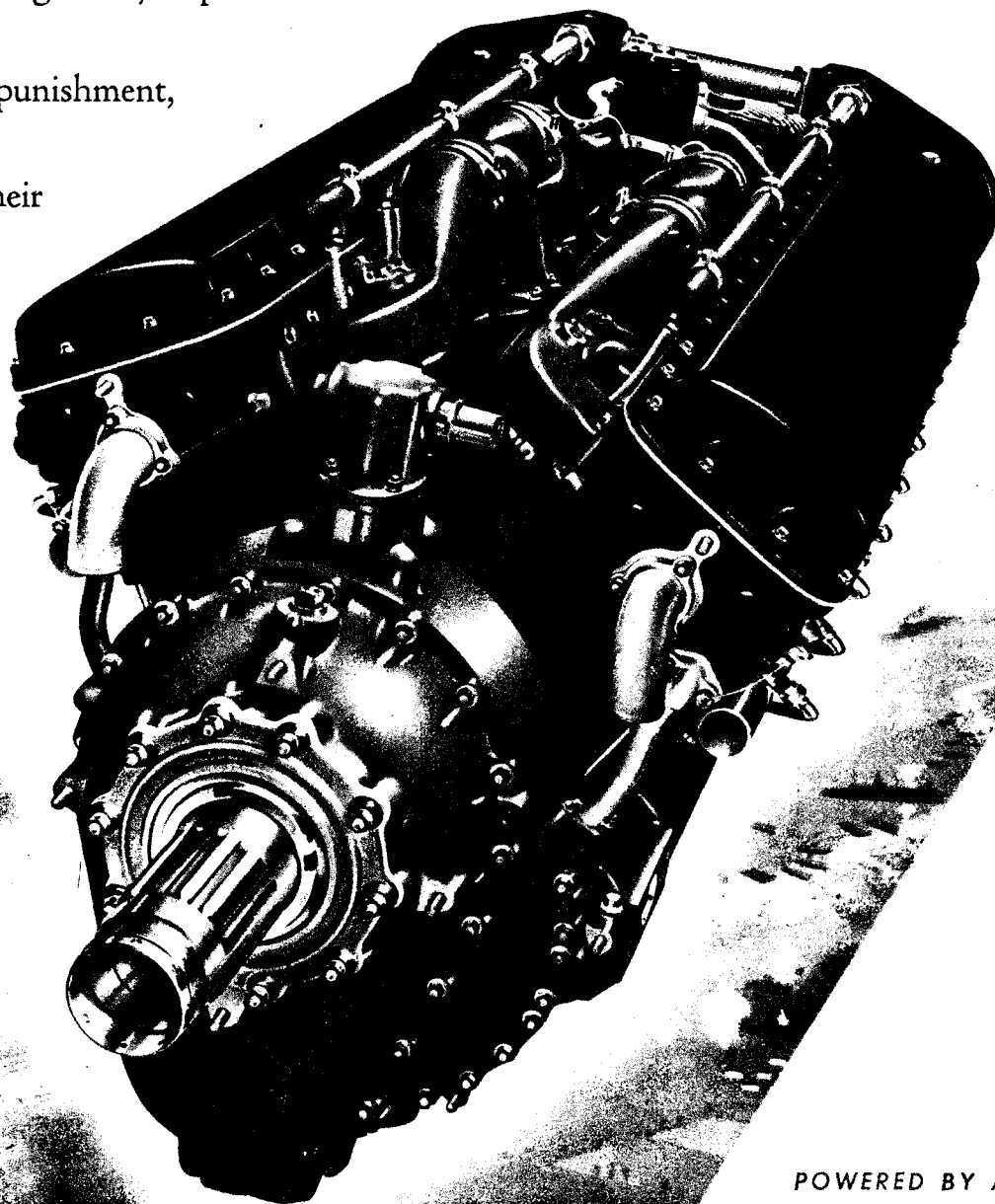
She had almost reached the steps when the shot came.

It was so violently out of place, so sudden, so wrong, that for an instant Monica did not know that it was a gunshot.

(To be continued next week)

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Every Sunday Afternoon—GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

Postcards from ITALY

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

Vignettes of what life is like
in sunny Italy for our soldiers

IN THE rain, the trucks were coming back from Cassino full of American soldiers who sat so still and so blindly that they seemed more like used machinery than like men. They had been fifty-five days in the line at this time and were coming out for rest. The trucks took them along the narrow, slippery roads to a hillside where there were olive groves, and here they would live under dripping canvas and in more mud until they went back into action. The convoy was very long, and each truck looked like every other truck, and all the soldiers looked alike. Passive and with rain-soaked, grayish dirty clothes and carved, cold faces.

"Poor guys!" said Burton.

Burton was the driver of the command car, and we were following the convoy, as we intended to go to the same place, and the convoy must know where these obscure roads led. We certainly did not. Before meeting the convoy, Burton and I had been lost for three hours in the command car which leaked at every seam.

"You bet," I said.

"I don't like this war," Burton said. "I ain't got the temperament for it."

There were sandbags on the floor of the command car in case we went over a mine; that way, one would not be blown up entirely, or at least this was the theory. It really depended on what type of mine one went over. Burton and I had no intention of lighting out into the fields where the mud was like glue lakes, so we were unlikely to meet mines anyhow. Our knees, however, were up under our chins, due to the sandbags, and we were very wet.

"Poor damn' guys," Burton said again. "All to take those lousy little towns! Who wants them lousy little towns, anyhow?"

At this point, the command car hit a bump or climbed in and out of a shell-rater or jumped a fallen tree; it was impossible to know, as there was only about six square inches of the windshield which was not cracked into a fine opaque criss-cross of lines. Both our necks snapped forward and back, we banged against the dashboard with our knees, the command car stopped, and the rain now sloshed gently in through the roof and sides.

There was a moment of silence while we both remembered our language. Then Burton said, "I ain't had so much fun since the hogs ate my little brother."

The convoy, looking strangely like a funeral cortege, disappeared into the rain.

The soldiers were sitting on the ground cleaning their rifles, very delicately, like a congress of watchmakers. Also it looked like some form of picnic, with a blanket spread on the ground, and the men clustered around it. There was nothing picnic about them, however. They had, by this

time, received a hot shower and a complete change of clothes, and they had eaten cooked food instead of C or K rations, and obviously all these things were a vast improvement over life in Cassino and the hills around Cassino. But they knew they would be going back, and they had had a long dose of war, beginning in Africa, and they thought it would be splendid for some other men to have a chance at this experience.

"We got an army of seven million men, ain't we?" one said. "Where's it at? That's what I'd like to know. Where's it at?"

"All I want," said his friend, "is to be an MP in Naples."

Cries of happy agreement greeted this suggestion. Formerly, Americans dreamed of being millionaires, but times have changed, and tastes have grown simpler.

They were all kinds of men: a florist, a garage mechanic, a boilermaker, a high-school student, a floorwalker in a department store. They came from everywhere. Picked at random, names of men in this company sounded like the Melting Pot itself: Arloszynski, Kooshner, Frisch, McKay, Smith, Blanchette, Kubisch, Gusman, Stewart. They all looked older than they were. They talked in jokes, most of the time, but they were not very merry.

"It'd be different," one of the men said suddenly, "if we was fighting on our own soil."

Everyone agreed to this; you couldn't work up enthusiasm for Italy under any circumstances, let alone when inching over mountains in imminent danger of death.

"We're not mad at anybody," a big Boston kid said defiantly.

When you hear that the first time, it astounds you; but it is a kind of refrain. They respect the Germans as soldiers, which simply shows they are not blind. Another G.I. said, in explanation, "Jerry's in there just because he's ordered, same as we are."

If you argue, you feel like a blood-thirsty civilian who can afford hate, since you do not carry a rifle and do not spend most of your time crouched in a very shallow hole on the side of an extremely cold and bare mountain. So you do not argue.

They started talking about home—which is what they prefer to talk about. Everyone wants to go back and find everything exactly as it was before; one feels sure that if a cigarette burn on a living-room sofa is repaired, it will shock them; if a wife has changed her hair-do, it will cause pain. The memories are fixed

(Continued on page 56)

In the tent hospitals the injured cheer one another up. True to the tradition, Lieut. Cordelia Cooks, first Army nurse to be wounded in Italy, tends an artilleryman



USO shows in Italy are glory for the soldiers and as tough for the troupers as anything they've done. Here Janet Evans and Sgt. James Hearne do a turn

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The Flight

Continued from page 16

"Would I have survived ninety years at the top of Pipers' Glen without it?" she retorted, patting him on a shoulder.

Then the three of them went into the house, which smelled of brewing herbs, peat smoke and poteen.

That night and the next day passed without any sight or sound of Dennis Scarnell or his sorrel filly at any crooked door or window of the Wise Woman's house. It was close onto midnight when man and mare reappeared, and the herb doctor along with them; and all three together went on up and over the top of the glen, with the little green will-o'-the-wisp bobbing and floating ahead.

The old lady felt a mite tired, but happy in the thought that she had done a good job in a worthy cause to the best of her extensive and curious knowledge and undeniable ability. Dennis and the mare felt physically fit, as usual, and better in mind and spirit than the young man had felt in a year and the filly in weeks. A daring decision had been made—and well made, at that, thanks to the generous and talented Brigid Dever.

Dennis was full of courage; and so long as he was like that, Fairy Isoult's sensitive heart was like a lion's. That Dennis Scarnell had money in his pockets in the place of a few old rings and trinkets wasn't the whole of it. The Wise Woman's great act, and maybe her masterpiece, was the day's work behind her, by which she had changed the daughter of red King of Hearts and that famous golden mare Leaping Lady Meg from bright sorrel to crow-black. Upon first beholding the transmogrified with delighted eyes, Dennis had asked if it would stick.

"Being an honest herbalist an' no witch, all I can tell ye is it will stick long enough to win ye both clear of old Ireland," she had replied with gentle dignity.

They parted at dawn and a long way down the other side of the mountain.

"The last man to kiss me before this very minute was yer own granddad," said the old lady.

"And the next will be meself again, with the world in me pocket, ye witch!" replied Dennis; and he gave her another.

Then the Wise Woman of Pipers' Glen and the little green will-o'-the-wisp turned back and started up for the height-of-land and home, and young Dennis Scarnell and his transmogrified Fairy Isoult went on downward into the wide world.

TO THE shipping people, Dennis looked more like a well-to-do young yeoman than the last Scarnell of Pipers' Glen. It was the material and cut of his clothes. He paid for his and his elegant black mare's passages to New York in the barque Sally Lunn and then paid the ship's carpenter to rig a little deckhouse just aft of the foremast and galley for Fairy Isoult and to lash it down securely; and he had hay and oats of the best quality fetched aboard.

He gave his name as O'Kelly, which was no more than half a lie, and called the mare Black Magic, which was maybe more than half the truth.

The old barque Sally Lunn had been designed and built for seaworthiness and capacity rather than for speed. Her freight was Manchester goods, Sheffield cutlery and Irish linens, snuff and whisky. Her cabin passengers were three, including Dennis, and there were two dozen Irish emigrants in the steerage. The captain was an old, opinionated salt who ignored the duties of his position as if navigation and seamanship were beneath his dignity and spent his waking hours in drinking, eating and laying down the laws of God and man—all on the strength of the fact (by his own telling) that he had sailed the seas a matter of threescore years and never lost a ship. The two mates, overworked and sober of necessity, were consequently long-faced and short-tempered.

On the fourth day out of port, the wind worked up to half a gale and better. The old barque took the twelve hours of commotion without undue distress and Captain Hutch paid it no attention whatever; but what pleased Dennis about it was that his filly showed herself as a stouthearted sailor with four sea legs.

On the morning of the seventh day they beheld a dismayed vessel within a mile of them to windward, flying the Stars and

Stripes upside down from the stump of her foremast as a signal of distress. It was a pleasant morning of moderate seas and a moderate breeze; and Captain Hutch was on the poop deck with a spyglass in one hand and a mug of rum and water in the other and on his face the usual expression of lofty indifference to his surroundings. But at sight of the hulk, he became a new man, ordered Mr. Finn to beat up to the wreck and roust out all hands, drained his mug and tossed it over the lee rail. He fell to pacing that circumscribed deck, or more like prancing it, now thwartships and now fore and aft, rolling his eyes aloft and around and barking orders at both mates, the boatswain and the helmsman. He slapped one of the cabin passengers on a shoulder.

"THIS is my dish!" he cried. "Rescue at sea. If 'twas a gale blowin' instead of a lousy zephyr, I'd show 'e somethin'. No other navigator in history ever rescued more distressed seafarers or lost fewer ships nor David Hutch."

"Knock on wood!" exclaimed the passenger, who was an anxious exporter of manufactured goods, with a considerable stake in the barque's cargo.

"Knock on wood be damned!" flared the captain. "Wot d'ye take me for—accidental survivor or lucky fool or somethin'?"

He turned an indignant, square back on the tactless exporter and then forgot him,

glare. Then he looked at the dismayed brig again and pointed a thick finger.

"Use yer eyes!" he barked. "Hands an' help? Hell, she's got no more freeboard right now nor a cruisin' turtle!"

The other looked; and, at the same moment, Mr. Finn joined them on the jump.

"I had to humor 'im, or he'd be there yet," gabbled the mate. "But she's opened up like a basket, sir. Ten blinkin' pumps wouldn't keep her afloat till noon. An' Cap'n Peabody knows it, only he's upst. She's the first ship he ever lost."

Captain Hutch started, as if at a jab with a pin, and the rescued captain commenced weeping silently into his whiskers.

"The hell ye say?" muttered Captain Hutch, staring at Captain Peabody's tears with an extraordinary expression in his bulging eyes and all the bulge gone from his jaws.

He dismissed the mate back to his duties with a sweeping gesture. Then he laid his left hand on the Yankee captain's thin shoulder and shook him gently.

"D'ye say she's the first ye ever lost?" he whispered.

"Ay, the fust," sobbed the bereaved mariner. "Looks like—bound to happen—keep at it long 'nuff."

"No!" cried old Hutch, in his old voice. "That ain't so."

He looked around questioningly, wildly, as if in the hope of discovering a desperate chance of averting disaster and proving his



and recovered his good humor, in one shoot of the eye at the distressed vessel to windward.

It was not a difficult rescue. It did not call for any prodigious feats of seamanship or extraordinary display of courage, but Captain Hutch made the most of it while it lasted and had the old barque in an uproar from stem to stern. He worked up to windward of the hulk and sent away two boats commanded by Mr. Finn and Mr. Swim, which were alongside again within forty minutes with their missions accomplished.

"That's that," he said.

He telescoped his glass and started for the after-companion with the air of one who has done his bit—ay, and to the queen's taste!—and has no further concern with the situation. But he was wrong. That was not all of it. He was hailed in a loud, imperative voice:

"Hi thar, Cap'n! Cap'n Hutch! Not so fast! Wot's yer hurry?"

Was the fellow bawling at him, dammit! He halted and turned with an indignant projection of chin and bulge of upper and lower chests.

The bawler appeared at the top of the ladder and came striding aft on long legs in waterlogged sea boots. He had long whiskers, and long hair generally, and was no chicken. He laid hold of the barque's master by an arm.

"Ye can't desert my brig!" he cried. "Ye got to put me back aboard, an' with enough hands to man the pumps, like yer fust mate promised ye would. I'd never have come away, only to talk turkey with ye. All I need's hands an' help. I ain't abandoned ship."

Old Hutch gave the stranger a terrific

brave words. His eyes found the dismayed brig and became fixed, fascinated. She rolled loggily to port, then to starboard. She appeared to tremble, to shiver, from stem to stern. Then her stern commenced to lift and her bows to submerge. Captain Hutch hustled Captain Peabody to the after-companion and below just as the brig went down by the head, with her wreckage of spars and gear dragging after her, to Davy Jones' locker.

FOUR of the thirteen survivors of the wreck were passengers, and all booked for Dublin. They were Mr. and Mrs. Horatius Syme, their niece Lydia and Mr. Gogarty-Keck. Mr. Syme was an anxious, fussy, active and confiding little man. He fussed all over the ship as soon as he came aboard and at last fussed up to Dennis, who was standing at the open door of the filly's box. He plucked Dennis by an elbow.

"I must speak with the master of this vessel, but he's in his cabin an' the mates tell me he mustn't be disturbed," he said. "But the matter is important. Imperative, bedad! Ye're bound for Philadelphia, so I'm told. But we are overdue at Dublin. It won't do. My business is important. So is me wife's niece's. There'll be the devil to pay if we don't turn up before much longer."

"I'm only a passenger, sir," replied Dennis, politely.

"Even so, ye know this Captain Hutch well enough to lead me to him," said the little man. "And that's all I ask of ye. I can make the situation clear to him in a dozen words, if he's a reasonable person."

"He may or he may not be reasonable, for I don't know, but I do know he's peculiar," returned Dennis.

"We're all that, more or less," said Mr. Syme.

He eyed Dennis sharply.

"Ye've a familiar look, me young friend," he continued. "And yer voice too. But I can't just put me finger on ye at the moment, but it will keep. Business first. Tell me now, to the best of yer belief, what would happen if I was to go right ahead an' beard the old boy in his cabin—the lion in his den, so to speak?"

Dennis considered the question good-humoredly, for he liked the little Dubliner.

"He's got the American captain denned up with him, trying to console the poor man for the loss of his ship, I take it; so ye'd find him in a sympathetic mood. And why couldn't ye get in on the excuse that ye had to see the American? They'd both be pretty mellow by now, I wouldn't wonder."

"D'ye mean he will 'bout-ship an' carry us on to Dublin?" cried the little man, delightedly.

"God forbid!" exclaimed Dennis.

And then he laughed and continued, "Frankly, sir, if I saw any chance of that I'd not show ye the way to him."

Dennis led Mr. Syme to the door of the captain's cabin, from which a sound as of the gurgling of liquid from a bottle reached the ear, and knocked sharply.

"Mister Syme to pay his respects to Captain Hutch," he announced loudly.

He turned and retreated quickly, leaving the Dublin gentleman to explain himself. Upon regaining the deck, he found yet another of the transshipped passengers at the open door of Fairy Isoult's little deckhouse.

"Something pretty special," remarked the stranger, slanting an eye.

"Not bad," said Dennis.

"Is her owner aboard?" asked the stranger.

"Right here," said Dennis.

The other looked him up and down with both eyes and cocked eyebrows.

"D'ye tell me so?" he murmured. "What's the name?"

"Who's asking?" Dennis murmured back at him, with flints and chips of ice in his voice.

THE stranger narrowed his eyes. "Gogarty-Keck's the name," he said in a voice, and with a glinty stare, fit to curdle milk or even blood.

Dennis sneered. There was nothing he liked about this stranger.

"Gogarty's a name, sure!—but wot's Keck?"

The other stiffened and his eyes were like black ice. His upper lip went straight and taut, lifting his elegant black mustache and disclosing a gleam of teeth.

"That to me?" he whispered. "Why, you clodhopper!—you lousy peasant!—I've killed gentlemen for less than that."

Dennis' glare went black too. "Haul in your neck before I push it back where it belongs," he whispered; and his big right shoulder hunched and twitched.

What would have happened next, but for a timely interruption, is anybody's guess.

Dennis heard a light step and a little, joyous exclamation; and there beside him was the younger of the two ladies who had been fetched aboard from the wrecked brig. She stood between him and the detestable Keck and looked in at the black mare with shining, enraptured eyes. Her lips, slightly parted in eagerness, were like red roses uncurling, and there was the pink of wild-rose petals in her smooth cheeks. Both men looked at her; and the devil went out of Dennis' eyes, and Gogarty-Keck veiled his deadly glance.

"Oh, the darling!" she cried, in a voice as soft as her cheeks. She turned a luminous gaze upon Dennis. "How have you the heart to take her away from Ireland?"

"How would I have the heart to leave her behind me?" Dennis asked in reply. "And me without the heart to stop there meself," he added.

Her glance wavered, and some of the rose-red of her lips and of the rose-pink of her cheeks mantled up and down to her white brow and whiter throat.

Mr. Gogarty-Keck made a slight, contemptuous, sardonic sound. The girl turned to him quickly, then as quickly back to Dennis. His eyes were waiting. They had not moved, nor had their expression of confused and enraptured surprise changed. And the expression of her eyes was much the same, only less confused perhaps and more questioning; and so they exchanged looks for the count of ten, after which she turned without

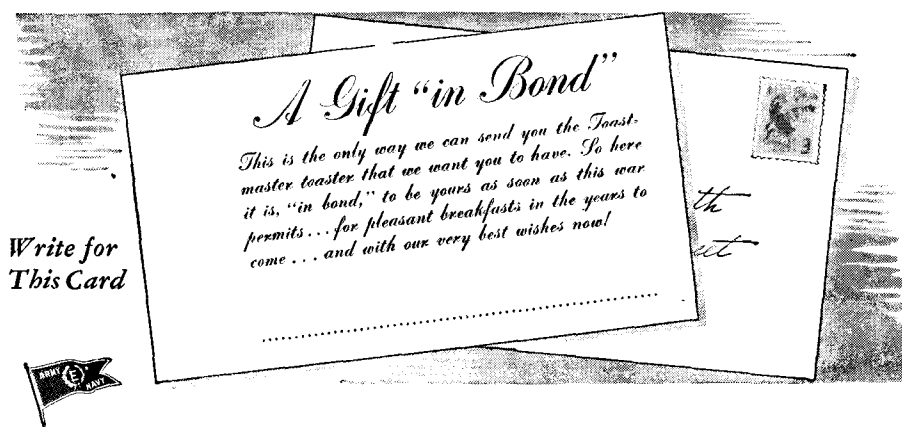


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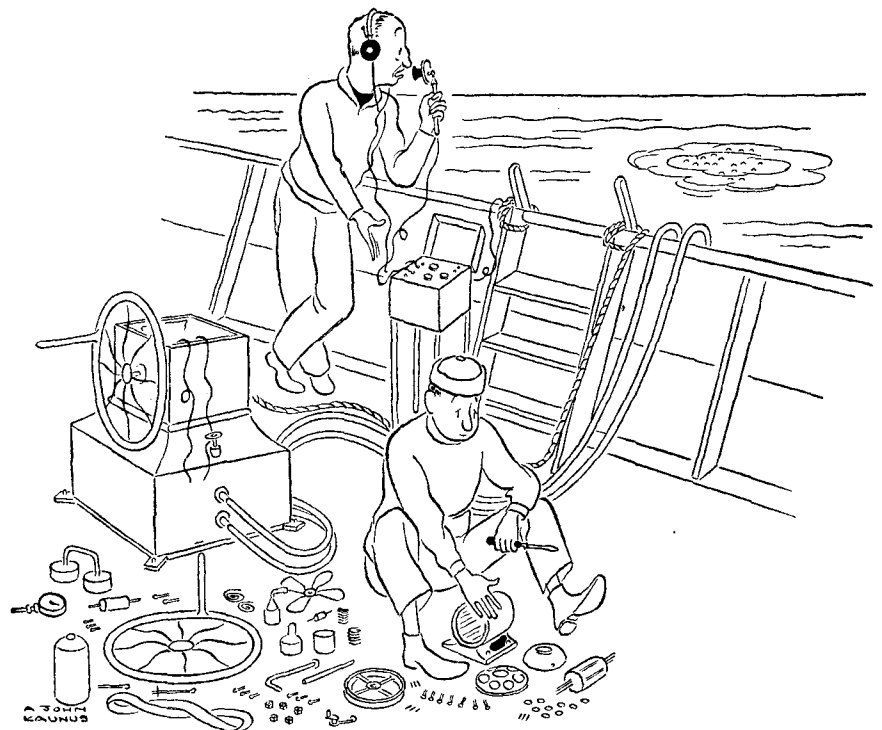


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"He's pretty busy right now. Could he call you back?"

COLLIER'S

A. JOHN KAUNUS

a word and hastened away aft. Gogarty-Keck repeated his blistering snarl and hastened after her. Dennis stood staring until a nuzzling of equine lips at his neck brought him out of the trance.

The barque was back on her course for Philadelphia, despite Mr. Syme's pleadings and arguments in support of his pressing request for an about-ship return to an Irish port. He had been absent from his Dublin business and his political affairs a matter of four months already. Too long! He was an alderman of Dublin, no less, bedad! And consider the anxiety of his wife's niece's family. They doted on her—and why not? They were rich. They rolled in the stuff. And she was the only daughter. And he was not speaking for himself and immediate traveling party only. All the survivors of the wreck were breaking their dear hearts to get home to Ireland.

"Tain't reasonable," said Captain Hutch. "If it was put to a vote, where'd ye be? This here ship an' officers an' crew an' cargo an' passengers, not to mention charter-parties an' consignees, agin a handful o' unfortunates who'd be with the fishes this minute if poor old Davy Hutch hadn't happened along. Ask Cap'n Peapoddy here if yer blisterin' request is reasonable. Yer own cap'n, me dear good old friend Sam Peapoddy. Ask him."

"I hear ye," said Captain Peabody, shaking his hairy head. "An' I tell 'e, Mister Alderman, our presarver Cap'n Hutch has the right of it. Yer request ain't reasonable. Yer argyment ain't sound. But drink up. Drink hearty. 'Taint my likker, but Davy don't care. Wot's hissen's mine. We be old shipmates in speerit anyhow, him an' me. Two of a kind. Only Cap'n Hutch—Davy to me—ain't lost his fust ship yet. Nor he won't ever, neither. Not this one, anyhow; for me an' him have jined our forces to take this here Sally Lunn straight an' safe to Philadelphia both together an' watch an' watch, all fer one and one fer all, the idee bein' to keep me mind off me worries. It was Cap'n Hutch's idee."

"That's the way of it, mister; so ye might's well make the best of it," said Captain Hutch, with finality in his voice.

From that time on, the old barque was a changed ship. Life aboard had been peaceful; and now there was no peace. Mr. Finn and Mr. Swim, who had navigated and sailed her without help or hindrance from Captain Hutch, were now bedeviled at every turn by Captain Hutch or Captain Peabody or both. They found this far harder to bear than their former condition of overwork and neglect; and, after forty-eight hours of it, they paid no more attention to their duties than to go through the motions. And that was not all. There was discord at table, with Mr. McGrath, the exporter with a stake in the barque's cargo, differing with Alderman Syme on questions of trade, finance and civic government; and with Mr. Gogarty-Keck

sneering at Dennis and Dennis glaring at Gogarty-Keck.

Dennis' peace of mind was shattered. He had accepted the loss of his father and Pipers' Glen like a brave young philosopher with a lifetime of high adventure before him; but his philosophy had failed at the impact of the girl Lydia and the man Gogarty-Keck upon his scheme of things. Every word out of that man, and every least act of his, fired and froze the heart and soul of Dennis with loathing and anger; whereas that girl's least word and action and glance filled him almost to suffocation with very different, though equally powerful, emotions. It was his first experience (and his last, too) of love and hate in the grand manner.

"I am a student of horseflesh like yourself, O'Kelly," drawled Gogarty-Keck, narrowing his eyes at Fairy Isoult over Dennis' shoulder.

Dennis neither turned nor spoke.

"I admire the mare's lines, which would suggest the blood of that great mare Leaping Lady Meg to me if it wasn't for her extraordinary color," continued Keck. "Black's common enough I grant you, my good fellow, but this filly's coat is of a blackness—a peculiar, unnatural blackness—I never observed before in equine hair. Could the color be artificial by any chance, Mister O'Kelly? I've heard of some such practice among, ah! the lower, the lowest, sorts of fanciers."

DENNIS turned then and slapped the sneering, detested face. Keck staggered back, gray as tallow.

"You'll pay double for that, you dirty horse thief!" he snarled.

"Go away, ye scum, or I'll be hanged for murder," whispered Dennis.

He spoke big, but his heart was down and weighed like iron. Now fear was added to his hatred. The sneering devil knew the truth, or was guessing at it anyhow. He stepped blindly into the box stall and clasped Fairy Isoult around the neck.

"Brigid's no witch, but only a herb doctor after all, God help us!—but I'll daddle the devil yet before any harm comes to ye," he murmured.

He heard a small sound behind him and turned sharply, ready to guard or strike. But it wasn't Gogarty-Keck. His guard dropped, and so did his lower jaw.

"I've come to warn you, Mister O'Kelly," she whispered shyly with downcast eyes. She glanced up, and as quickly down again. "You have a bitter, sneaking enemy," she added.

"And don't I know it," he said. "He'll make a thief of me, if he can. But don't ye believe it. I'm within me rights, whatever he says an' does. But it would take the fight out of me—and my faith in meself—if ye were to believe the worst of me, God help me! And I don't want O'Kelly from you. Not from yerself. The name's Scarnell to ye—Dennis Scarnell—if I hang for it!"

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THE FILIPINOS FIGHT ON

BY ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON



Out in the islands, the grim battle against the Japs has never stopped—and won't until we fight our way back

DESPITE anything Japan can do, the Philippines still remain the reddest, whitest and bluest spot in East Asia. When the right moment comes in the Philippines, Dunkerque and the Sicilian retreat will be remembered as mere beach parties. The Nips will never be able to crowd all their troops into the protected areas of a much improved Bataan and Corregidor. Filipino hatred will wreak vengeance on thousands of Japs.

Most Filipinos are now pretty sure just how far they're willing to go along with the Jap. That they are coming to this stage in their national thinking is vital.

There are about seven million Filipinos on the island of Luzon—the most heavily populated. Mindanao, in the south, has three million, and Cebu one and one half million. From this population group—with assistance from some of the larger remaining 7,000 islands—the main opposition will be uncovered against the Japs.

"When will the moment arrive?" is the question you hear most in the Philippines. Rumor has spread around several dates for the "uprising against the termites," as the Japs are called. The last date was July 4, 1943. It was felt that the Japs were partly responsible for originating this rumor. They wanted to get the opposition out into the open. It had caused them too much trouble.

But the Filipinos were aware of the Jap angle to this rumor, and alert to the fact that July, 1943, was nowhere near the time for the uprising.

In the meantime, those in high and low places prepare themselves for a date sometime in 1944. The average Filipino continues to look for "some signs" of the Americans' return, such as long-range bombers from the China shore.

While the ground is being cautiously and expertly cut from beneath them, the Japs speed ahead with their Filipino puppets, establishing their "new Filipino independence."

Like Burma's "independence," the only independence being established is for the Jap overlord, whether he's in the armed forces, economic-grab forces, or political department. After two years of Jap promises and little else but face-slapping, beatings, and general economic chaos, the Filipino is primed for Uncle Sam's return.

When the American government—General MacArthur in particular—saw that the Philippines couldn't be defended against the growing sweep of the early Japanese military wave, an effort was made to leave the political civilian situation in a position that would not bring harm to thousands of defenseless Filipinos.

A Lesson in Opportunism

In effect, General MacArthur—and President Quezon, who was also leaving for Corregidor—told Jorge Vargas and other Filipino leaders left behind: "Go ahead. Do the best you can. Make what bargains you have to with these people. Try to keep the Philippines (17,000,000 people) together in one piece. Try to protect the people from Japanese brutality and avarice. You'll have some tough decisions to make. But the job must be done. Do it for the future Philippines."

My wife and I were the only non-Filipinos at the float down in front of the Manila Hotel the afternoon President Quezon and his household left for Corregidor on his speedboat, the Baler. He was extremely nervous. Dressed in a USAFFE (United States Armed Forces Far East) uniform, his tin helmet was on the back of his head. We'd just been through a heavy low-level air attack.

A brief handshake; the roar of the speedboat's engine, and President Manuel Quezon, the Philippines' most influential citizen, was gone for the duration.

Vargas watched for a minute and slowly walked back up the gangway to the shore. A few USAFFE officers and weeping servants of the Quezon family stood around, not knowing what to do next.

"Well, what's next?" I asked Vargas. "I wish I knew," he replied. "But whatever it is, it looks as if it's going to be for a long time." He shook his head slowly. "I suppose you'll be going out there soon?" He nodded toward Corregidor.

I told him I didn't know, but certainly not so long as communications held out.

"Well, some of us have to stay," he noted, a little bitterly. "I've got more to do now than I know how." He paused. "I suppose I'll be seeing you sometime."

We both squinted into the sun toward Corregidor where the Baler was just a tiny black dot on the water. Vargas waved goodbye to me from his car. A few days later, the Jap forces occupied Manila, and Jorge Vargas was "in the middle."

Called to Headquarters

On the afternoon of January 2d, I received a telephone call from someone who refused to identify himself—a not unusual procedure those days—and who insisted that I come immediately to Fort Santiago to MacArthur's headquarters.

My wife Marjorie insisted on going with me. We didn't want to be separated any more than necessary those days. When we got to Fort Santiago, no one was around—not even a Filipino street urchin.

We went in through the underground entrance into the radio operating room. Everything was in perfect order. Chairs were pushed back. There was the smell of cigarette smoke in the room. A half-empty glass of beer was on the table and, behind it, a cigarette stub just burning out. I felt the radio tubes. They were still warm. Strange, I thought, that this hasn't been smashed. Maybe they are upstairs in the general's office. There we found the same eerie atmosphere, as though someone just behind the curtain was looking at us. It felt as though someone ought to be there.

Chairs were pushed back from the tables, more beer glasses were partially empty, the smoke smell was in the air, electric fans were on. It gave the impression that the phone had just rung, and they had all run out to answer it. Obviously something had jarred them loose from this place not many minutes before. I turned into MacArthur's office. It was cleared out. Not a thing was left of all the Oriental trappings and finery he always kept around him. The "V for Victory" blue eagle poster was all that was left. "Keep 'Em Flying," the poster blazoned.

It was the first thing you saw when you entered. I couldn't resist the temptation to sit down in the general's squeaky desk chair, the one he said his father had used as general in the earliest Philippine days. I placed my arms on the desk and looked around the room where we'd had our press conferences, where I'd interviewed the general the year before, when he had carefully explained to me on wall maps that weren't there now, just how the Japs would be repelled. The only part that still held was what he'd said off the record about Bataan and Corregidor. I guess I reminisced a bit too long.

"Come on," Marjorie urged, "let's get out of here. It gives me the creeps. The Nips will probably be along any moment if the G-2 boys aren't still here. There must be a reason, and it won't do us any good to be caught here."

We got out. Within the hour the Jap advance guard was in. I never did find out who called, or what they wanted. The final visit to USAFFE headquarters in the open city of Manila was one of the eeriest experiences I've ever had.

What Jorge Vargas has done for the Philippines of his own free will and what he has been forced into doing by the Japanese military administration will always be a question in the minds of millions of Filipinos and Americans.

(Continued on page 54)

WIDE WORLD

What Jorge Vargas, former secretary to President Quezon, has done of his own free will and what the Japanese have forced him to do only history will reveal

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.



Quisling José Laurel. Tokyo says the new president is here proclaiming Philippine "independence"



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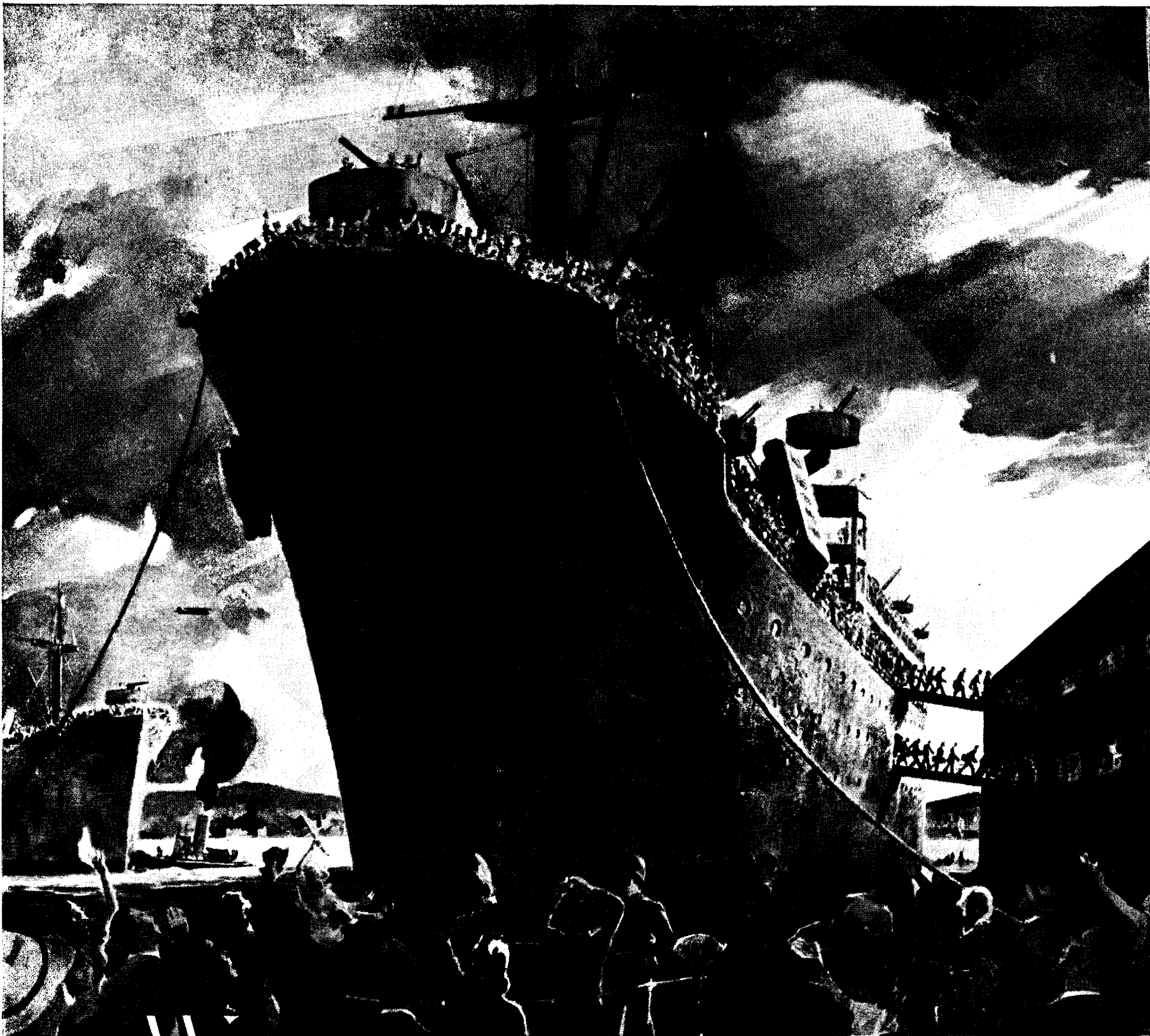
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The Magnolia Tree

Continued from page 21

She pulled herself up sharply. You need not feel so superior, Lotta Knight Watts, she scolded herself. Betsy Jane and Missy feel sorry for you because you left home and worked and married a Yankee and say peculiar things and aren't quite a lady any more. You feel sorry for them because they stayed in the South and married their—opposite numbers, repeat themselves, and have not changed a penny's worth in ten years. One minute you are thankful because getting home is like putting on those old oxfords you found upstairs, and the next you think old shoes will make your narrow feet spread. You can't, she finished her conversation with herself, have your comfort and eat it, too.

As Betsy Jane went out with the plates, Missy leaned over to Lotta and started to say something, but leaned back quickly when Betsy Jane returned almost immediately.

Betsy Jane was carrying an enormous silver bowl in which a yellow custard floated a ballooning white crust.

"Custard like Mamma used to make," said Betsy Jane gaily, but her eyelids were dropped to veil her watchfulness, and her mouth pouted slightly in an old pattern of familiar, stubborn sulkiness.

"The punch bowl!" exclaimed Missy.

"My punch bowl," said Lotta quickly, her mouth thinning to her own kind of stubbornness.

"Wherever did you find it?" asked Missy, looking from one to the other.

"Here. In the basement. When I moved in after Mamma left me the farm," said Betsy Jane.

SHE set the bowl carefully on the table in front of her place and rearranged the candles on either side of it. The light flickered off its polished sides and highlighted the elegant pattern of the handles.

"Doesn't it look lovely on the table, with the candlesticks, in this room?" asked Betsy Jane in a light, flute-toned voice, touching the two handles with caressing fingers. "It belongs here, in this room, in this house. Don't you, lovely thing?"

"It is mine," said Lotta tensely. "Mamma said I could have it. It is the only thing I want of all the family—junk." She had stopped thinking separately and coherently. Her mind was rioting with suddenly aroused emotions, and she was not even listening to the words she said.

"Nobody ever heard Mamma say the punch bowl was yours—"

"Don't call Lotta a liar, Betsy Jane," said Missy.

"She has practically called me a thief," said Betsy Jane, her eyes on Lotta.

"You are," said Lotta, her voice rising and breaking. "You are a thief. It is my punch bowl. You hid it after Mamma died. You put it in the basement. You—"

"I won't listen," said Betsy Jane, and put her hands over her ears. "You never thought about it until you saw it. It belongs here with me. It has always belonged to the eldest."

Lotta got up. She wanted to hit Betsy Jane. She wanted to hit her on her sulky, obstinate mouth. She wanted to pull her hands away and scream in her ears.

"Lotta," said Missy. "Don't cry!"

The tears came then. Like Alabama rain they spattered down Lotta's face, drenched the front of Lotta's light blue dress, splashed on the table. Her throat swelled shut and hurt her.

Lotta pushed back her chair and walked out of the dining-room door and crossed the wide hall to the front door. She felt for the knob and turned it and went out into the warm, black night.

She crossed the lawn and went straight to the magnolia tree by the fence. One stocking ripped, and her skirt tore a little as she climbed from the lowest branch that spread down close to the ground up to the second limb. One step around from there, two branches came together at a hollowed place in the trunk, making a wonderfully comfortable seat within the inmost shelter of the magnificent tree. Lotta sat down, holding to a small branch over her head until she was balanced. She stretched one leg and then the other along one thick limb, and leaned back against the trunk. The tears were still coming, thick and wet and fast.

The stiff green leaves rustled around her. The dark tree towered up through the branches over her head and spread in a great circle out from the trunk against which she leaned. This well-remembered place in the tree was a cave that stretched toward heaven, that crouched toward earth. It was the place that had comforted her adolescent agonies, contained her wild, adolescent exaltations.

She reached up her arms and found the thick, sustaining branch that grew a little to the right over her head. She put her hands around it and held it hard. Ah, Mamma, her mind babbled, you wanted me to have the beautiful punch bowl that I loved so much. Sweet Mamma, it was a gift from you!

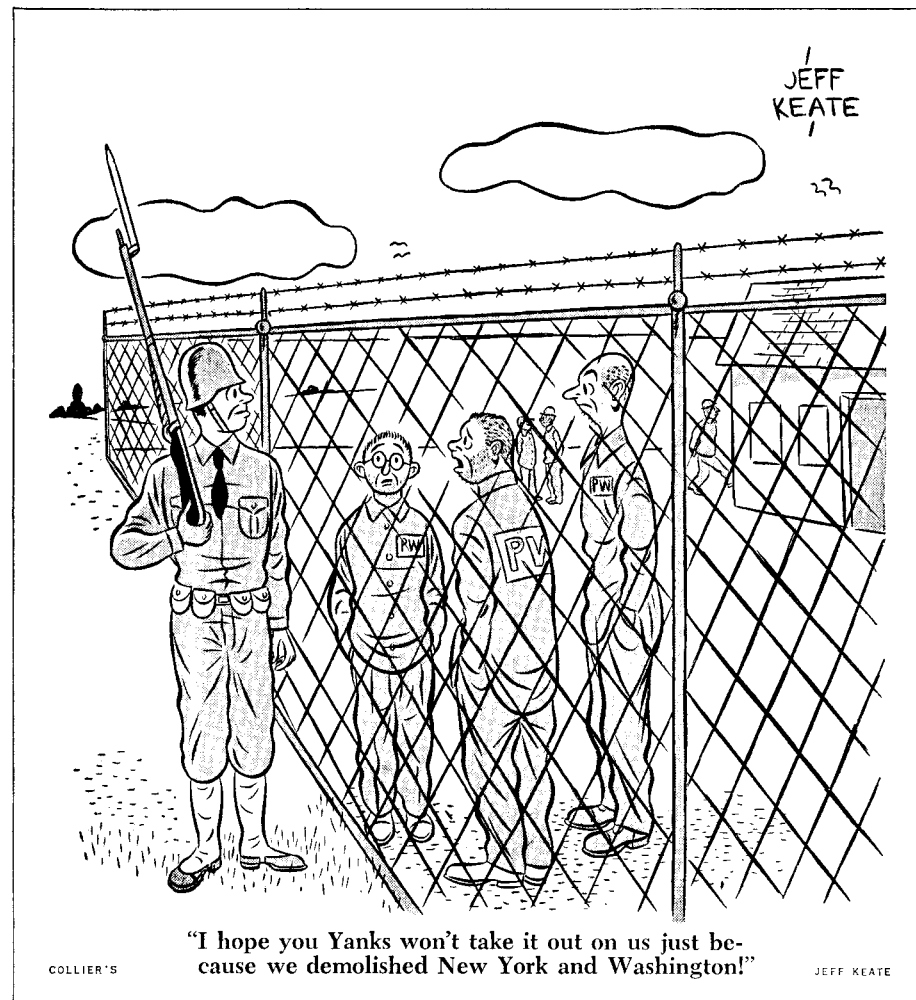
She had been crying like a summer shower for ten minutes now and she let go the branch to reach for her slip, underneath her dress, to blow her nose. As she blew it, the tears stopped, and the world righted itself as though a giant swing had come around and her ten-cent ride was over. What calamitous nonsense was this? By acting as only children may be forgiven for acting, was she to ruin their careful adjustment in re-establishing their long-separated lives?

It had been so good to be together again,

A crease in the bark pushed insistently against the skin of Lotta's leg. Grimacing at the hurt and at the absurdity of her position, she lifted both legs over the side of the branch and climbed timidly the short way to the ground. Her feet were no longer accurate with exact memory and she nearly fell. She felt breathlessly ashamed of herself for behaving so, and a little defiant. She would apologize by giving up the punch bowl, which would be sufficient apology. She stumbled, on her high heels, crossing the spongy lawn.

IN THE hall of the house, she saw how black her hands were. She did not remember that trees were so filthy. Her dress was dirty, and in the mirror her face showed streaked and thin. She would go and tell Betsy Jane that the punch bowl was hers, that it did not matter, and then she would go upstairs and use the last of the hot water for a bath. Surely Betsy Jane would not begrudge her the temporary water in exchange for her long-fought claim to the punch bowl.

At the door of the dining room she stopped. Betsy Jane and Missy were sitting with their heads close together, their long,



to know how tough was their rooted affection for one another. It had been so gay and warm, after the months of lonely, husbandless, disrupted life of war. Was this necessary and pleasant reunion to be filled with nagging ugliness over a punch bowl? Was she to be reduced to seeking the cradle of a tree for her tears, where she must blow her nose on her petticoat, over a thing? She had disentangled herself long ago with the wrench that had carried her from the county in Alabama to a desk in New York from the possessiveness of things. Since then, she had cherished no more than one picture and a few books. Let her stay disentangled from them, then, and give this graceful, long-loved thing to Betsy Jane. It was Betsy Jane for whom things had a life of their own; whose things were as dear as children; who cared for them, nursed them, disciplined them, dressed them up for Sunday.

GIVE Betsy Jane the punch bowl and blame the day for its ending in this shameful and childish scene. It had turned hot suddenly, as it sometimes did in Alabama in the spring, a vivid preview of the Southern summer before you were ready for it. Coming briefly and violently into the middle of the gentle and soothing spring, the heat made you sweaty and unreasonable.

similar faces profiled close to each other. They turned their abruptly silent faces toward her and waited to hear what she would say.

Lotta's immediate anger was even stronger and more unreasonable than it had been before. Missy and Betsy Jane were a team against her. Missy, the one in the middle, had chosen the other side. She could feel it in their silence, see it in their faces.

Lotta heard her own voice, cold and shrill and melodramatic: "If that is the way you feel about it, I am getting out!" She turned, stiff-backed, and clicked her heels deliberately across the hall, planting her solid heels on the bare, polished steps as she went up the stairs.

In frantic anger, she dragged two suitcases out from under the bed in her room and opened them on the bed. She pulled open a drawer in the bureau where her clothes were and pulled some random things from the drawer and piled them in the nearest suitcase. Then abruptly she took off her shoes and tiptoed out to the hall and leaned over the hot-air grating to see if she could hear what Betsy Jane and Missy were saying to each other downstairs in the dining room. She could not distinguish the words, but a cozy giggle rose through the grating and echoed stingingly in her ears.

They were laughing because they understood and remembered the pattern as well as she did. She would pack a little and then cry, and then she would not go on packing because she only made small gestures and there was nowhere for her to go.

Was it possible that the layers of obliteration, the layers of living in the different, energetic Northern city, the growing up and voting and working and marrying and bearing two children could peel off in two months and leave the patterns of her childhood the surface of her life again?

She remembered with picture-book clarity the Christmas when she and Betsy Jane had both suddenly coveted the enormous shining bowl they were told not to touch, whose contents they were forbidden to taste. They had bickered about it off and on after that for years. Was the shining thing now to be clapped, domelike, over their already circumscribed lives? She knew what could happen to lives reduced and focused within the boundaries of the county. They were not young any more, to fight and forget in the quick, unembarrassed cycles of childhood. The rhythm was slower and more dangerous. It was her father's sisters who had lived in the same house for twenty years without speaking.

Lotta remembered their faces as the deepening lines of old age cherished their ancient hatred and bitterness. She remembered the air in that gaunt old house across the county where they lived, like air that was lacking in oxygen, rarefied, heavy to breathe. She remembered her futile efforts to get at the truth of their old quarrel so that she could choose honestly between them when they fought with cookies and kisses for her preference—the preference that would be a victory for one of them over the other. The quarrel was over no more than a silver punch bowl. She was sure that it was not even over so big and gracious a thing.

Another fragment of teasing laughter floated up to her through the grating over which she still hovered. It was Betsy Jane laughing, a smug, self-certain sound that meant she was the oldest, strong, sure of her strength.

LOTTA turned quickly and went into the bedroom. She took the suitcases off the bed and shoved them back under the bed before Betsy Jane and Missy should come up and find them there, a few unselected clothes lying in them as properties for her pathetic drama. She sat on the bed and closed her eyes and thought hard of Johnny.

Johnny was coming back for her, and this was an unimportant interval of time. She was merely resting in the past, snugly, as in a cocoon, until the present and the future were together again, and she would go away with Johnny.

It was so important to Johnny to know that his wife and children were comfortable and settled, for the duration, while he must be away. He wanted to know that the Alabama sun shone on them and warmed them, that their milk and vegetables were fresh from the healthy earth. He wanted to know that his wife was not confined to the drudgery of lonely city housekeeping. He had not been afraid of the effect of her return home on the grown person she had become, despite the turbulent difficulties of their first year's adjustment.

"It was quite a job," he said to her before he left, "making a sow's ear out of a silk purse, but you are a Yankee man's wife now."

It was not a Yankee wife she had become. It was Johnny's wife.

Most people, thought Lotta, grew rings inside of them, like trees, so that if you sawed them in half, you could tell exactly where they had lived and how long. Johnny was different. He lived by no one's set of prejudices and accepted no one's clichés, however harmless.

She tried to remember his lighted and lively face as he would argue, mostly for the pure love of it, pinpricking the ponderous, the obvious, the accepted, with the unexpected "Maybe," or an oblique and unexpected, "On the other hand . . ."

But Johnny's face would not image itself in her mind. She could recall only an old snapshot of him, taken several years before and very little like him. She could not think of him clearly because she had talked about him too much. She had talked about him to her sisters, glorifying him until he was not quite real, even to her.

Lotta began to be frightened. If she could



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not remember Johnny, she could get lost in the emotional county of her birth and childhood. If she could not remember Johnny's face, the shining punch bowl could come to mean more to her than the shining love that belonged to them.

She lay on her back and stared up at the dim ceiling. It was Betsy Jane's fault, she thought, for refusing to let one single possession out of her greedy fingers. Missy must understand, and Johnny must understand, that Lotta should have one token of her heritage that went back to the best of the pretty South. One small thing that she wanted very much would be just right, would be enough, would keep her perspective intact.

"Don't kid yourself, baby," said Lotta to herself. Johnny might understand, she thought, but he would not approve. In words, she knew that Johnny would want her to give the punch bowl to Betsy Jane, with both hands, quickly, without festering reservations.

SHE lay very still on the bed and clenched her hands. If she could only bring his face into her mind, she would be fine. She could live in the present that was the past without losing the present that was the future.

Using all the easily re-created properties of their life together—the chairs, the bed, the stairs, the music—she tried to bring Johnny's face among them. She visioned the big chair in their living room which accommodated his curved spine and from which he stretched his proportionately shorter legs, but Johnny in the chair was a vague torso with a blur for a face and no eyes at all. She created their bathroom in her mind and thought about his naked length stooping a little to the shaving mirror. She tried to see his face in the mirror, half lathered and intent, but the mirror was blank.

She grew more frightened as the things of her life with Johnny grew easier and easier to remember in sharp detail, but with no life among them. She tried harder and harder to concentrate, but her increasingly recalcitrant mind kept returning to dwell on her two sisters sitting below and laughing together, at her. She must remember words, then, she thought frantically. If she could not remember Johnny in pictures, she must remember the words he said.

The articulate and tortuously argumentative Johnny used very simple words when he expressed his few and unelaborate values or his impious personal honesty.

"That's it," he would say, and "Nuts!" and "It's as simple as that," and "So what?" "I can't let other guys do my fighting for me, baby," he had said about enlisting. "It's as simple as that."

One of the first things he had ever said to her, thought Lotta, was "Nuts!" With a gesture of appealing helplessness, she had yielded a not-too-heavy suitcase to his already burdened manhood. "Nuts!" he had said, and handed it back to her, adding, "You are as strong as a mule." The way he said it made her proud of being strong.

Johnny would have "no truck with glup." He had made her admit that she did not really like mint juleps, no matter how properly they were made or how solid the silver cups in which they were served. He would not let her pretend that it was he who first wanted to marry her, but teased her cheerfully about her shameless and successful pursuit of him.

He had torn the tissue of her most elaborate lies to herself when he said casually one day, "Suppose your mamma could sit on her dyed hair and did have enough dough to keep the farm? Did that make your father happy?" And he had added, "You make me happy."

Lotta turned over on her face. She said, "Oh, darling. Oh, Johnny!" aloud into the pillow, and the last words became the offensive little song that had so inescapably accompanied their courtship. Then Johnny's voice picked up the melody, mimicking the radio baby talk of Wee Bonnie Baker as he had often done, and behind the voice, which was suddenly as real as if he were in the room with her, his face materialized, his mouth singing, and he was laughing as he sang.

It was easy now. She could pull out the memories at will. She could call up his gestures, his walk, the shape of his head, the sound of his voice, the expressions on his mobile face.

It was all right now. The fear was gone, and she was repossessed of the most important thing in her life, so that other things would fall into place around it.

She would go down and make peace with the temporary world where she must live until the war was over. Now that everything was in place, she would remember what a soft, luxurious place it was in which to spend a war. She would go down and make peace. She would remember firmly how lucky she really was. Then she would come back to bed and luxuriate for a little while, just short of unbearable loneliness, in the vivid memories that "Oh, Johnny!" had unlocked for her.

"Take it easy, baby," she said to herself for Johnny, as she got up.

AS SHE went down the stairs, she felt at once more solid and lighter. Her heels no longer clicked on the wooden steps, but made a ragged, easy sound as her right foot hit more quickly and firmly than her left.

Betsy Jane and Missy were still sitting as she had left them. In front of them were empty glass dishes with traces of the custard they had eaten from the silver bowl. Their coffee cups were empty, too, and the coffee urn was steaming no longer. They were smoking, and the smoke drifted off and up into the shadows.

"All yours, Betsy Jane," said Lotta, glancing at the punch bowl which sat in the middle of the burnished brown table. "I never would have kept it polished properly anyhow." Her voice and glance were almost as casual as she had intended.

"You make me feel ashamed, Lotta, honey. Honestly you do," said Betsy Jane. She was not quite sure enough of Lotta to make the

polite counteroffer—that would come later, and it would be made many times, when Betsy Jane was quite sure it would not be accepted.

Lotta sat down and poured herself a cup of tepid coffee.

Missy looked at them both. "You know," she said, "you both look so young and pretty, now you aren't mad any more, you could catch any man who looked in that window and saw you tonight."

LOTTA glanced at the window behind Missy. The soft dark of the pre-summer night pushed against the panes, blacker than were the shadows in the room outside the fragile shell of candlelight in which they sat. The shadows were empty and the night was emptier and they were a framed picture again for no one to see.

"What man?" asked Betsy Jane derisively. "There isn't a man left in the county."

"Except Homer!" said Missy.

Their light giggles echoed musically and forgivingly from the touched strings of their hundreds of shared memories. Especially they shared Homer Shy, the perpetual student who had fallen in love in turn with all three of the Knight girls. First he had loved Betsy Jane who had laughed and married Carter Kerr, the catch of the county, the huntin'est, shootin'est, handsomest, good-(thought Lotta)-for-nothin'est man around. Then he had loved quiet Missy who had been kind to him and who had turned away to fight like a tigress for the heart and hand of Maurice Thibodeaux from N'Yawlins.

Homer had loved Mary Charlotte then, but, Lotta felt, perhaps a little reluctantly. She supposed it was Homer who had turned her down, in the end, because when she defied tradition and the county to go away to work, he had been too shocked to write her.

She (oh, lucky, lucky she!) had married Johnny Watts, and poor Homer Shy had never married anybody. And one day, when he got the gasoline, he would drive over to call, wearing his thrice-broken heart on his shabby sleeve.

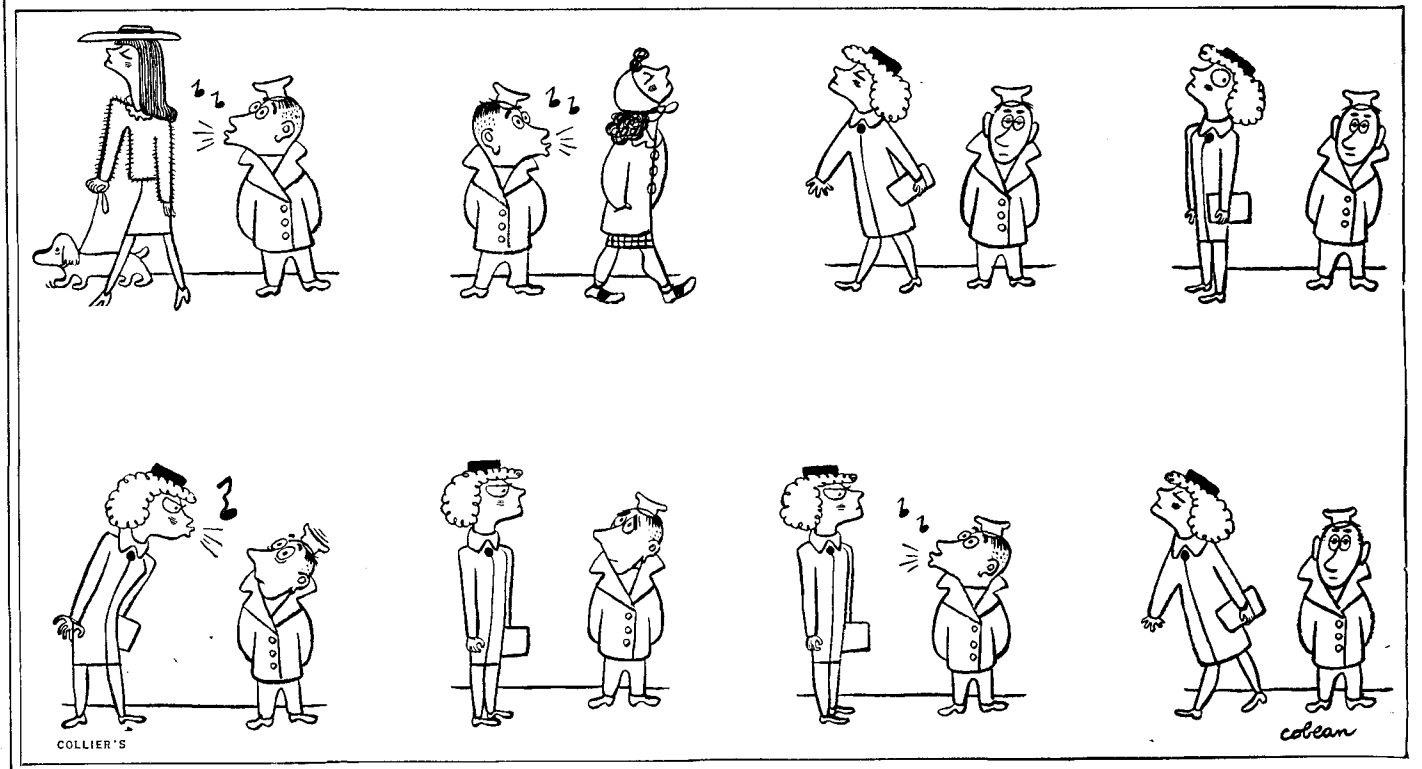
"It's a depressing thought," said Lotta, turning to Betsy Jane almost gaily. "No one but Homer in the county, and us so dressed up and fascinating."

"Still," said Betsy Jane, "I do honestly think it is good for our morale not to let ourselves go just because there are no men around."

Only an interval, Lotta reminded herself, absently holding on her face the smile that was directed at Betsy Jane. For the duration. But, dear Lord, she thought—looking at the punch bowl as Betsy Jane watched her carefully—don't let the duration last too long.

Missy turned to Lotta delicately. "You look so pretty, Lotta," she said. Her eyes touched Betsy Jane's face and then came back to Lotta's. "You always were," she said with gentle, argumentative emphasis, "the prettiest one."

THE END



Gingenuity: U.S. Superweapon

Continued from page 17

probably tired of clearing up after grimy menfolk, wanted Joe to be an artist. She packed him off to art school for three years. That was good training, too. Now he can draw expert sketches of his gadgets.

However, Joey had his own stubborn ideas of what he wanted to be. When he wasn't helping Pop, he built model airplanes. When only thirteen, he won first prize in the Philadelphia Model Association competition. His reward was a ride in a real airplane. At thirteen, that's a bite whose infection lasts for life. After his schooling he got a job with a big automobile concern, like Pop. At once he invented a device for removing the radiator grill, without disturbing the engine—a neat trick on those fancy, just-before-the-war models. It was adopted for general use by his company, and Joe was fondly regarded. But he wandered off to the Navy Yard.

They put him to hammering flanges on corners of certain plates, an hour-eating handwork job for which no machine existed. Joe, on his first day, invented one that would do forty in a single operation. The bosses grabbed him quickly and gave him the run of the design shop with nothing to do but roam the plant and see what there was to be invented. Meanwhile, he foxed Mom, who wanted him to be Philadelphia's Michelangelo, by telling her that he had to draw at his work—and how about Leonardo da Vinci?

He is twenty-odd, short and stocky, with a masterful nose holding thick glasses, from behind which dark, temperamental eyes peer. He has invented many gadgets now in daily use in his unit, of which two are outstanding. These have been named by admiring buddies the "Mouse" and the "Bazooka."

Battle-damage repair was one thing in which our manufacturers had had no experience. Neither had their men who think up tool kits. If a commercial liner or even an Army plane in peacetime got smashed, it could be hauled aside and repaired under the best conditions. In war the value of an Air Force ground crew or Service Command unit is how well it can keep damaged planes flying, and how quickly it can get damaged ones back aloft. To rivet along the main longitudinal spars inside the skin, it was necessary to remove the skin plates in the vicinity of the damage. This took many hours of exacting work.

Joe's Gadget in Daily Use

Joe's Mouse is a device whereby his men can reach along inside the covered wing and rivet. It's a great saver of money, time and manpower. His Bazooka is so called because it resembles in appearance and power the famous Yank gun, and it's just as useful behind as its namesake is at the front. Very often in the hospitalization of heavy bombers, it becomes necessary to remove the wing which, at its root, is held to the fuselage by thick metal bolts. Such amputation had to be effected by might, main, cusswords and a sledge hammer, and the bolts could not be reused. Pucci's Bazooka knocks the bolts out in a jiffy, undamaged.

Joe is a master sergeant now. He is boss of one of those completely equipped machine shops on wheels that don't wait for the busted bombers to come to them, but go out, find the crippled war birds where they have fallen, and patch them up again in jigtime. Joe is saving every penny he can for the end of the war, when he intends to complete his great invention. It's a new kind of automobile. He has a name for it, but it would be unethical to repeat it here, because it gives away its principle. You'd want to make a down payment right now if you knew.

I have told you about Joe at length not only because he is typical of thousands of young Americans who are giving without stint of their imaginations as well as of their hearts, minds and hands, but because as a first-generation Yank he is symbolic of the impact of America's war, opportunities and privileges. Recently Joe washed the grease off his hands and journeyed with two of his cosergeants, Hezlep and Hill, to the headquarters of the Service Command. There each explained his Gingenuity to Major General Hugh J. Kner and received his congratulations on having been recommended for the Legion of Merit, which rewards offi-

cers and men for "extraordinary fidelity and essential services" apart from combat.

Technical Sergeant John B. Hezlep is a born tinkerer. His ingenuity is deeply instinctive rather than trained, and has grown from nothing more than boyhood Christmas presents of structural toys and toolboxes and popular magazines about science and mechanics.

He came directly to the Army from school, and his previous inventions were confined to the automobile, radio and household goods of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Hezlep, of Carlinville, Illinois. This very tall, very young, angular, good-looking and easy-talking boy, with his nervously intense manner of making sure you see everything and understand what you see, makes you think of what Henry Ford must have been like as a youth.

He literally worked his way into propellers. At his training center, he thought he'd

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DO YOU KNOW ABBREVIATIONS?—No. 1

Test yourself on the following list of abbreviations and foreign words commonly used and see how you rate. You probably have run into most of them innumerable times in newspapers, magazines and books. If you guess 15 of them correctly, you may consider yourself fair; 18 or more qualifies you as above the average; and anything over 20 is superior.

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1. viz. | 13. D.D.S. |
| 2. i.e. | 14. engr. |
| 3. et al. | 15. seq. |
| 4. stet | 16. T.H. |
| 5. Ms. | 17. FTC |
| 6. N.B. | 18. kilo. |
| 7. ibid. | 19. lv. |
| 8. anon. | 20. Mme. |
| 9. abr. | 21. profem. |
| 10. acct. | 22. R.I.P. |
| 11. A.M.A. | 23. vs. |
| 12. cap. | 24. Q.E.D. |
| | 25. B.A. |

(Answers on page 55)

—Charles Prout

like to get into the mechanical side of the Air Force so he went to see the proper sergeant. He was told the sergeant was in the prop shop. He wasn't, but Johnny sat down to wait. Waiting, he got to fussing around. When the sergeant arrived three hours later, Johnny was hard at work on a prop. Whether the sergeant was a good judge of men or whether he was merely flabbergasted by the youth's initiative, I don't know, but he gave Johnny his transfer.

Electrical governors for controllable-pitch propellers are complicated instruments, delicate and precise as the finest watches. Putting them together back home at the factory with time, tools and expert hands is one thing. Taking them apart for inspection, repair, adjustment and reassembly at a forward service echelon of a fighting air force without full complements of tools or time is another. The governor has an inside screw which can't be reached without much disassembly. Johnny devised the trickiest little wrench you ever saw to deal with this. It saves fifty per cent of the working time. He's invented other things, too, all important timesavers.

"What," he asks, with an air of misgiving that in one so young can only be quaint, "do

you think of jet propulsion? Will it end props? Oh, well, there will be plenty of other things to make inventions for. I never saw a prop close up until I joined the Army."

Master Sergeant Harold C. Hill used to work for the Locke Insulator Company in Baltimore. His folks, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hill, live at 629 Orpington Road, there. At least five of Hill's inventions and improvisations are in use at the air depot group repair squadron where he is the top enlisted man. Two are notable.

The variable-speed disks which are part of the Sperry Automatic Computing Gun-sight must be reground every time the routine inspection of the sight is made. Unless this can be done expeditiously at the forward echelon, much time is lost. Stocks of disks might be kept on hand, so that new ones can be inserted into the sight while the old ones are sent away for regrounding. But if each old disk is returned to its original yoke, where it already fits perfectly, you save redrilling and reaming the shaft of each new one. And to reground each disk by hand is tedious and slow.

Hill therefore designed and built a jig whereby eight disks are reground simultaneously and perfectly, and then returned to their original places in the gun sight. Hill's invention cut man-hours in the disk section by seventy per cent and saved the government between four and five hundred dollars a month at his station alone.

Designed to Save Man-Hours

There was a bottleneck in his depot's spark-plug-reconditioning line due to the time involved in regapping. So Hill designed and constructed a new-type gapper that eliminates several of the hand operations and saves more than two thirds of the man-hours formerly needed.

Soldiers, like other government employees, cannot take out patents on war inventions for their private enrichment. Back in Washington, there is a war-inventions or patents board to which all drawings eventually find their way, and which, it is presumed, will cover and protect those lads whose brain children have commercial or peacetime application.

Many of the G.I. inventions, of course, have been picked up by American manufacturers' representatives in the war zones and sent home for incorporation. Gingenuity isn't as glamorous as dogfighting or train-busting or bridging rivers under fire. But it's equally potent in the whole fighting effort, and that is why it is gratifying and inspiring to all the Army grease monkeys to see it receive medal recognition.

The ground crews attached to each fighting plane practice Gingenuity as well as the mechanics. Master Sergeant William E. Futchik, a ground crew chief, received the Legion of Merit for "exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services." The bomber he cared for completed twenty-five missions over enemy territory without missing a take-off on schedule or having mechanical failure in the air.

But ground crews are restricted in the very nature of their chores and equipment, being concerned principally with refueling, rebombing, rearming and quick top-checking. Major surgery must be done where there are greater facilities. Indeed, pilots returning from missions, who know their planes are in bad shape, are instructed to proceed not to their home fields but to one of the repair depots—that is, if they can remain controllably airborne.

If they cannot, the mobile repair unit goes to the scene of the emergency landing. The plane is made just flyable, if possible, and a take-off runway cleared for it. Then one of the group of test pilots specially assigned to this dangerous work takes it off with the fewest possible helpers aboard, and if it holds together long enough, flies it to the depot.

You find Gingenuity wherever you turn in the E.T.O. At one of the most secret and best-guarded places, for example, you can talk to friendly, sturdy, blue-eyed Staff Sergeant Ivyl N. Daniels, whom you would never mistake for anything but what he is—a Montana farm boy.

Sergeant Daniels, by the invention of a whole kit of tools made from scrap, has with the help of his crewmates saved more than one million dollars' worth of bombs from the unserviceable heap and sent them to Schweinfurt, Emden, Brunswick, Frankfurt and similarly unhappy places.

Bombs—from 100-pounders to portable

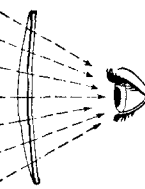
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COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES, made by American Optical Company*, provide the eyes with a "Safety Zone." These AO sun glasses have lenses of scientifically-compounded glass that absorbs ultra-violet and infra-red rays, and excessive light. Your eyes feel comfortable within the "Safety Zone."

"SEEING RAYS"—plenty of them that let you see clearly and comfortably—are admitted by Cool-Ray Sun Glasses. That's why you'll like them.

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses have been supplied in great quantity to the armed forces, so the civilian supply is limited. Price \$1.95 and up.



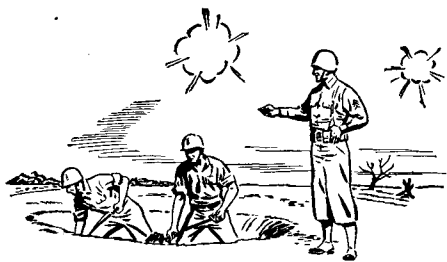
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when Sergeant Joe is just plain "POP"

SURE ENOUGH, the day is coming when Sergeant Joe will be back home again—and just plain "pop." Back to his "best girl" and the little "recruit" he left behind him.

His wife and son will make life what it ought to be once more. And, there'll be other good things, too. A big comfortable bedroom instead of a foxhole. A steak instead of a "K" ration. Yes, and a different kind of a "mess hall"—a bright, cheery kitchen with its dining alcove, complete with an Arvin Metal-Chrome Dinette Set.

A lot of "Missus Joes"—many thousands—bought this attractive dinette set before the war. Many others want one—and can't get it now, not until Arvin war work is farther along. Then Arvin Products will be coming back with the "Mister Joes."

Women everywhere are saving now for Arvin Dinette Sets to come—and other things, of course—laying aside all they can in war bonds.



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Awarded to the men and women of four of our Columbus plants

4,000-pound disasters—aren't exactly delicate. Yet lots of damage can happen to them from the banging around they get in shipment. They have to be taken apart, inspected and tuned up at forward bomb dumps. Unfortunately, for one reason or another, tools for this work were not provided. So Daniels invented and, with his helpers, made wrenches and tools capable of dissecting any size bomb. They have rescued from dud-hood more than two thousand bombs, fuses and fins, and their gadgets have been adopted by other dumps.

Master Sergeant Jack D. Salmon of 1112 Dearborn Street, Lawton, Oklahoma, invented a device to improve the chin turret of the newest Flying Fortress. Boeing representatives quickly sent copies of his device home to their factory.

Technical Sergeant Allen Buell's name is blessed by the flying gunners of the Eighth Air Force. Frostbite, they'll tell you, is a worse enemy than flak or Messies when they yank off their heated gloves in the frenzy of combat to try to fix a jammed machine gun or adjust a frozen oil buffer. Now they can keep their awkward gloves on and still make delicate adjustments with a tool that Sergeant Buell invented and which every gunner carries in the leg pocket of his flying suit. Buell

depot. The nose of one was twisted and burned. The tail of the other was a shambles.

They were a challenge to Master Sergeant Robert H. Hughes of R.D. 4, Macon, Georgia, and his crew, each time they walked by them. So they asked permission to try an experiment. The depot, however, was beset with rush jobs. They were told they could use only their spare time and could have no priority in materials. Yet in two weeks old-timer Hughes and his kids devised and built a cradle for handling the job, trimmed up the good sections of the Fords, bolted them together and delivered to the Air Force one sound, whole plane. Four-engine bombers, fully equipped and set down in this theater, cost well over a quarter of a million dollars—if you want an incomplete idea of what these men saved the government.

Perhaps the most amazing factor in all this is that most expressions of Gingenuity are made from scrap—from bits of packing cases, wood and metal, from irreparably broken machines, from unsalvageable plane parts, from the junk piles of the Army.

I have told you only a few of thousands of instances of Gingenuity—and all of this one theater—whereas this great superweapon is in and behind the fighting wherever Yanks of the Army, Navy, Marines or Air Forces have landed. In some of the outlying fronts—India, for example—the need for ingenuity is greater and the practice of it more difficult by reason of tougher communication problems and less adequate local facilities.

The boys naturally do not forget themselves. In camps or billets, they ease their own living and working conditions by steam tables and stoves made from empty bombs, huge potato mashers and paint mixers, barber chairs, laundry racks and hand warmers that are so necessary when you work in cold hangars or the open. In Africa and India they have made club huts for officers and men, complete with bars and iceboxes. In Australia, stoves from magnetic anthills; everywhere, shower baths—all from waste materials.

They are not spit-and-polish soldiers, these Yank mechanics. They spit on their hands, not on their shoes or buttons. In saluting, marching and posture, you'd never mistake them for guardsmen. In the stress of hard work and knotty problems they might even occasionally slip and call an officer "Bud." But they are specialists and ingenious, and in this mechanized war they are heaven-sent.

Blueprints and Pin-up Girls

Their shops, mobile or fixed, are models of orderliness, cleanliness and quiet efficiency. You can't find better at home. You couldn't throw a helmet into any one of the hundreds of these shops without bopping a kid whose Gingenuity has saved his country money, hours and lives of fliers and other active fighters. They have pin-ups in their quarters just like all other Yank warmen. But the girls share wall space with sketches and blueprints of original inventions.

In one sense, these soldier mechanics are a problem. Higher authorities know there is much good officer material among them. But the brass hats also know that, given their choice, most of them prefer to remain down in the mud and the grime, the cold and the grease, with good solid tools in their big hands, asking only for a roll of adhesive tape for the knuckles they bark on Uncle Sam's machines of war.

Remember their names—Pucci, Hezlep, Daniels, Hill, Buell, Salmon and the rest. They are the descendants and inheritors of Edison, Eli Whitney, Ford, Whittemore, Manning and Janney and the other great inventors who gave America today.

These G.I.'s will give America tomorrow. Today their work is in the planes and tanks of their country at the four corners of the earth. Tomorrow it will be in your kitchen, your garage, and all the comforts and conveniences of your daily being.

You look into their eyes and know that you needn't worry too much about the post-war structure of American civilization, or its ability to hold its own, no matter what kind of an international scramble and competition shows up. If it creaks a little, they'll grease it. If it needs new stuff, they'll invent it. Not used to having it, they won't even pause to look about for new material. They will make do, and use the scrap heap of the old, dead years.

THE END



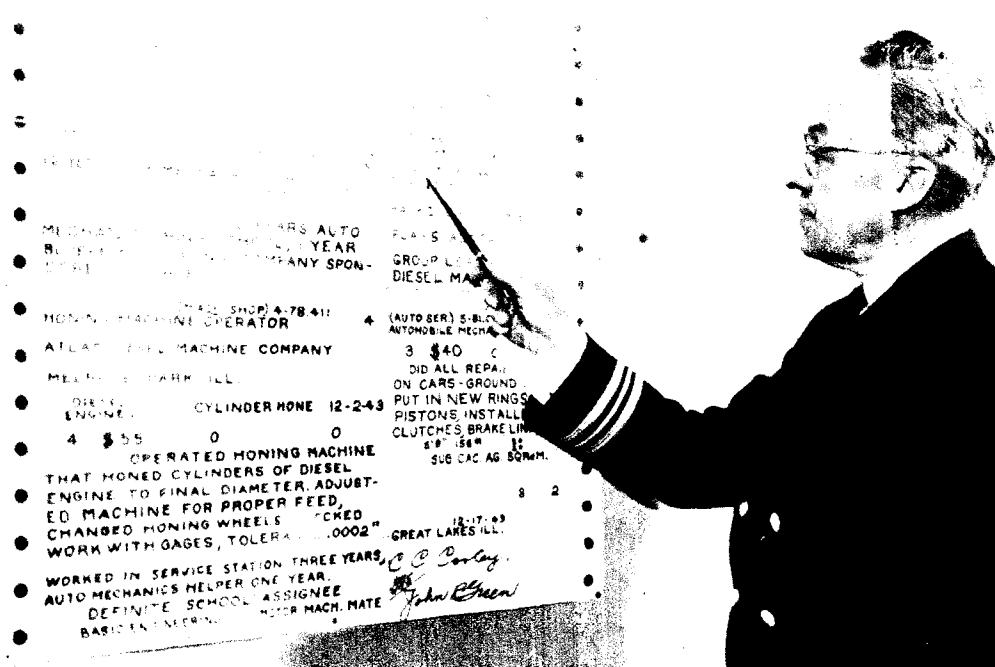
has invented other gadgets, which are secret. His wife, Catherine, lives on Rockingham Road, Davenport, Iowa.

Warrant Officer Robert T. Paulhas, of 1435 West Main Street, Willimantic, Connecticut, invented and installed a firing interrupter on Fortress guns to prevent accidental firing into the structure of the plane. More about this can't be told here. Sergeant Paul M. Berger, of Dayton, Tennessee, and Private First Class Edward F. O'Neill of 20 Jersey Street, Bloomfield, New Jersey, designed from absolute scrap a form on which they can both make and salvage windows or bombers.

Corporal Lyle C. Edwards of 815 Second Street N.W., Minot, North Dakota, and Corporal James D. Dearing of 4409 Washington Avenue, Houston, Texas, built, from discards, a box in which they combine in one operation seven major tests of a Liberator's electrical system that formerly required seven different steps and seven different types of tools.

Corporal John Mischevich, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bronco Mischevich of Warren, Ohio, designed and cut from memory of machines he had worked on back home a whole set of gears that were necessary for a machine that had arrived less than eighty per cent complete, but which was needed at once.

The list of Gingenuties is endless. I'll tell you just this one more important example of how well the kids you are paying upward of fifty dollars a month are earning it: There were two battle-wrecked Fortresses lying in the boneyard of a certain



Lieutenant Commander Victor Dreiske, boss of the Great Lakes Classification Center, checks a personal record card which helps put the right man in the right job

The Navy Squares Its Pegs

By William F. McDermott

Everyone's good for something. Here's how the Fleet finds out recruits' abilities and fits them into the right holes

WHEN a round peg of a recruit turns up to fill one of the square holes that represent jobs in the Navy, a staff of trained peg-squarers at Great Lakes Naval Training Center takes him in hand—as they did Al Munson, for example. Al was a jockey who couldn't imagine just how his skill could fit into battling Japs, the cavalry having little to do in task-force work in the Pacific.

But one of the 140 interviewers and peg-squarers at the center began to probe Al for hobbies, latent talents and suppressed ambitions. No mechanical or engineering ability showed up, nor did any bent for radio or radar. But, curiously enough, the interview brought out that he had an interest in medicine and health and held first-aid certificates. So Al was assigned for special training as a Hospital Corps man.

The Navy absorbs 100,000 men a month. In civilian life they represent 36,000 trades, talents and interests. In service they have to be grooved into fewer than 500 kinds of jobs. It is done by the job-and-man-finding bureau which the Navy calls the "selection department," with a personnel exceeding 200, of whom the majority spend their entire time in consultation with recruits, matching the man and the job efficiently. And the aim is not only to adapt peacetime skills to war service, but also to discover latent abilities.

Usually within the first week at the Great Lakes Training Center, the recruit's personal history, aptitudes, abilities and preferences are charted, and he has his assignment; but that week is a strenuous one. Besides his physical examination and "shots," the new Navy man gets the G.C.T. (general classification test), which shows his general aptitude for study; a second test is on his reading ability, to determine how receptive he is to textbook study; a third checks his ability to reason mathematically—particularly valuable in measuring a man's fitness for such jobs as fire-control man and quartermaster. Separate tests

are given for mechanical, electrical, radio and clerical knowledge, experience and aptitudes.

The classification interviewer is an expert in putting the new man at ease. He greets him with a handshake and a smile, and some personal word about his community, his family, his hobby or his interests—the personal card gives the clue. They talk over his experience, his education, his skill and his ambition—not only for service in the Navy but also for the time beyond that.

The driving genius of the staff is Lieutenant Commander Victor Dreiske, an aviation pilot in the last war, who was an executive with one of America's largest automobile manufacturers. For years he made manpower selection his hobby, and became known as a wizard at fitting the right man to the right job. Now he gives his whole time to his hobby and hasn't missed a day in twenty-one months.

His orders are strict that everyone must be given an equal opportunity to demonstrate his ability, and everyone is encouraged to do his best. Thousands of boys who might easily have become drifters have had ambitions awakened and careers begun.

The interviewers hear many familiar names: A Rockefeller revealed that his hobby was hunting. His arithmetic was excellent. All pointed to his making a good aviation ordnance man, handling the guns, bombs and ammunition used by Navy planes. He was assigned to gunner's mate school.

One of the Goodyears of tire fame, with twenty-six years of education, an analyst and researcher, a linguist fluent in French, German and Italian, was assigned after his interview to take an interviewer's job. Johnny Rigney of the Chicago White Sox took training as a physical instructor. Bruce Smith, Minnesota's All-America halfback, qualified for aviation pilot training. Alton Delmore, composer of Wabash Cannon Ball, was assigned to the sound school; most musicians have keen hearing ability and make excellent sound men, able to identify one strange sound from another, thus recognizing approaching enemy craft on or below the seas.

Thus the Navy finds its talent—and your son, brother or sweetheart discovers not only how he can serve his country best but also possibly discovers a magic carpet for his future. ★★★

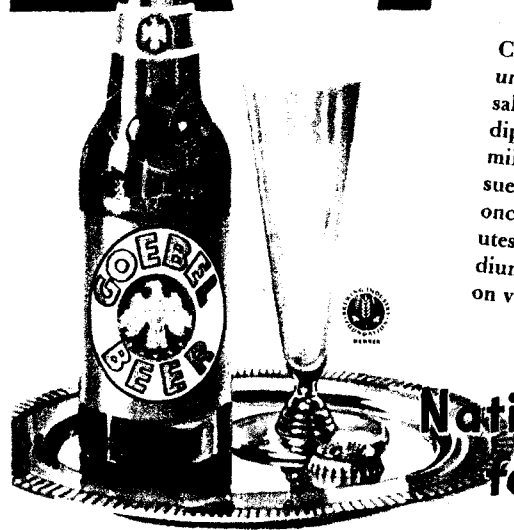
From the land of the sky



Recipe for Swiss Steak by The George Vanderbilt, Asheville

3 lb. steak
flour
2 eggs, beaten
½ pt. milk
salt and pepper

Cut steak in six or eight pieces. Pound until ¼ to ½ inch thick, season with salt and pepper. Roll steaks in flour; dip each steak in mixture of eggs and milk. Rub a hot, heavy frying pan with suet, fry steaks golden brown, turning once for even cooking. Allow 3½ minutes for rare steaks, 4 minutes for medium and 5 minutes for well done. Serve on very hot platter, garnish with parsley.



Nationally famous
for good taste

GOEBEL BEER

If you would like to try the good taste that won America, call for Goebel Beer.
Available in 7 oz., 12 oz., and 32 oz. bottles. Goebel Brewing Company, Detroit 7, Mich.

Filipinos Fight On

Continued from page 46

The same goes for others on the Executive Commission and the Independence Preparatory Commission. That José Laurel, "New Philippines" Jap-picked president, and Benigno Aquino, head of the Kalibapi Jap-Philippine co-operation political group, are quislings, there seems little doubt in anyone's mind. If they live that long, they will go to Japan when the Nips scuttle the Philippines and run.

The Filipino has both guts and intelligence, plus the type of national spirit that makes him a most dangerous antagonist for the Jap; and there are Filipino "pressure columnists"; counterpart of the Axis fifth columnists.

The pressure columnist exerts pressure underground. When it's great enough, this pressure blows off the top and, volcanolike, it takes everything else with it.

The Japs realize this and are constantly "mopping up," as they say, "the remnants" of Filipino guerrilla forces. In their propaganda, they call the guerrillas "terrorist gangs." But if mopped up, somehow these forces always pop up again. Only one week before our repatriation ship Teia Maru picked up 151 internee prisoners from the Philippines, the Japs had announced their final cleanup of all guerrillas on the island of Luzon.

But two days later, guerrilla bands in southern Luzon machine-gunned two northbound trains, killing several hundred Japanese.

For a time, the Japs managed to break into the "G" organization, as the Filipinos call the guerrilla groups. Due to a fluke, Japanese Military Intelligence caught the secretary of the "G" headquarters. They naturally gave him a very rough time—the kind of time that only Japanese can give you. That he's alive now is hardly likely, but it is evident that during his torture he did reveal the names of a few "G" group leaders. These were leaders of groups of up to two hundred guerrillas.

Juan de la Cruz is the people's hero of the Philippines. Juan de la Cruz, or "John Smith" to the Filipino, is the radio personality who has caused more trouble and actual

embarrassment to Lieutenant General M. Homma, the "conqueror of the Philippines," and his colleagues than the Filipino-American troops on Bataan and Corregidor.

What's more, Juan Cruz is still uncaptured. He's still ready to radio-blitz any Jap general, corporal or geisha when the hour comes to rouse the Filipino flame of resistance.

But his broadcasts—short- and long-wave from a portable set—are made now, as he tells his listeners in English, native Tagalog and Spanish, "just to keep my hand in for the big day."

Juan Cruz has a price of ten thousand pesos on his head, originally offered by the very much worried General Homma at the height of the first series of broadcasts during the Bataan and Corregidor campaigns. To match the offer for his scalp by the bald-headed, Oxford-educated Jap general, Juan Cruz countered next day with "exactly five centavos (two and one-half cents U.S.) for your ivory-plated dome, you —! No skull is worth more."

Juan Cruz and his assistants understand Japanese psychology. They do everything possible over the air to rile the Japanese command. They even poke fun at His Imperial Japanese Majesty Hirohito, whom they address familiarly as "Charlie"—the name coined for him by foreigners in Japan. Juan pricks the Japs in their soft spot—their inferiority complex—consistently. He is the unseen, but not unheard, Spider.

Breaking in on the Nips

To be sure, there is a strict military ban—and penalty of death—for possession of short-wave radio sets in the Philippines, but not for long-wave sets. The Jap wants and tries to put out his own long-winded propaganda over local Manila stations. Thus, what's a bit perplexing to the Nip propagandist is to have Juan Cruz suddenly break in on the same program to announce a time and wave length over which all may hear him.

This anonymous Filipino "John Smith" has the best news sources in the Philippines. Some of his broadcasts, copies of which I have seen, contained information which could have come only from sources at the elbow of the commanding Jap as well as of



"My dear boy, you play beautifully! Why, you're wasting your time in the Army!"

COLLIER'S

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

ANSWERS TO ABBREVIATION QUIZ ON PAGE 51

1. Namely; to wit. 2. That is.
3. And others. 4. Let it stand.
5. Manuscript. 6. Take notice; note well. 7. In the same place.
8. Anonymous. 9. Abridged.
10. Account. 11. American Medical Association. 12. Capital. 13. Doctor of Dental Surgery. 14. Engineer. 15. Sequel. 16. Territory of Hawaii. 17. Federal Trade Commission. 18. Kilometer. 19. Leave. 20. Madame. 21. For the time being. 22. Rest in peace. 23. Versus; against. 24. Which was to be demonstrated. 25. Bachelor of Arts.

(All abbreviations have been checked with Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.)

Japan's Filipino puppets. His intimate knowledge of what goes on everywhere in the islands shows the scope of the organization behind him.

For instance, he can tell you what is happening inside the concentration camps in the islands where more than 7,000 American, British and Dutch are still sweating and starving out the war. When three British subjects in my camp were shot without trial in February, 1942, Juan Cruz had the whole story, and accurately, the next day.

Juan Cruz has facts and he uses them effectively. His listeners soon found he was telling the truth the greater part of the time.

His reputation grew. It grew, too, because the Filipino loves intrigue, although he's not too good at it. He's a great patriot. He's emotional and, despite anything anyone may tell you, the average Filipino has more guts than most of us.

Don't misjudge him by what you may have read in the early days of the Philippines campaign or through Jap-inspired propaganda. To be sure, there are Filipino traitors just as in every country, but these men and women are marked or will be by the guerrilla groups and Juan Cruz, or his successor, if by chance the Japs catch up with him.

Juan has had some close calls. Obviously he moves his broadcasting unit constantly. One day he escaped the Jap dragnet by the brazen ruse of halting his broadcast in the middle of a sentence, leaving his equipment to be disposed of. I can't tell you how, and walking serenely through the Jap cordon, after showing the Nips "which way I had gone."

On his next broadcast, he upbraided the "stupid so-and-sos" for their thickheadedness. His profanity is profuse, but to the point.

Voice of Freedom

Juan Cruz has become more than a mere "voice." He has become a symbol of the freedom the Filipinos are determined to have. If the Japs get this Juan Cruz, another one will pick up where Juan the First left off. Just as soon as a new set can be assembled. He uses two techniques: First, he seeks to rouse his people against the tyranny of the Jap invader. Second, he infuriates the Japs into making open blunders for all to see, through the ever useful means of ridicule. The inferiority-complexed Jap can't stand ridicule. This is effective propaganda with a capital "P" and that "P" stands for patriotism.

It can be argued, and convincingly, that America's principles of Liberty, Equality and Justice failed in the Philippine Islands. But actually, when contrasted with Japan's "New Order for East Asia," the American way of life stands the test.

The first thing the Japanese military administration under General Homma did to win over the average Filipino was to cut workers' wages magnanimously in half. The Filipino was told that he was thereby given

the much-sought-after opportunity of co-operating with Japan's "great liberating movement." The only "liberation" was freeing the Filipino from his money.

With the average daily prewar wage in the Philippines about one peso, the reduction to fifty centavos was pretty steep; especially with prices skyrocketing under Jap-imposed paper-peso inflation.

Frankly, I'll admit I was surprised at the Filipino attitude. I had little admiration for the average Filipino when war started, but that admiration grew as I watched him during the first days of the war and, later on, under Jap domination.

After Manila fell, the Filipino waited, or, I should say, he *hesitated*, momentarily, just to see what the Jap would offer, and would do. You may argue that this is a weakness. It's only human. But it didn't take long to see that the Jap wasn't going to offer anything. He was going to grab everything. The long-range American "Liberty, Justice, Equality for all" program, in spite of its faults, as practiced in the Philippines, paid off. It was still better than the Japs "Asia for the Asiatics" system, and within two months, the Japanese administrators realized that they were up against something more than guerrilla bands in the hills and remnants of USAFFE units scattered in the islands.

Attitude of the Conquered

I was shown a statement regarding the Filipino attitude, purporting to come from the Jap Army Press Bureau headquarters in Manila during one of my periods of questioning by the Japs. I was asked to comment on it. Whether it came from the Press Bureau or not or was taken from some captured American or Filipino guerrilla, it is interesting:

"I believe it is conservative to estimate about fifty per cent of the seventeen million Filipinos are still loyal or near-loyal to our enemies," the statement read. "In other words, any action on America's part that is felt in the Philippines will draw these people along, led by a sizable, aggressive anti-Japanese group. The pro-Japanese element is about average for occupied areas, including about ten per cent, for whom we have created special privileges, and those who were antagonized by the Americans."

"There is an element of something over thirty per cent that does not know what is going on and does not care. These are most of the hill and outlying island people. That leaves about ten per cent who want to be convinced. They have not come into too close contact with us but have heard our propaganda."

Don't let the easy flow of English bother you. It could have been written by any Jap graduate of some U. S. university, and there are many of them in the field.

If that estimate is anywhere near accurate—and I believe it is not far off—what can we expect when we get back into the Philippines?

Much depends on how we re-enter the islands. If we go back by the conference-table route, our reception is likely to be negative. If we go back fighting—as the Filipinos expect us to—the Filipino reception should be effectively helpful.

It's the Jap reception we'll have to worry about. The Jap has rebuilt and is still building the defenses of the islands, but by the time we get to the Philippines across the middle and south Pacific routes, there should be aircraft operational bases close enough along the China coast, and enough bombers, bombs, spare parts and gasoline to slap the Jap from east and west.

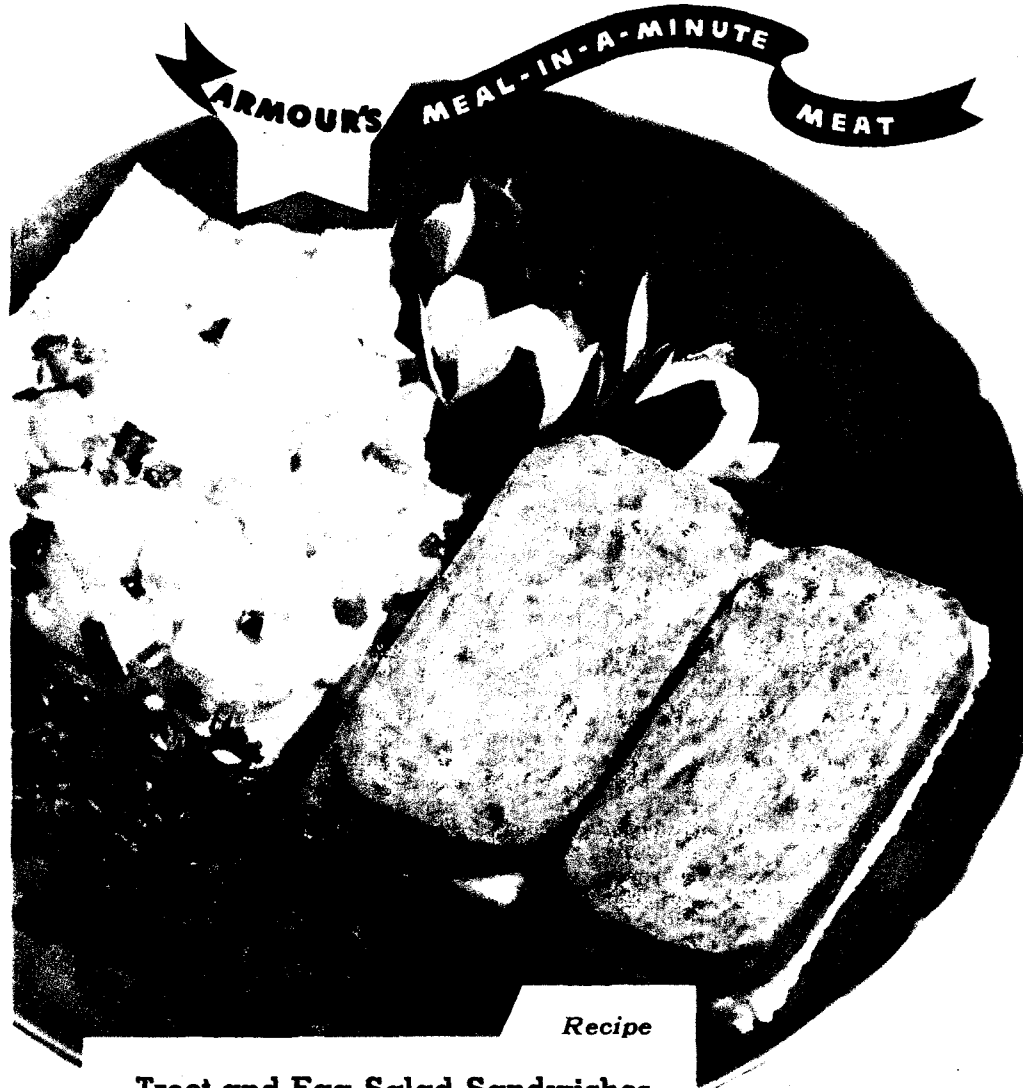
Once "in," the rehabilitation job will be immense. Cities and villages throughout the islands today are like ghost towns. They've just been stacked together after the fighting and burning. There has been little new construction and no general repair. Thousands of shops and stores still remain boarded up. Business generally is at a standstill. The financial situation is only as strong as the thin Jap paper peso.

The Japanese long-range political warrior—with an eye to continuing the fight even after the physical warfare ceases—feels the early Jap-offered "independence" means added future political trouble for America in the Philippines and for Britain in Burma—after the two areas are retaken. This attitude is indicative of the Jap "peace" intentions.

THE END

Serve Delicious TREET in This Cool Summer Lunch!

Swell Flavor-Real Food Value-No Waste-That's TREET



Recipe

Treet and Egg Salad Sandwiches

Treet's *the* meat for thrifty, extra-enjoyable summer meals! Here's a perfect example... in a dish that combines inviting Treet slices and spicy egg salad. Use this quick, easy recipe:

1 can Armour's Treet	¼ cup salad dressing
Egg Salad:	1 tbsp. vinegar
6 Cloverbloom Eggs,	1 tsp. salt
hard cooked	½ tsp. pepper
1 cup chopped celery	½ tsp. Worcestershire
2 tbsps. chopped green pepper	Sauce (if desired)
1 tsp. minced green onion	12 thin slices bread

Hard cook eggs, then cool, peel and chop. Add all remaining salad ingredients and blend. Cut Treet into 12 very thin slices. Place 2 slices Treet on 1 slice of bread, a portion of the egg salad on the second slice, and serve open or closed with relishes such as radishes, pickles or olives. Good summer luncheon dish or good for packing in the lunch basket.

Treet is made of tender, juicy pork shoulder meat. It's vacuum-cooked in its own rich juices... ready to serve right from the tin. Baked, fried or simply sliced cold, Treet gives new, fine flavor to lots of meals.

What's more, this delicious meat is an excellent source of the important B vitamins. There's no bone or waste in Treet, so you get all meat; enough for 4 in every tin. Your dealer has Treet now. Ask for it.

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Armour and Company

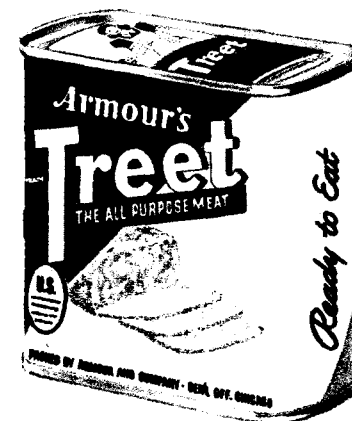
For finest quality and flavor, ask for:

Star Canned Meats, Star Ham and Bacon, Star Beef, Veal and Lamb,
Star Sausages, Cloverbloom Poultry and Dairy Products.

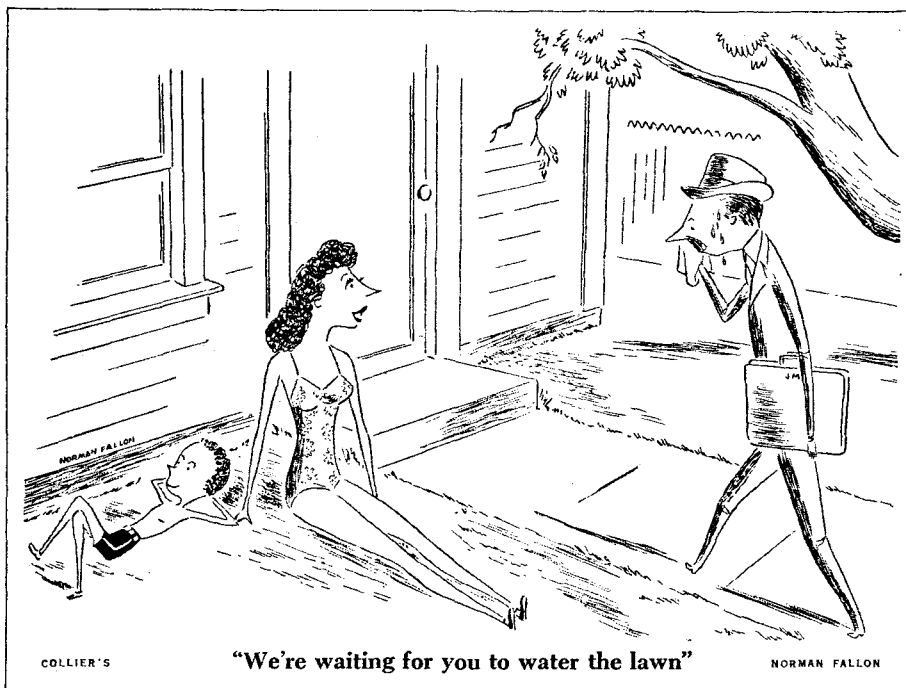


We're supplying your dealer with more TREET nowadays...so you can have TREET often, without delay.

Buy U. S. War Bonds and Stamps



Continued from page 41

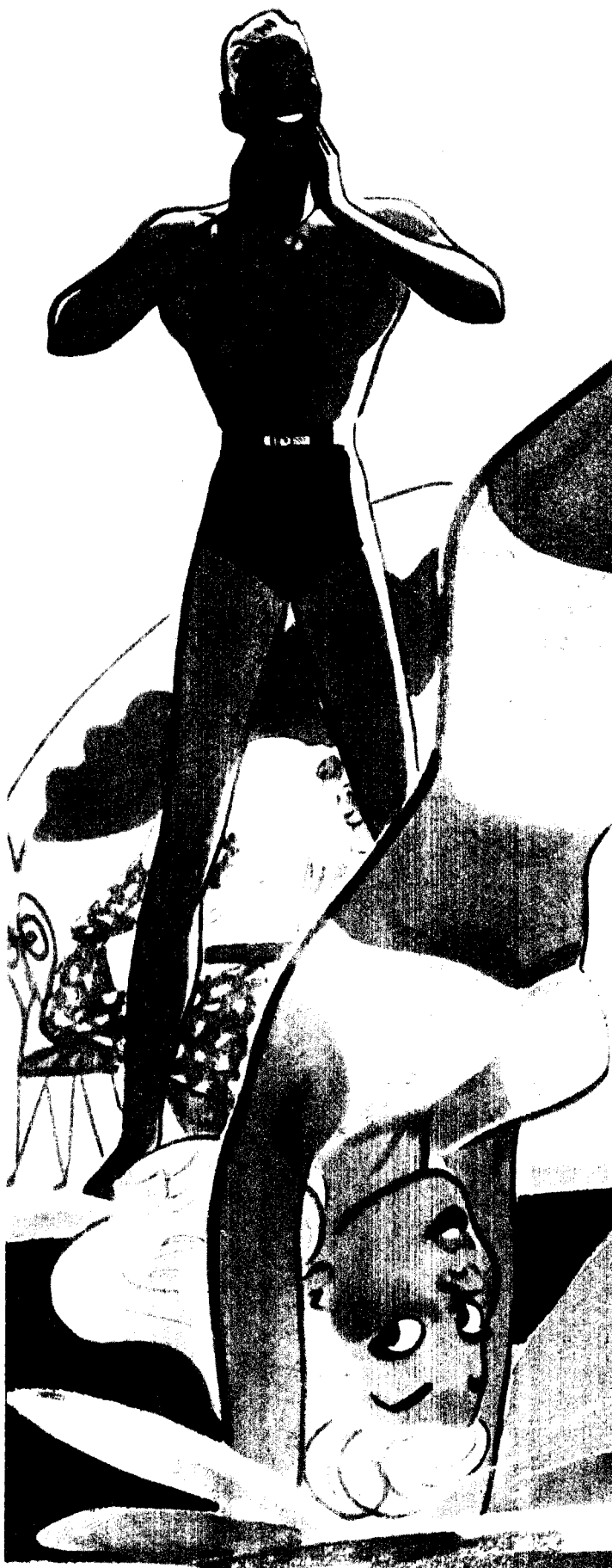


"We're waiting for you to water the lawn"



"Good morning—Nifty Knitting Mills. . . ."

the answer is "yes"



"yes"...you can go swimming on your day off, and "yes" you can have your favorite swim suit to wear when you do. Sure...you may have to hire a horse, ride a bike, walk a mile to get there...but what does it matter as long as you can have a Jantzen to make you look wonderful, feel wonderful, have a wonderful time. There's water, water, everywhere...and tons of sun, boys and girls...come on...get your Jantzen...let's go!

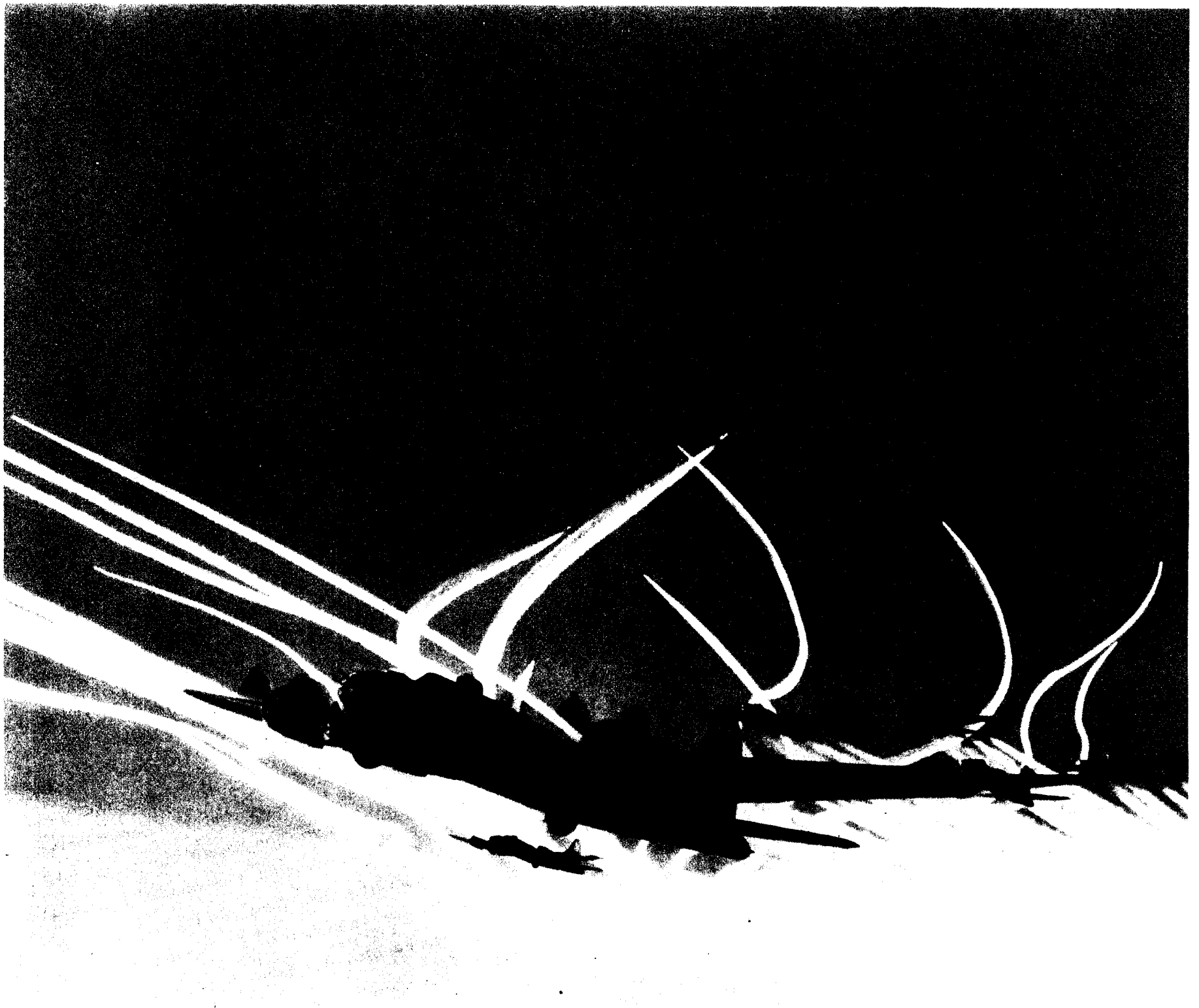
CAREFREE...Patterned Velva-Lure midriff 5.95
HALF-HITCH...Diagonal all-wool trunks 3.95

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BUY MORE WAR BONDS...AND BRING HIM HOME SOONER!



Finish the Fight with War Bonds

Sky Snakes

Look again. Those sinuous white shapes are neither serpents nor ribbons of confetti. They're condensed vapor trails in the dark, frosty blue of the upper air.

The straight ones flow back from the engines of Boeing Flying Fortresses, moving in tight formation over enemy territory. If you look closely at the others — the twisting, writhing, climbing ones — you will see tiny black specks at their tips. Those are allied fighter planes adding their protection to the deadly fire of the Forts' 50-calibre guns.

Every maneuver known to combat flying has been used by German airmen in their endeavor to stop the Forts. They have tried coming in from every

point of the compass — from above — from below. With desperate ingenuity the Luftwaffe has devised new tactics and new weapons — air-to-air bombing — rocket guns — mass attacks. But they have never yet succeeded in turning back the Fortress crews from their targets.

The development of daylight precision bombing is one of America's great sagas. It is an epic of brave and skilful men — gunners, radiomen, navigators, bombardiers and pilots; of steadfast ground crews; of untiring staff work; and of the Forts themselves, designed and built by Boeing to handle the toughest task in air warfare.

Flying Fortresses performed almost unbelievable miracles through the early days of the war and are today the backbone of the mightiest bombing force in history. Because of their record, one-fifth of all the nation's aircraft production facilities is now devoted to building Boeing-designed planes.

When the mounting fury of round-the-clock bombing has done its part to win lasting victory, Boeing's skill in research, design, engineering and manufacturing again will be applied to products of peace. Of any such product you can be sure . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS

BOEING



The girl was still on the phone when Dick found a pair of Army pants nestling between two big boxes

*A short short
story complete
on this page*

THANK YOU FOR WAITING

BY HILDA SIDNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

THE girl was talking on the telephone the first time Dick came into the shop. "The laundry situation is pretty serious all over Washington," she was saying. "I'm sorry you've had so much trouble, but I think I've located your parcel now. Thank you for waiting."

She hung up and turned to Dick with one of those "Can I help you?" smiles when the phone rang again. "Potomac Laundry," she said. Then, after a pause: "The laundry situation is pretty serious all over Washington. I'm sorry you've had so much trouble, but I think I've located your parcel now. Thank you for waiting."

"Why don't you get a record to say your piece for you?" Dick asked.

"I think I will," the girl laughed. "Leave your package, come back next week, and I'll play it for you."

Whoa, Dick thought. Not so fast. This needs a little talking over.

"Well," he said slowly, "I've only got the shirt and pants I have on."

"We really can't do it in less than a week," the girl told him. "The manpower shortage, you know."

"Yes, I've heard of it," Dick smiled. "But laundry situation, manpower shortage or Gypsy Rose Lee, a soldier has to look like a soldier. And look at me," he went on. "My shirt and pants wilting before your eyes, the thermometer rising behind your back—"

"Stop!" the girl commanded. "You're breaking my heart! I'll use all my influence and try to get your laundry back to you the day after tomorrow."

"Well, I don't know," Dick said, using the slow voice again.

"Look," the girl pleaded, "don't ask more than that. Not with the—"

"I know, I know," Dick interrupted. "Don't tell me. Not with the laundry situation, the manpower shortage and—"

"And Gypsy Rose Lee!" The girl finished up for him.

"Okay. You win. But you'll do what you can, won't you?"

"I'll speak to my congressman," she promised. "Personally."

Dick left his brown-paper bundle and went out.

That was the first time. There wasn't much to it, really. He'd gone into a dinky little laundry shop, left a bundle of dirty clothes, and passed the time of day with a girl. Not a very dramatic incident in the life of a soldier who guarded the nation's capital. Yet all that night as he stood guard, somewhere in the back of his mind was a picture of that girl. He didn't know her name. He'd forgotten the color of her eyes. And by morning he wondered if he'd made the whole thing up.

So, after his sleep and his two-in-the-afternoon breakfast, he went back to the shop—just to make sure.

"My laundry isn't ready by any chance?" he asked breezily. "The name is Kerr, Richard Kerr. You promised it for tomorrow but I thought maybe you'd brought extra pressure to bear and I could get it now."

"Your laundry *did* come back," the girl said but, for some reason, that smily look was gone. She was wearing a worried look instead.

She went through the archway in back of the counter and, from the shelves beyond, she took a blue-and-white cardboard box.

"Here you are," she said as she handed it across the counter to Dick. "That will be one seventy-nine."

She gave him his change. "Thank you," she said. And Dick replied, "Thank you! Thank you very much, in fact!"

They both smiled, started to say something, smiled again, and the next minute Dick found himself on the street with the box in his arms.

Of course he did have his laundry. And in times like these and in weather like this, you can't ask for more than that.

Besides, Kerr, he told himself sharply, she's undoubtedly married.

Still another voice told him, There *are* miracles in this world. That girl was *real*, wasn't she? Your laundry was ready, wasn't it?

The first voice said, Shut up.

HE HAD a good excuse for going back the third time. One of those miracles. His extra pair of pants was missing. It was hard keeping the jubilant grin off his face as he streaked back to report his loss. The girl was on the phone (as usual) and (as usual) she was talking about the serious situation, so Dick wandered back through the archway to look over the shelves. She was still on the phone when he found a pair of Army pants nestling in between two big blue-and-white boxes. They were his all right. The laundry mark was plain as day: K-9538. With a sudden sinking feeling, Dick realized that, his pants recovered, he had no excuse for coming back to the Potomac Laundry. Without taking time out to think, he reached up to the topmost shelf and tucked them securely between the wall and a pile of empty boxes.

"My pants. They're missing," he announced, coming back through the archway. "They're not with my laundry and they're not back here."

"I'll call the plant," the girl said, "but it takes a little time to trace things."

"I'll be back," Dick promised.

He was. He was back the next day, the day after that, and the next day, too. It was a week before he got up the courage to ask the girl her name—which she said was Emily Harper. It was two weeks before he got the courage to ask her to go out the night he didn't have to stand guard—which she said she'd do.

The lines in front of the movie houses were awfully long that night, so Dick and Emily walked down F Street looking in the shop windows.

This is terrific, Dick thought. We're just walking along, not saying much, not even holding hands, and still it's terrific. He swallowed hard, straightened his shoulders a little straighter, and then said, "Look. You may think I'm fresh to ask, but you're not engaged or anything, are you?"

"No," Emily told him. "I'm not engaged."

"Or anything?" he persisted.

"Or anything." She smiled. "Even with the rationing of men so strict, I'm willing to wait till the real thing comes along."

"Hey," Dick said suddenly, stopping in front of an Army and Navy store, "looks like this store's open. Maybe I should buy a pair of pants. But maybe I shouldn't," he went on, steering clear of talk about "the real thing" after trying for two weeks to get on the subject. "It's probably a waste of essential goods when somewhere in the world there's a G.I. pair that belongs to me. What do you think?"

He stopped talking, finally, and looked down at Emily who was looking up at him with an unmistakable twinkle in her eye.

"You and your Potomac Laundry!" he teased. "What a way to treat a soldier!"

"Let's call it quits!" Emily said. "Where *did* you put those pants, anyway?"

"Where did I—" Dick began indignantly, but Emily was grinning now, and he saw the game was up. She'd known all along that he'd hidden them! For the first time since the seventh grade, he blushed. Then his mind clicked: If she *knew*, then *she* must have hidden them in the first place. No wonder she'd worn a worried look that day! She was as guilty as he was!

"I looked between the two laundry boxes right after you left," Emily confessed, "but they were gone."

"I'll locate that parcel for you," Dick promised. "And in the meantime, thank you for waiting!"

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STYLE • OK!**



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Your Skin

Continued from page 24

The skin also includes about two million tiny oil glands to keep the horny surface from drying out, and numerous elastic fibers to make it fit smoothly. Underneath lie insulating cushions of fat. In old age these tend to disappear, which explains in part why Grandpa grumbles so much about the cold.

In addition, the skin is closely related to the emotions—a fact known to everybody who ever turned red with embarrassment or pale with fright. Minor skin diseases sometimes clear up surprisingly when the patient escapes from an unhappy love affair or finds a satisfying job.

It is hardly surprising, in view of its influence on their business, social and emotional lives, that women devote a tremendous amount of attention to their epidermis. But what about those rivers of cash poured out for skin beautifiers? Are the customers getting their money's worth?

Some Misconceptions about Pores

The answer is "Yes" in some cases; "No" in others. Cold cream protects the skin from dirt, softens it and prevents it from drying out. But, according to Dr. Combes, it won't "nourish" your exterior; the only adequate way to do that is through the digestive system. Also, you can't lubricate your muscles by rubbing in "muscle oils," and there isn't a cream on earth that can really reduce large pores. Evidently confusing them with the tiny outlets for sweat, some beauty specialists give the idea that these pores can be opened and closed as easily as ticket windows. Actually, they are exits for the oil glands, and they become larger as a person grows older. The only way to reduce them is the rather unpleasant one of having the upper layer of the face peeled off. Even then the reduction is only temporary.

In the matter of complexion care, people should realize that their faces, if normal, call for two different types of treatment. The chin and nose, with their numerous oil glands, should be washed frequently with soap and water and cleaned with alcohol lotions. The cheeks, which are drier, need less washing, but are likely to require some coddling with cold cream. Treating both areas alike is about as wise as cultivating swamp and desert land with exactly the same technique.

Sometimes the entire face becomes too oily. In adolescence, the endocrine secretions often go slightly haywire and encourage the lubricating glands to overwork. This excess oil forms blackheads. Becoming infected, they produce a glowing crop of pimples. For the boys and girls concerned, the result is usually painful self-consciousness and sometimes an inferiority complex that doesn't abate for years.

As a rule, this type of acne can be rather easily controlled. Victims are usually advised to wash their faces with soap four or five times a day, get a reasonable amount of sunshine, eat plenty of fruits and vegetables, and stay away from ice cream, chocolate bars, and similar temptations at the corner drugstore. In several cases, X-ray treatments are often prescribed. The condition should be corrected before it becomes too bad; otherwise scarring and permanent disfigurement might result.

There's not much anyone can do about a wrinkled skin, a condition which has caused more misery than many a dangerous disease. What happens is that late in life the fat disappears from under the skin, and those elastic fibers become as unresponsive as a worn-out girdle. And no cream, massage or washing with May dew can save the face from falling into folds.

But fortunately there are methods of preventing oneself from looking old before the time when it becomes inevitable. Do you know the quickest way to age your face? Just bake it in the summer sun! This dries out natural oil, encourages wrinkles, and speeds up the life cycle of the cells to such an extent that the skin hastens to grow old. Grandma might have looked odd with her little double-jointed parasol, but she was doing a good, scientific job of cheating the years. If you can't resist sitting bareheaded on a broiling beach, you should save your face by using a chemical parasol—a preparation to absorb the damaging rays.

You can also acquire unnecessary wrinkles by spending the winter in a dried-out, overheated house, removing the natural oil by excessive use of soap and skin tonics, and habitually wearing a sour or anxious expression. If you're on the far side of forty you can fight encroaching lines by cutting down on the use of salt. When people reach middle age, excreting salt becomes more difficult. The residue in the system produces occasional puffiness underneath the eyes. By stretching the skin, it eventually causes wrinkles.

Science may have found another way of combating the appearance of age. The sex hormone preparations given women during their trying middle years often have a favorable, if temporary, effect on the skin. Recently dermatologists have discovered that the hormones can be absorbed through



Her skin would just about carpet a clothes closet, but who'd be so silly?

the cuticle. Whether or not this promises more youthful complexions to women in the forties and fifties is still undetermined. Some dermatologists think that the absorbed hormones might act on the skin directly, but others believe that they can have only the same general effect as hormones taken by mouth or by injection. Perhaps, when the action of these substances is better understood, an effective skin treatment might be developed. Meanwhile, no woman should dose herself with this potential dynamite except under a doctor's orders.

Any organ as complicated as the skin is bound to develop diseases. Of the dangerous ones, skin cancer comes first. Each year it kills over 3,000 people. Yet dermatologists say that practically every one of these deaths could have been prevented. Skin cancers develop out in plain sight. They can be recognized at an early stage, and removed by surgery, radium or X-rays.

Too Much Sun Harmful

Besides, it is possible to take preventive measures. Probably the most important means of inciting skin cancer is by excessive exposure to the sun. It occurs most frequently among farmers, sailors, policemen, and sun-bathers who try to bake themselves into a soufflé. It affects about nine times as many blondes as brunettes. In Australia, where fair Anglo-Saxons spend much of their time working or playing in the sunlight, the skin cancer rate is very high—probably higher than anywhere else in the world. It is actually lower in the equatorial regions, where white people really try to protect themselves. Moderate sun exposure can be beneficial, but if you do not wish to invite painful skin disease and possible malignancy, you won't be a contestant for the most ferocious burn on the beach.

And while you're about it, keep a careful watch on moles and warts. It is estimated that the average person possesses about forty moles. The vast majority of these small, pigmented spots are never dangerous, but there is a gray or slate-blue mole, occurring most frequently on the head or feet, that sometimes turns darker or rougher or begins to enlarge. If this occurs, rush to the doctor with the speed of a startled fawn.

Fortunately, you needn't worry about the warts that occur in early youth, for they are never a prelude to cancer. Their cause seems to be a filtrable virus, and they can be routed by X-rays or applications of carbon dioxide snow. Dermatologists have evidence that they can also be removed by suggestion—something that children, with their mumbo-jumbo treatments, have known instinctively for centuries. Doctors have caused large numbers of warts to disappear by painting them with colored water. Others have vanished after supposed X-ray treatments, in which the machine did no more than make a noise. Why? Nobody really knows.

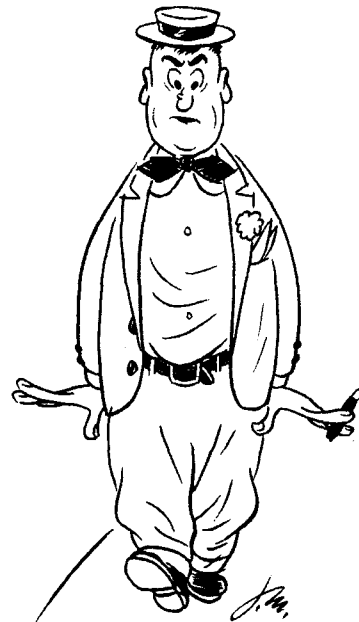
The skin is subject to any number of minor diseases, the best known being eczema and hives. Eczema takes the form of red, itchy patches, either crusty or moist. Hives are white or pinkish swellings. Allergies and emotional upsets rank high among the causes of both. Children unhappy at school sometimes develop Monday-to-Friday eczema, which improves miraculously over the week end. One woman, who had been breaking out with hives every evening at eight o'clock for two years, finally told her doctor that her brother-in-law always called at that time and that she resented his visits. When he began spending his evenings elsewhere, her hives disappeared.

Tracking Down Allergies

Allergies leading to hives and eczema may be due to foods, or to almost any substance with which the body comes in contact, from talcum powder to costume jewelry. The usual way of discovering the offending food is to strip one's diet down to soybean milk or some equally simple product; then add other items one by one until the culprit comes to light.

Contact allergies are revealed by the patch test. A sample of every substance with which the patient comes in contact is placed against his skin by adhesive tape and left there for twenty-four hours. By the end of that time the guilty stuff has produced a mark.

Histaminase, which slows down the automatic nervous system, is being used with some success in treating hives, and solutions of baking soda help to ease the itching. A half-and-half solution of vinegar and water is preferred by some medical men. But the most effective treatment is to stay away from



Keep a careful watch on moles and warts

substances to which you are allergic, and out of emotional situations that arouse stifled feelings of protest. If you are not in a position to express what you think, your skin sometimes does it for you.

If you want to keep your exterior free of disease and in first-class condition, just follow a few simple principles. Get plenty of vitamins, especially Vitamin A, give attention to physical cleanliness, worship the sun with moderated enthusiasm, cultivate a good disposition, and refrain from painting the town red. Maybe you won't have as much fun, but you'll have a better skin.

THE END

No Orchestral Din

Continued from page 22

eliminated the city's South Market produce center whose leaders were sitting two tables away and made fortunes for real-estate speculators. Much of the planning of both Chicago fairs—1893 and 1933—was done in Henrici's, and so many theatrical and sporting deals have been set there that no one could possibly have kept tab on them.

The latest Henrici doodling may help change Chicago's reputation as the GHQ of isolationists. Nothing in recent years has caused so many fence-mending luncheons as the announcement that State's Attorney Thomas J. Courtney, who literally uses Henrici's back room as his office, would campaign for the Illinois governorship against incumbent Dwight Green.

Known to Henrici habitués as "The Big Fellow," Courtney silently stalks in around 2:30 every afternoon and is apt to spend the remainder of the day there in conference with friends. His arrival is marked with some anxiety by lesser politicians, who dare not approach him lest they draw attention to themselves, with a resulting investigation.

The day after Courtney's election as State's Attorney he entered the restaurant and was immediately loudly congratulated by one of the city's bigger racketeers, who was unknown to him.

"Who was that guy?" Courtney asked, when he got his hand out of the wringer. Told he was the operator of one of the city's leading "protective" associations, Courtney snarled. "Well, whadda yuh waiting for? Arrest him immediately." The gentleman was nabbed just outside Henrici's door.

The incident, which earned Courtney the reputation in certain circles of having a porcupine personality, has never been forgotten by the city's ward bosses. It ruined that fine old feeling that Henrici's was neutral eating ground.

Presiding over the dining room is Fred Bethke, who has been the restaurant's "greeter" almost continuously since 1922. Bethke learned his jovial, easygoing trade serving free lunches in his father's Milwaukee saloon back in 1912. He keeps up a running line of chatter with customers, remembering their kids' names, asking about the little woman. Spasmodically he darts off to help a customer with his coat or to supply a lady with a telephone slug.

Sometimes called "Mr. Chicago," Bethke is the confidant of everyone—the cops as well as the gangsters, whom Fred refers to as "hoods," meaning hoodlums. In Chicago, one who is a hoodlum is regarded as having a regular trade or profession. Bethke's description of Chicago's heyday in gangsterism is classic: "Oh, things were terrible around here. Why, the hoods thought they were legit."

Sanctuary for a Mobster

Al Capone came to Henrici's only once or twice, preferring shadier joints which he owned; but Jake Lingle, the underworld ruler who was a Chicago Tribune reporter on the side, spent much of his time there. When the mobsters finally decided to rub him out, he clung to Bethke's coattails day and night, knowing they wouldn't shoot, lest they accidentally knock Fred off, too. Lingle, as everyone knows, was finally caught alone.

Fred waves aside his acquaintance with the gangsters. "The hoods never were Chicago and they become less important as time goes by," he says.

In Chicago, Bethke is commonly regarded as Henrici's manager, and no one is happier about this than Henrici's manager, Fred Erickson. Behind the scenes all his life, beginning as an immigrant boy from Norway who swept out, Erickson is the man who really runs the place. As the restaurant's policy maker and meat buyer, he moodily stalks the darkened upstairs dining room—a wartime casualty because of manpower and food shortages. In order to keep within the bounds of their meat-ration allotments, no steaks are served on luncheons. Servicemen are excepted from this rule: they can get a steak any time.

But there is plenty of beef available for Henrici's biggest specialty, beef à la mode, savory enough to make you wonder why you eat anything else. It is prepared by marinating lean cuts of beef in cider vinegar, spices and fruit peelings for three days. Then

it is braised in an oven until brown, simmered in gravy, sprinkled with claret and served with diced carrots, small onions and crisp potato pancake. It has been Henrici's leading dish for fifty years.

The original Henrici restaurant was opened in 1868 by Philip Henrici, a baker who had run away from Germany when he was fifteen years old. As restaurants go, it was not much more than a one-arm joint on a corner of the block now occupied by the Marshall Field department store. But its slogan was hard to beat: "All you can eat for a quarter." Legend has it that the doughnuts were as large as soup plates and the coffee was served in quart bowls.

From this lunchroom, Henrici expanded, moving first to Dearborn Street, then to Madison and Wells. It was in 1891 that the restaurant moved to its present location on Randolph Street in the center of the Loop. This was not regarded as a good move at the time, for it was away from the main thoroughfares, but a young man named William Collins, then energetically courting Henrici's daughter, was enthusiastic about it. Later, Randolph Street became Chicago's busiest street, and Collins bought the restaurant from his father-in-law.

The Best of Everything

It was Collins who made the restaurant the big business it is today under the slogan "No Orchestral Din." It still hangs in fading gold letters on a corner of the building, and the Henrici customers are very proud of it. Collins' chief policy, retained through the years, was to buy the best of everything, not worrying about price but trying to get enough turnover to make it reasonable. Many restaurants operate on the opposite basis, setting a price and then figuring out a way to serve the item at that price.

Another of Collins' policies was to operate strictly à la carte. One result is that the management still views a blue-plate special with horror. Collins was particularly proud of his coffee, a Java blend he himself stored six years to age, a practice continued until the Japanese seized Java. The blend's formula is a strict secret. When customers complained about his fifteen-cent price for a cup of coffee, Collins always agreed. "Yes, it's terrible," he'd say, "but I can't get any more for it."

In 1929, Henrici's was purchased from the Collins-Henrici group by the John R. Thompson restaurant chain. The deal was kept as quiet as possible because Henrici's had established itself as something quite the opposite of a chain eatery. When the news at last leaked out, the public, which already felt it owned the place, began yammering. Old customers began sniffing about mythical changes in the food, the coffee, the waitresses, even the hatracks. Actually nothing changed, the Thompson people having retained all the personnel and policies of Collins, including young William Collins, Jr., as one of its directors. But to keep the clamor down, the soft pedal was put on Thompson ownership. Today, however, everyone knows nothing has changed, and the Thompson company, proud of the way in which they have handled it, don't mind if you know they own Henrici's.

While its location inside the Loop, near the city's department stores and theaters as well as City Hall, has made Henrici's a Chicago hangout for Chicagoans, another factor—train schedules—made it the best known transcontinental meeting place in America. Since there is no through cross-country train, everyone traveling from coast to coast must stop in Chicago for several hours, just long enough to run over to Henrici's for a bite. The result is that, sandwiched in among the city characters, is a daily handful of Hollywood queens and producers.

Until the repeal of prohibition, Henrici's never served liquor, because Henrici and Collins wanted to avoid anything approaching a saloon atmosphere. Today there is a small service bar to accommodate cocktail-drinking diners, but its business is unnoticeable. Another policy banned smoking by women. This held until 1926, when Sophie Tucker sat down and, to the consternation of the management, lighted a cigarette and calmly waited to be thrown out. But no one had the nerve to give her a cease-and-desist order, and that ended the smoking ban.

But there is still no orchestral din.
THE END



"Now, maybe he'll get those brakes relined"

— says Stopper

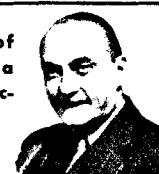
BRAKES ARE DANGEROUS WHEN:

- They require frequent adjustment
- The brake pedal goes to the floor
- Brake action is slow or grabby
- Car pulls to right or left on braking
- Brakes groan or chatter
- They make grinding noise when used
- Car nose dives on applying brakes
- They work unevenly

Brake Neglect May Mean a Wreck . .
Can You Afford That Now?

"Volume production of new cars will not be a fact until a decisive victory is assured."

— says auto magnate



Safe stop brake service is featured in repair shops and service stations by American Brakeblok, makers of the safety brake lining, now in use on millions of motor vehicles. This brake lining is quickly available through 38 NAPA warehouses and jobbers everywhere. These warehouses also carry a companion line of clutch facings, fan belts and radiator hose



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JULIE sat on the grass, arms around knees in blue denim slacks, and stared gloomily at the infant Nathaniel Marr Comstock. His chin on his hands, he gazed back at her in despair.

"The trouble with us," said Julie, "is that we're just tired of each other. All afternoon is too long. You're used to a gayer me, and I'm used to a different kind of Saturday."

As dirty as a fresh-dug potato, Nat stared at her and sighed. An hour ago he had been sparkling clean but the moist black earth of the rose bed had been irresistible. That was why he was in his playpen.

Relenting, Julie smiled at him and Nat, leaning against his playpen, examined her smile. That was the way the babies in the hospital looked at her, round-eyed and sad, not believing her when she smiled.

"You see," said Julie. "I'm not safe to leave with children. I spread depression where once I gave out only with gaiety and cheer."

Nat had had enough. He jabbered rapidly at her and squatted over his blocks.

"It isn't," explained Julie to her nephew's fat pink linen rear, "all these hen par-

ties that get me down, nor the miles I walk two mornings a week in hospital corridors, nor the pictures with barbed wire around them. It isn't any one thing. It's just the whole putrid business. And I'm nineteen. Anyone who is nineteen is caught right in the middle of it. We're gypped."

Breathing heavily, Nat placed one block on top of another and ignored her.

Julie put her face down on her knees, the July sun hot on her head, and her long hair, parted in the middle, slid forward like a veil. She tried to remember when she had first become aware of her own, her very personal bad luck.

It was tied up, of course, with Malcolm Wade. They had met at the spring dance and struck sparks from each other right away, and in the three or four times they had seen each other since, nothing had been right.

With invisible brass hands playing constantly in the distance, it was as though they had tried too hard and too quickly to get into step. Like the kiss. She had wanted, terribly, to have him kiss her, but not like that. Heavy necking was something to be saved for the book-and-bell-and-candle guy. And Malcolm had not declared himself that guy.

She thought he was going to, the last night he was here. But Malcolm had said everything that last night—except the one important thing. He said he should have known she wasn't that type. He said she was so beautiful. He said he had not been able to get her out of his mind since the first time he saw her. He had *not* said he loved her and wanted to marry her.

HER head on her knees, she saw him clearly, his deep blue mocking eyes, his fair hair thick and crew-cut, his mouth at once so sweet and so scornful. A little sound escaped her. This was it—love the way she had always wanted love—sudden, without reason or long consideration. Whether she ever saw him again or not, whether or not his letters stopped coming, there could not, after Malcolm, be anybody else. And she would always know that in reality he was honorable, that the war changed everybody's values, and that it was the war that had spoiled things between them.

Let other people keep their chins up and their flags flying, let other people give out with this fake optimism, this idiotic cheerfulness. She could not pretend. Oh, she'd do what she had to. Two mornings

a week in the hospital—otherwise she'd lose her credits for the nurses' aide course. But no more. And she'd never win her cap. But she wasn't much good in the hospital this summer, anyway. Last year Mrs. Downes had said she was wonderful, she did something for the children's ward, and the old people watched for her to come on duty. But not this summer—

The gravel crunched sharply, and, with a whoop, Nat threw himself against the side of his playpen. Raising her head, Julie blinked in the stabbing sunlight and groaned with relief.

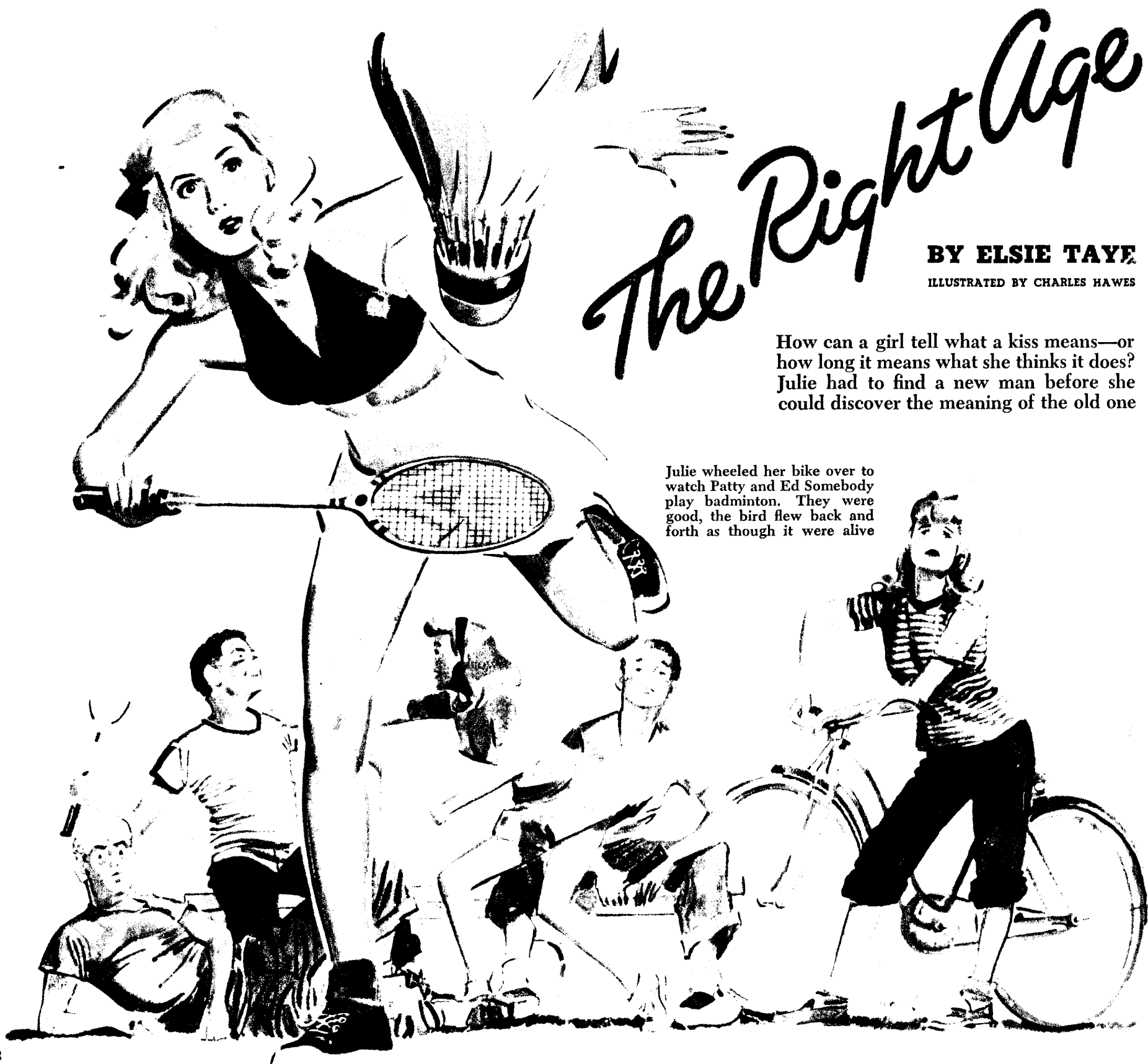
"Your sentence is up," said her brother-in-law, through the open window, as he brought the car to a stop near her.

"Thank goodness." Julie rose to her feet with alacrity.

"You fill me with admiration," said Nathan, looking at her. "You half kill yourself doing things for people, don't you?"

Julie smiled firmly at him so that her lips would not tremble. Anybody could hurt her feelings lately, and there wasn't any sense to it. Nathan had always kidded her and she adored him. But lately there was an edge in his kidding, almost as though he did not like her.

Barbara jumped out the other side of



The Right Age

BY ELSIE TAYE
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

How can a girl tell what a kiss means—or how long it means what she thinks it does? Julie had to find a new man before she could discover the meaning of the old one

Julie wheeled her bike over to watch Patty and Ed Somebody play badminton. They were good, the bird flew back and forth as though it were alive



This is a "heart-warmer." Get lots of 'em with Ansco film!



Two beauties on the beach—one Ansco beauty for your album.

How's your score on Heart-Warmers?

SOME PEOPLE like to take "arty" pictures. I guess that's lots of fun.

But personally, I go in for *heart-warmers*. You know... The baby playing with the pooch. Tom having fun on furlough. The kids whitewashing the Victory Garden fence.

And if I say so myself, I really have some honeys. Not that I'm an expert. Far from it.

But somewhere along the line I learned about Ansco film. And that's when my batting average began to climb!

Strange as it sounds, Ansco film seems to re-

member I'm human. It covers up minor errors of exposure. I don't have to worry too much about lens openings or shutter speeds when my camera is loaded with Ansco.

Plenty of confidence

Ansco film, you see, has extremely *wide latitude*. This quality provides a margin of safety which even expert photographers value.

And for an average shutter snapper like you or me—it's a *life-saver*!

With Ansco film, you'll be so confident of getting

swell snapshots... that you'll usually *get* them. So try Ansco film today. It doesn't cost a cent extra.

And besides, it carries the guarantee... "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free."

Ansco, Binghamton, New York. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.

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CAMERA NEWS! Coming — after the war — new and improved editions of our famous cameras like the PIONEER, the CLIPPER, the CADET. And that's not all — we're planning some very important camera surprises. Keep your eye on Ansco!



THE FILM THAT REMEMBERS
YOU'RE HUMAN

Ansco film · cameras



Furlough fun *lasts*... when you have an Ansco shot like this.



Exposure, uncertain. Result, swell. Film, *Ansco*!

PRESIDENT TAFT GAVE THE STARTING SIGNAL

IT is June 1, 1909. For weeks the papers have been full of the exciting news. Now, before the New York City Hall five "horseless carriages"—an Acme, a Shawmut, an Itala and two Model-T Fords—stand hub to hub.

Anxiously mechanics make final adjustments. Then, from the White House, President Taft flashes the starting signal. And America's first transcontinental auto race is under way.

West of St. Louis seven-day rains had turned the country roads into quagmires. Across the prairies and in Colorado average speeds were cut to ten miles an hour.

At Cheyenne, Wyoming, the big Itala quit

the race. The others plowed on. Near the summit of the Cascades they fought their way against towering snow drifts.

Days later, Ford Car Number 2—the winner—entered the gates of Seattle's Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. It had crossed the continent in 22 days and 55 minutes, with New York air still in the two front tires!

As he awarded the trophy cup, Colonel M. Robert Guggenheim said: *"Mr. Ford's theory that a light-weight car, highly powered . . . can go places where heavier cars cannot go, and can beat heavier cars costing five and six times as much, on the steep hill or on bad roads, has been proved."*

"I believe Mr. Ford has the solution of the problem of the popular automobile."

The proof of that no longer rests in a single car which won a race, but in 30 million cars and trucks Ford has built since then. And today millions of them are providing reliable, economical transportation for wartime America.

Meanwhile the inventive genius and the precision skills associated with the name *Ford* continue to serve the nation in the mass production of giant aircraft and other means to victory.

In the days of peace that lie ahead, Ford's traditional resourcefulness in developing new ideas and new methods will again produce soundly-engineered motor cars, priced within the reach of the largest number of people.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



the car and hugged Nat, dirt and all. She put him down on the grass, and he was off, staggering across the lawn.

"Darling," said Barbara to her sister, one eye on Nat, "we didn't mean to be gone so long. But shopping for groceries is not what it was, believe me."

There was no complaint in Barbara's voice, only amusement for the way things were. Definitely one of the chins-up and flags-flying sisterhood.

But, reflected Julie, Barbara and Nathan had nothing to complain about. They had not been gypped. Even if they were welcome to their humdrum marriage, they had that much—and Nat—and seemed unaware that there were such things in the world as enchantment and excitement and romance.

"Watch Nat for one minute longer, will you, darling," said Barbara, "while I help with the bags and bundles?"

In a two-year-old gingham dress, straw sandals on her bare feet, her true-gold hair in a sleek chignon, Barbara managed to look like next month's issue of one of the fifty-cent magazines, as she carried an armload into the small expensive house. Nathan had no idea that his wife was beautiful.

And Nathan, carrying great bags of groceries into the kitchen, wasn't bad himself, with his six feet of bone and muscle, his nice eyes and his white teeth. Not 4-F by a mile and fit to be tied about still being a civilian. Instead of worrying about him being called by his draft board, Barbara agreed with him, and said it was a dirty shame—he had as much right to fight for his country as any other husband.

A FUNNY pair. Probably neither knew what the other looked like. They had gone together since they were in their teens, with Nathan brushing aside such young men as were foolish enough to look at Barbara and think: She's for me—and Barbara letting him. Now they had been married for five years and acted practically middle-aged. If, thought Julie bitterly, I ever have anything, it will have begun with enchantment. No going steady for years and years—not for me.

With patting of revived affection Nat fell against Julie's legs and she pulled his curls gently, absently. When she glanced up Nathan was standing beside her; he was regarding her with a kind of frowning curiosity.

"You heard from Malcolm lately?" he asked, and offered her a cigarette.

Forgivingly Julie took one. Of course everybody in this family knew your business. You could not hope to escape their frank and avid interest. "Yes," she said, smiling her new-this-summer, unamiable smile, "he's still at Great Lakes, teaching boots to sail by the stars."

"A nice guy," said Nathan.

Lighting both their cigarettes, Nathan let the match burn down before he snicked the charred end into the rose bed.

"Keith Grover's people heard anything more about him?" he asked gravely. Everyone who knew Keith was crazy about him.

Julie pressed her lips together and shook her head. This was another blow, a different kind, that the war had dealt her. Keith was one of her best friends. Once, when she was very young, Julie had thought she was in love with Keith, but that was all over long ago, and they had ended by being one of those brother-and-sister teams—the swellest imaginable friendship. The war had swallowed up Keith in a way that made death—clean, tragic death—something that could be borne. Weeks ago, before she came home from college, Keith's mother and father had been informed by the War Department that their son was missing in action. Not a word since.

"Nope," said Julie, and walked around the car to where her bicycle rested on its standard beside the back door.

"Well, thanks a lot for taking care of Nat." Nathan smiled at her in sympathetic understanding, almost as though he knew that she, and everybody nineteen, was gypped.

Running out, her straw sandals slapping the gravel, Barbara begged Julie to stay for dinner and kissed her regretfully when Julie would not. Barbara, Julie knew, had planned to talk her into being on some kind of blood donors' committee. Nobody seemed to realize that she just wasn't any good at anything, the way she felt.

Nat roared with insincere grief as she pedaled down the driveway.

Without haste, Julie rode through the wide, shady streets of the residential section

to her own house. There might be one of Malcolm's special-delivery letters there, but she did not think so. He wrote often but not regularly. Everything about him was unpredictable, fascinating. And it was odd to remember that the first sight of him had filled her with fury.

He was standing in the doorway of the gym, consciously spectacular, his handsome mouth scornful, his blue eyes bored. Not grand enough for him, this small college spring dance, where only half the girls had been able to corral dates. Then she saw the star above the single stripe on his sleeve and she forgave him. Everything was to be forgiven line officers.

Her eyes met his as she danced past him, and he straightened, surprised and pleased, his mouth much handsomer when it was not scornful.

Someone introduced them and they danced, and afterward he sulked again in the doorway while she danced with others. Very gratifying, and no more than a girl who was one of the eight chosen to walk in the Spring Procession could expect—even if Julie had only made it by the skin of her teeth and because they needed another near-blonde. She was not the beauty that Barbara was, nor that her younger sister Patty would be, but she was doing all right.

Malcolm stayed overnight at the inn, which

"I was afraid he was a little too devastating," she said privately to Julie, "but I guess he's okay. If you want him, darling, I hope you get him."

With one direct glance, Julie let her sister see how much she wanted him. Barbara bit her lower lip in exaggerated woe and squeezed Julie's arm.

GETTING off her bike, Julie wheeled it through the vacant lot, a short cut to her street. Funny, she used to be always tearing, always in a hurry, and now she seemed to live in slow motion. There was nothing to hurry for.

She stopped at the end of their own lawn and watched Patty and Ed Somebody playing badminton. They were good, the bird flew back and forth as though it were alive, and Patty was a cover girl in shorts and halter. Patty was working hard but she never stopped talking, commenting wittingly on Ed's shots, gloating over her own. Patty, observed Julie's sisterly eye, was hectic rather than gay.

A quick glance over the three or four boys and girls on the bench beside the badminton court showed Julie why at once. Patty, it was to be understood, was having a wonderful time, even if her present heart-throb, one Alec, was not here. And he was supposed to be. At breakfast this morning



"We'll have to make out a schedule so they won't be out working on the same afternoons—at least until after the election"

he had not intended doing. Julie's date, a pre-medical student, had also stayed—having definitely planned on it. The three of them spent the next day together, walking, a movie, eating, and by the way Malcolm acted, you'd think it was the pre-med who was butting in. Malcolm need not have been quite so disagreeable to the pre-med, but it was flattering, of course, in a way.

MALCOLM was not, it developed, exactly a line officer, but an instructor in navigation, and he was on travel time because he was on his way to Sampson Naval Station for a two-months instructing course. Before she turned her head to smile at him, Julie had calculated rapidly that she would be home for the summer vacation long before the two months was up. And when she said, keeping the excitement out of her voice, that Sampson was only sixty miles from her home town, Malcolm made no attempt to keep the excitement out of his voice as he laughed, throwing back his head in that triumphant way of his.

Twice he had visited her here at home before he had been moved to Great Lakes. Her mother, never impressed by good looks, said contentedly that Malcolm was a well-bred boy. Nathan liked him. And when Nat stuck to him like a burr and crawled all over the custom-made blue uniform and demanded more piggyback rides—which he got—Barbara succumbed.

Patty had knocked over the cream pitcher as she announced that she'd like the exclusive use of the court in the afternoon, as Alec and the gang were coming over. Alec, a darling rascal, held Patty in the hollow of his hand.

Julie waved to the kids on the bench and pushed her bike across the lawn. No use wasting pity on her young sister. Julie had been through it all herself, and it was the ultimate insult to tell Sixteen that she would get over the eternal love of the moment. And Patty didn't know how lucky she was to be sixteen. All these subdraft boys around to let her know she was beautiful, and after the war Patty would be just the right age for the boys who came back. Julie and her contemporaries would be old girls by that time. . . .

Careful to leave enough room to drive out, she steered her bicycle in between her mother's car and the garage wall. You couldn't explain to Patty about puppy love. And come to think of it, it wasn't trivial when you were going through it. Julie remembered how she had been about Keith Grover.

She stood in the cool shadow of the garage for a moment and looked out at her own street—Keith's street, too, four houses down. It was rotten—the street would never be the same without Keith. He had been so available, for advice, for skating or swimming or badminton if you had nothing else to do.

He was the one who got the young kids on the street together and organized baseball teams and scrub football. The kids adored him, and the old ladies on the street hung over their porch railings to talk to him, and he was always ready to drive his aunts or his grandmother some dull place.

Big-hearted Keith, not much interested in girls, that grim engineering course of his the important thing in his life, teasing her always but always ready to listen to her. He had forgotten, if indeed he had ever been aware, that they had had a crush on each other when they were very young, before they had found out that the thing between them was friendship, not love, and before she had found out that the world was full of fascinating men of whom a reasonable number wanted dates with her.

Leaning against the garage door, Julie could have bawled for their youngness, remembering the time Keith had kissed her. They had come home from skating, oh, years ago, and so young, so awkward were they, that their foreheads had cracked together as his cold lips brushed hers briefly.

The second time he kissed her, he was leaving for camp. This time it was a sound and noisy kiss, with her mother and father looking on, and Keith's big paws on her shoulders, his dark head that no one in their right senses could call handsome, tipped down at her.

"Well," she laughed, when they had stood there too long, "what are you looking at?"

"Not much," Keith answered. "I just want to remember what the typical American girl looks like—blue eyes, brown-blond hair, conceited chin."

"Conceited is right," said her father unnecessarily.

"Freedom at last!" said Keith, his hazel eyes twinkling. "What a break! No more advice to the lovelorn. No more lying over the telephone because a dimwit gets her dates mixed up—"

She had hated to see him go, and she had missed him, as everyone on the street missed him.

In no time, Keith had been made a sergeant. He was sent to half a dozen different camps, always farther away, and in the end he was one of the ones who was shipped out of the country without a single furlough. . . .

HER mother was on the screened side porch, reading the paper, one of her pretty new ruffled aprons over her summer print dress. Mrs. Marr had no old aprons. In the years that her kitchen had belonged exclusively to Bertha, she had not needed aprons. Now Bertha was doing her marvelous cooking in a hospital.

"Hello, dear," said Mrs. Marr slipping off her tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses as she gave Julie a quick look from lovely slate-gray eyes. "How's my grandson?"

"Fine," said Julie, kissing her. "Any mail or anything?"

"No, darling," said her mother brightly, so as to hide the sympathy in her voice.

Mrs. Marr had a quick, clear-burning temper on occasion, but when she thoroughly disapproved of you she was patient and sympathetic. She did not nag you about war work or indicate by so much as a word that the summer vacation might be considered too long for loafing.

"I guess you're stuck with me," said Julie lightly, curling herself up on the glider. "Barbara's off your hands, and at the right time Pat will be. But I couldn't have been born at a worse time, could I?"

"It all depends," said Mrs. Marr. She folded the paper and pressed it down with her hands. "You could look at it as a waiting time, sort of a breathing spell, that you've been given, so that you can make up your mind what kind of person you yourself are, and what kind of person you want to marry—"

"Yeah." This might or might not be a reference to Malcolm. "And then," Julie smiled her new, unamiable smile, "how do I get him?"

Her mother sat on the edge of her chair, ready to get up. "Well, of course, darling, you have to be clever about it. Once you know, then you've got to hang onto him tight and never let him go."

"Like Barbara and Nathan, you mean. But that's not my dish—going with someone for years and years and finally drifting into an engagement, from habit, and then into a wedding. Why," said Julie, "those two haven't really seen each other since they

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were in their teens—they're just like the furniture to each other. And all they think about is the baby and groceries and storm windows and repapering—"

"Very interesting things, too," said her mother.

Julie groaned. "I suppose everybody has to come to it, and maybe I won't mind—if I have the other things first. But I've got to marry someone I'm delirious about, somebody thrilling, who stunned me the first time I saw him—"

"Is that," asked her mother, eying her speculatively, "your idea of love?"

"What else?" Julie folded her arms and said wickedly, "It all begins, doesn't it, with the old biological urge?"

"The old biological urge," said her mother briskly, getting up, "is fine. Some boys and girls, nice ones, too, have to have several such urges, as you call them, before they are adult enough to know the real thing."

"And," said Julie, smiling, "just how do you know the real thing?"

Very patient and sympathetic, her mother smiled back. "Darling, it isn't always easy. But I think there's one thing you can depend on: If you love someone, you're happy about it. You're happy when you're together."

Oh, yes. Happy about it. Left alone on the porch, Julie gazed drearily into space. How could you be happy about anything in a world that had nothing for you? How could you hold tight and never let go the man you were deliriously in love with when you couldn't, in the first place, get him because, the way the world was, things were never right between you when you were together. . . .

Julie unfolded herself and went into the house. After a quick shower, she braided her hair into two long pigtails for coolness, put on a sleeveless gingham dress and went downstairs.

"I'll set the table," she called to her mother from the dining room.

PATTY came in, as much of her as you could see (which was a good deal) streaked with perspiration. On her way upstairs, she hung over the banister and looked at Julie laying silver in neat patterns.

"Pull up your face," said Patty.

"Never mind my face," said Julie.

Patty burst out, "Do you know where that Alec Mosely was today? Swimming—with the Taggart girl. And everyone that goes around with her ends up by drinking or some other life of crime."

Julie did not laugh. She got more spoons from the buffet drawer. "What did you do to him?" she asked.

"Not a thing," cried Patty passionately.

"A likely story."

"All I did was ask the other kids to come over today, too, and it seems that Eddie and Marcia are too young for Mr. Mosely! But I'm not so dumb that I'd let that wolf think he owned me—"

Either in rage or pain, Patty choked suddenly and ran up the stairs.

All that emotion wasted on a long, thin, curly-headed boy with an endearing grin, who

could not possibly rate it. Julie got ice cubes from the refrigerator, thinking back to when she was sixteen. She had been in the same state as Patty. Except that Keith had rated it. Funny, how she had recognized his worth. A little too serious he had become, even before the war, but so solid and dependable . . . it wasn't fair that he should be one of the ones to be lost in this war—but then, none of it was fair. . . .

As immaculate as though it were not ninety in the shade, Dad came in, no hat on his sparkling head which had been snow-white ever since Julie could remember, his eyes blue and unwilted, his light summer suit fitting his stocky body without a wrinkle.

He pecked at Julie, felt impelled to pull a pigtail, and said, "Where's your mother?" Without waiting for an answer he walked straight into the kitchen, as he would have walked straight upstairs or straight out to the garden if his wife had happened to be at one of those places.

THEY began to talk at once, Julie's mother and father, and they would talk with few interruptions until they went to bed. There was no end to the things they had to say to each other. The headlines in the paper, and the smallest incident of a good law practice and the least item of the domestic day had to be talked about. Cute, the way they hung on each other's words. . . .

The table set, Julie went out again to the porch where she stood staring moodily. The clear pale sky gave no promise of relief, and it might be the heat, but for some reason she had achieved a new low today. Very likely one of the last of the happy marriages was in there in the kitchen, talking its head off. . . .

It was while they were eating lemon snow that the telephone rang. Patty, her slate-gray eyes snapping, so sure was she that it was Alec, jumped up and ran to the hall to answer.

She came back, disappointed. "For you, Julie. Telegram or something from Western Union."

"Or something!" Julie laughed and went quickly into the hall.

"This is Julie Marr . . . yes . . . yes . . . thank you. I've got it."

Walking back to the dining room did not seem quite enough, and Julie whirled twice, gravely, expectantly, before she stood in the dining-room door.

"Malcolm's coming tonight," she said, and looked at them.

Her mother was pleased in a surprised and sympathetic way.

Patty licked her spoon and said, "Lucky you!"

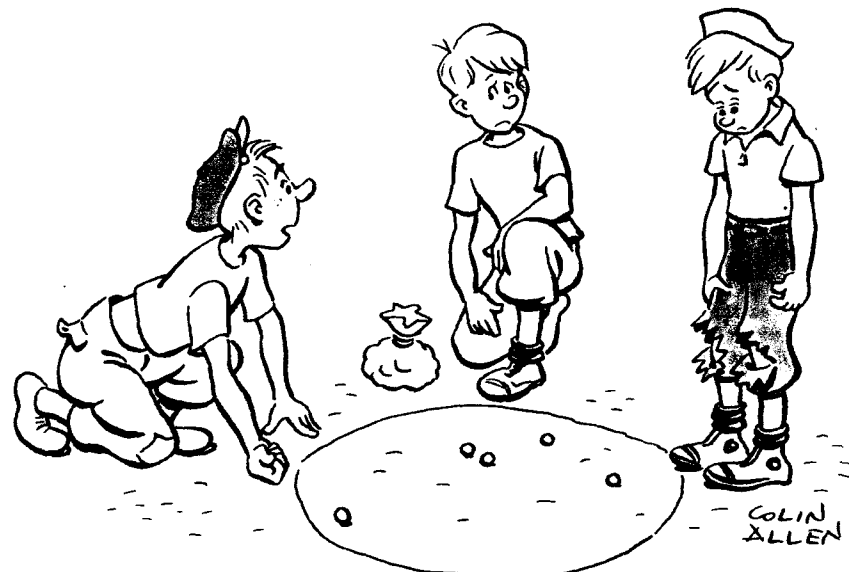
Dad said, "Malcolm. Malcolm. Who's he?" They all laughed.

"He's the one," said Julie. "My big moment. The one I swoon over."

"Oh, him," said Mr. Marr, and passed his plate up for more pudding. "The Adonis of the Navy Yards."

"That's right," said Julie, smiling at her father, vaguely waiting for something.

"Heavens!" she said, still standing, her



"You were flying in a four-motor bomber and you had to bail out. Thirty feet from the ground your parachute broke and you landed on your knees. Tell her that!"

COLLIER'S

COLLIN ALLEN

hand on her chair. "I've got to tear. He'll be here in a couple of hours. He's hitchhiking on a bomber!"

She turned, poked Patty as she passed and said, "Your turn to do the dishes."

Running lightly up the stairs, she grabbed the box of reclaimed bobby pins they both used from Patty's room, pushed several bottles of lurid nail polish around on Patty's dressing table until she found a color pale enough, and went to her own room.

Still vaguely waiting, she sat down and surveyed herself in the dressing-table mirror, and knew that it was not going to happen. She had gone through all the motions of being excited, but she was not excited. Even this was spoiled. Even if tonight were to be the night that Malcolm told her he loved her, the war would spoil their happiness.

He was coming, out of the blue—literally—when she had not known how long it would be before she saw him again, and the depression that had been with her all summer was still heavy within her. It could not be only the heat.

It's as though we're all doomed, she thought, and made a wry face at her own reflection for the high-flown phrase.

Stupefied, was what she was. When she saw him, in his Navy whites—she hoped he'd be wearing whites—it would be all right. Then she'd react.

THE pink Shantung dress was fresh and pressed on the bed, her hair curled just enough from the bobby pins to turn smoothly under, and Julie was soberly trying lipstick on her wrist, searching for one that would give her a little lift, a little sparkle, when she raised her head, her face whitening as she listened.

Slowly she stood up, tying her house coat tight around her as she moved blindly into the hall. One hand on the railing, she stood at the head of the stairs.

They were on the front porch. Through the laughing and the crying, the explosive half-sentences, she heard what they were saying, she heard the name.

Julie floated down the stairs. The screen door was weightless and opened for her as she touched it.

Her mother's arms around Mrs. Grover's round, tightly girdled figure, the two of them were making wonderful hysterical noises on each other's shoulders. Mr. Grover was walking around and around them, patting them, saying, "Now—now." Dad was beaming foolishly at Patty who kept poking him

and exclaiming, "Gee whiz! Well, gee whiz—we can send him stuff through the Red Cross—healthy stuff like cookies and chocolate." She shrieked, "Maybe he'll even get to come home on the Gripsholm!"

In a high, clear voice, Julie said, "Keith is safe."

They saw her and fell upon her, laughing and crying, patting her. Yes, Keith was safe. He was a prisoner of war, oh, terrible in a way, but he was in good health, he would be in no more battles, he would be reasonably well taken care of.

"It's the funniest thing," said Julie in the same clear voice. "I feel just as though I'm floating. There was this thing on me like a block-buster all summer—and I didn't know—if I'd only known what it was—Why, I'm so happy I could take off right now and zoom—"

Yes, yes, they all felt the same way. . . .

"Of course you don't," said Julie. "I mean there's never been anybody in all my life that mattered but Keith. And I might never have known—"

"He'd have told you," sobbed Mrs. Grover happily. "He knew—and he was absolutely sure you'd know, too, when it was time. He didn't think it was fair to tell you before he went. He wanted you to have fun—"

"Fun," said Julie.

"Yes," said her mother sensibly drying her eyes, "fun—like having Malcolm Wade flying in on a bomber to see you."

"Malcolm," said Julie, smiling her own smile, her old one, that spread all over her face. "He's sweet—in some ways. I have a few things to tell him and then, if he shows the right spirit, maybe I'll round up a couple of nice girls for him. Of course, he'll have to know right away about Keith and me. And isn't it wonderful? I'll have finished college, and Keith has had all this extra engineering stuff in the Army, and we'll be just the right age to get married when he comes back—"

"Poor Malcolm," said her mother in a contented voice. "I don't see him staying very long here."

"I hope not," said Julie. "I have to be up early tomorrow. I've got to have something done about my hair first—maybe I'll have it all cut off. And then I want to see Mrs. Downes. If I spend eight hours a day at the hospital, every day from now till college opens—she was counting on her fingers—" "I think, yes, I'm sure I can finish my hundred and fifty hours, and get my cap before I go back—"

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

A BOTTLE of Professor Tom (Fiery Bush) Swackhammer's Coefficient Specific Compound has arrived at this desk. But no directions arrived with it and we're inclined to wait until we've heard further from Professor Swackhammer who is at present "shouting the way out of mortal sin" somewhere in western Arkansas. It smells pretty tonicky but we're not as daring with unidentified bottled stuff as we used to be. The label also says: "Not necessary to keep this bottle in a dry cool place."

SEVERAL conservative citizens have hastened to notify us that the Honorable Ellis Arnall, governor of Georgia, is another reason why Democrats are not to be trusted. They point out that Mr. Arnall has ideas and ignores the precedent that trustworthy officeholders should avoid innovations as they would nasty diseases. The governor's idea that the Democrats should dispense with a national convention this year, for example. He's a tradition destroyer, they cry. We also have a letter from a lady who thinks it "real mean" of Mr. Arnall to say such things. "I have been looking forward all year to going to the convention with my fine husband," she says. "My husband is a delegate to the convention and he says he can never do a thing without me. If Ellis Arnall has his way, there wouldn't be any convention for me to go to and be a help to my husband, who has never been a delegate before. I think he is real mean because my husband is a fine man."

AND it's fine with our troops in the South Pacific that Congress has declined the invi-

tation from Parliament to send a delegation to sit in at a few sessions of the latter. We've just heard from a sergeant about it. He says that Congress "would learn more by sending a delegation to New Guinea." And he adds: "We will take good care of the gentlemen and see that the Nips don't get them. We will give them a nice guard of Negro soldiers who will show their appreciation for Congress' patriotic consideration of the anti-poll-tax legislation."

OUR agents report a heavy consultation in Washington. It has to do with broadcasting campaign speeches to our Armed Forces overseas. But it hasn't to do with whose, how often or how far. The conferees are chiefly concerned with: Do they dare? and Aren't the lads taking enough punishment as it is?

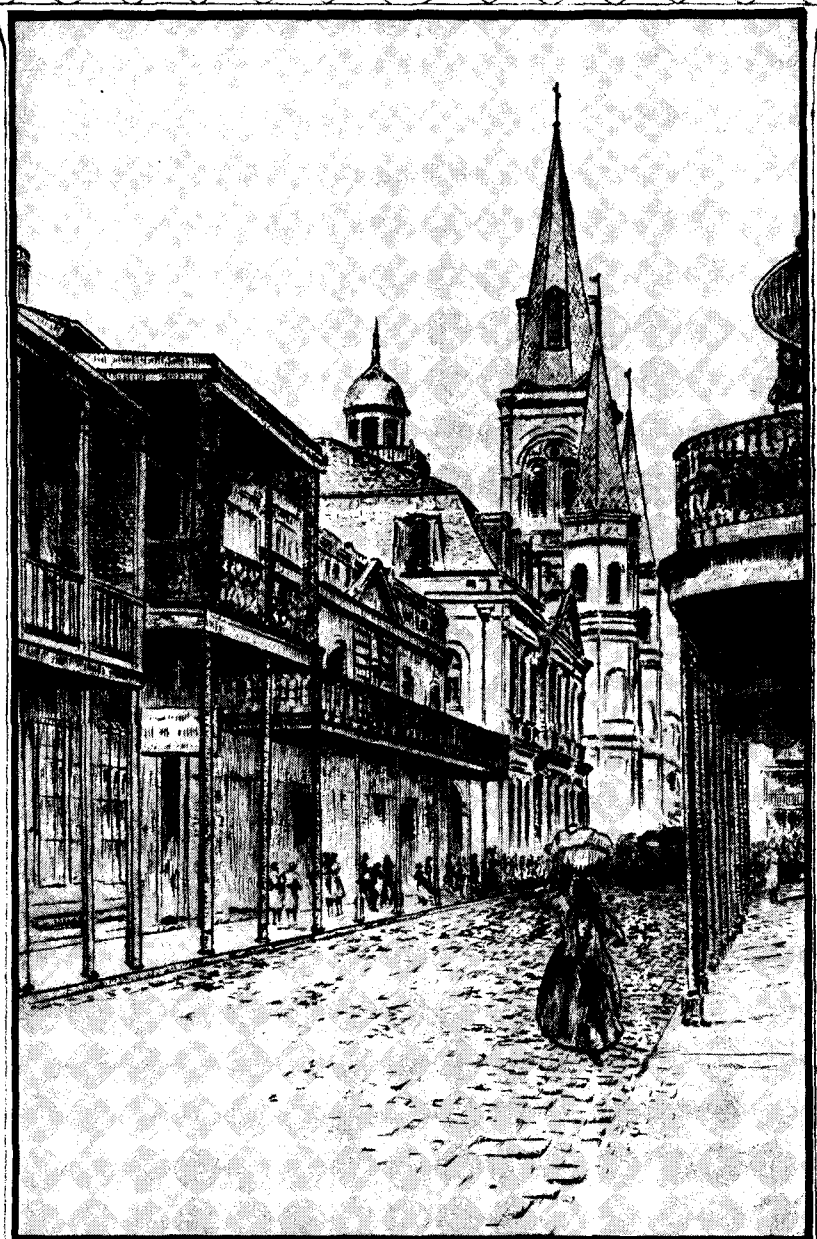
WE KNOW a lady who told us that her Negro cook had returned to her employ. A year ago, the cook left to indulge in munitions work and revel in high wages. "She told me," said our lady, "that she thought she had been patriotic long enough and that she thought it was about time to get practical."

NOTHING this week about the OPA. But we've just received a copy of a bill offered to the Connecticut legislature showing you that, after all, our legislators do look after us: "Be it enacted, etc., that the flesh of any animal condemned because diseased shall not be used as food but shall immediately be sent to a fertilized factory or creamery."

AND three more anti-Semitic form letters. Courageously anonymous, of course. The writers assure us that it isn't a lack of courage that makes them withhold their names. They say they merely don't care for publicity. Does anybody know the address of a good "fertilized factory?" . . . W. D.

Chartres Street

Clothed in memories of yesteryear, Chartres Street reflects the traditional charm of enchanting, colorful New Orleans.

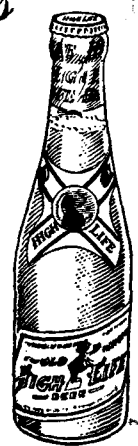


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Can the G. O. P. Win?

Continued from page 20

Although Mr. Willkie has quit the contest for the nomination, his acceptance of the man who is nominated and of the platform adopted is vital to Republican chances. If he denounces that platform, if he throws his influence to Mr. Roosevelt, he may be that balance of power which will decide the election. At best, the balance is delicate. It may be true enough that Mr. Willkie's appeal to the voter is much less powerful now than it was in 1940. Nevertheless, if he were running today for election, he would poll many votes which may by no means be regarded as straight Republican but as Mugwump votes—not confined within any party lines.

Today, to win the election, the Republican candidate will have to overcome the vote which, while not necessarily a New Deal vote or in any other particular a certain Roosevelt vote, will regard Mr. Roosevelt's experience in war, his grasp of the international political situation and his accepted political acumen as too important to dispense with now. These people may be voting for him with regret but they will be fearful of turning over control in this crisis to an untried man.

It will be less difficult for the Republicans to win the House of Representatives than the Presidency. And yet they can win the Presidency. If state contests are as close this year as they were in 1940, the Mugwump vote might conceivably give them the important states of New York, Illinois and New Jersey, where Mr. Roosevelt's edge was only one per cent of the vote cast in 1940.

Surveys tend to show that there aren't enough isolationist votes today to control local elections. In spite of the noise made by the so-called America Firsters—racketeering, crackpot or sincere—they have gradually disappeared as a political or voting bloc. The latest polls show that in the Central states, which have popularly been regarded as the location of most of our isolationism, 67 per cent of the people are in favor of taking an active part in some form of an international organization to maintain law, order and peace in the world.

The same vote in the Mountain states was 83 per cent. On the Pacific Coast, it was 72 per cent. In the South, it was only 61 per cent; in New England 74; and in the Middle Atlantic states 70. We are not going to burden you with statistics, but this seems to offer a certain amount of evidence that the old isolationist vote is no dire threat today. The nation as a whole voted 68 per cent. Moreover, the survey showed that 72 per cent of Republicans polled were for taking an active part in such an international organization as against 71 per cent for the Democrats. It seems, therefore, that belief in international co-operation is not the exclusive property of any one party.

The Internationally Minded Voters

You may scan the polls at great length, going into all the breakdowns of them, and you come forth with the conviction that the majority of Americans are today eager to participate in international affairs, are willing to clip our own wings a bit in the interests of peace and prosperity. The percentage of the voters in this frame of mind is so high that for the Republicans to follow any other course would be to invite defeat. The same poll offered the voters the chance to say that they wanted no international alliances at all and to have as little to do with foreign countries as possible. Only 13 per cent of such voters assented to that, and only 8 per cent of those polled were in favor of separate alliances with certain allied countries instead of a broad international agreement.

It is not intended that so much space given over to the country's attitude on internationalism should indicate that this is the voter's first concern. We find that he is voting for international co-operation because he has come to believe it necessary to his personal postwar security and highly important in that security is his desire for a job. Fifty-eight per cent of the people polled told us that the prevention of postwar unemployment is the next President's most important task.

Although out of the race, Mr. Willkie's influence is very much to be reckoned with. Some time after Willkie retired from the race—after his Wisconsin defeat—10 per cent of the Republicans polled still were of the opinion that he was the best available Republican.

All the surveys emphasize the tough job the Republicans are taking on as they convene. It is a simple matter to interpret such warning of looming difficulties as propaganda aimed at discouraging the Republican voter and the Democrat who is yearning for a chance to vote against the Democratic nominee. Actually we are merely following the trend as it is revealed in the polls. Viewed from the most optimistic standpoint, the Republican chances are fifty-fifty. But there are survey reasons to cite them as 45-55 in favor of the Democrats. The polls taken after this convention will indicate pretty clearly whether the Republicans have chosen and written wisely or whether they still refuse to face facts.

The Failure of Oratory

But it has become almost axiomatic in this public-opinion-sampling business that polls taken at the beginning of a campaign are not very much different from those taken just before election. And the winner's real election percentage of victory is very likely to be about the same as the percentage of preference given him by the voters in polls taken at the beginning of the campaign. Between the opening of the campaign and the actual voting, each candidate has his minor ups and downs. But in the end you have plenty of evidence that the actual hullabaloo and oratory of the campaign sway very few votes away from the decision the voter has made at the beginning of the campaign. This may be an extremely close contest. A few votes may decide it.

You're probably—and justifiably—weary of the qualification that this year presents an uncommon situation, that the fact that we're in a war, and that the war is approaching its climax will cause Mr. Roosevelt to receive the support of many voters who in normal times would vote for his opponent. It is necessary to repeat that, because it is wholly true, and yet this vote will be influenced by the progress of the fighting.

Polls indicate, too, that criticism will descend upon him if domestic affairs do not come off well. Wholly aside from the merits of the case, the present Administration can not afford another Montgomery Ward affair unless equally stern measures are taken against striking workers and their leaders. There will be plenty of ballyhoo to arouse the resentment of the voter should Mr. Roosevelt's crackdowns be open to the accusation of "playing politics."

The Mugwump vote, being unorganized independent, is an elastic quantity. The Republican Party must realize that as they write their platform. They must gear their public appeal to that fact. Polls make it clear enough that Mr. Roosevelt still has the backing of labor, of many in the lower income groups, and of the Negro.

A year ago we were justified in saying that a large portion of the worker vote, by moving into new war-industry centers, had failed to establish legal voting residence. This may not be true by November. In at least one industrial center 70 per cent of today's voting public has registered and has established its right to cast ballots in November. The C.I.O.'s Political Action Committee has given a surprising demonstration of this by marshaling the labor vote. Rightly or wrongly this Committee claims to have brought about the defeat or retirement of Representatives Dies, Starnes and Costello and Senator Holman of Oregon.

None of these defeated politicians were devout followers of Mr. Roosevelt. Against all this, one may point to the recent Republican trends in local elections and to the outspoken objections by politicians to the fourth term in such habitually Democratic states as South Carolina and Texas. But no Republican capable of reason has a right to expect either Texas or South Carolina to abandon the Democratic Party next fall. There is no indication today that Mr. Roosevelt will not have his usual backlog of 12 electoral votes from the Solid South.

The Republican Party has the best chance offered it in twelve years. What will come of this chance depends on whether they accept the challenge to leadership made by that undetermined number of people who are willing, properly encouraged, to become ex-New Dealers.

THE END



"Let's leave this here in case we can't find a hotel room"

COLLIER'S

MERRYLEN TOWNSEND

Collier's for July 1, 1944



We Sank an Island

BY JOHN DURANT

IS IT possible to blow an island out of the sea? To annihilate it so completely that not even a beach remains for a landing force to set foot on?

The day before the attack on Kwajalein the Army's Seventh Division landed a force on an island about a mile to the west of Kwajalein itself. The purpose of this move was to install several batteries of artillery so that the troops landing the next morning on heavily defended Kwajalein would have additional support as they went in. The plan worked to perfection. From land, sea and air, the Kwajalein beach took such a furious pounding on D Day that not a Jap was alive on the sands to oppose the landing of our assault troops. Indeed, it was not until the troops were a quarter of a mile inland that real contact with the enemy was made.

Now came the next phase of the attack. This called for the capture of an island—call it Bijou—to the east of Kwajalein, which would give us control of both sides, thus trapping the Japs.

I stood on the signal bridge of a ship anchored in the lagoon less than a mile from Bijou that morning and watched the fresh troops as they went over the side into the landing craft.

As the boats began circling in the lagoon the bombardment started. Again, as the day before, the Navy opened up first. Battlewagons, cruisers and destroyers poured in tons of shells in unceasing salvos on the Bijou beach. Swarms of bombers came over, dropped their loads and disappeared beyond the horizon. In the midst of this body-shaking noise, the Army's artillery opened up.

With split-second timing, the alligators and Higgins boats formed into waves and headed toward the smoke-enveloped beach. As they went in I noticed that the initial waves were flanked by LCIs (Landing Craft Infantry). These little ships—among the Navy's smallest—raked the beach with machine-gun fire.

To the right of Bijou, midway between it and Kwajalein, lay a tiny island not more than fifty yards long. Alone and unmolested it stood, a tropical jewel with its handful of coconut palms, green underbrush and white coral sand. Now an unforeseen thing happened. From this solitary island burst the sudden sputter of machine-gun fire. Japs! They must have crossed over from Kwajalein the night before. They were firing on the right flank of the advancing waves.

Promptly the leading LCI left position and hurried over toward the island, firing as she went. The little ship hove to less than a hundred yards from the hidden machine-gun nests and, acting as a shield for the assault waves, continued firing with everything she had. This only stirred

up the hornets' nest. The Japs responded with even more intense fire. A continuous hail of bullets flew back and forth between the two forces of this miniature land-and-sea battle.

At this moment the troops landed on Bijou and started across the beach. The big show was taking place on Bijou, but all eyes were on the toy battle to the right.

"It's like a fight in the seats at a boxing bout," a sailor commented. "Nobody watches the ring."

It wasn't long before a destroyer, seeing that the battle was becoming a standoff, sauntered over and stood by the LCI. She seemed to wave the smaller ship aside with an attitude that was, "Stand away, sonny, this is a man's errand." As the LCI moved out, the Japs quickly trained their guns on the destroyer. This impertinence was too much. Drawing an indignant breath, the destroyer at point-blank range let go with all her five-inch guns at once. Another salvo followed, and another—so rapidly it sounded as if a giant machine gun were firing.

The island was now completely obscured by smoke and coral dust. All Jap fire had ceased, yet the enraged destroyer kept on hurling her shells incessantly. Suddenly in the midst of the rising column of dust, there was a jet of gray smoke which shot upward with great force and seemed to solidify among the clouds. Then came the unmistakable double roar of a 2,000-pounder.

Looking up I saw the bomber going away. But that wasn't all. Two more bombers came over and planted their shattering loads squarely in the middle of the smoke column. The destroyer paid no attention to this uncalled-for help. She did not cease firing for a second. I wondered how long she could keep it up. Then suddenly her guns were silent.

A light wind was blowing, and it was a bright sunny morning. In a few minutes, the dust and smoke began to drift away, and we watched eagerly to see the result of the bombardment. Through the thinning smoke, we couldn't see anything green. As the air became clear again and there was still nothing to be seen, even then it took a little time to realize what had happened: The island wasn't there any more. Gone were the trees, underbrush and Japs. No living thing remained. Everything had been blown into the sea. Where the island had been was now nothing but a narrow sandspit and the great curling green breakers.

A great cheer went up from everyone, and even before it died down, you could see the rollers breaking white over the sand and falling over the far side again into the sea. ★★★

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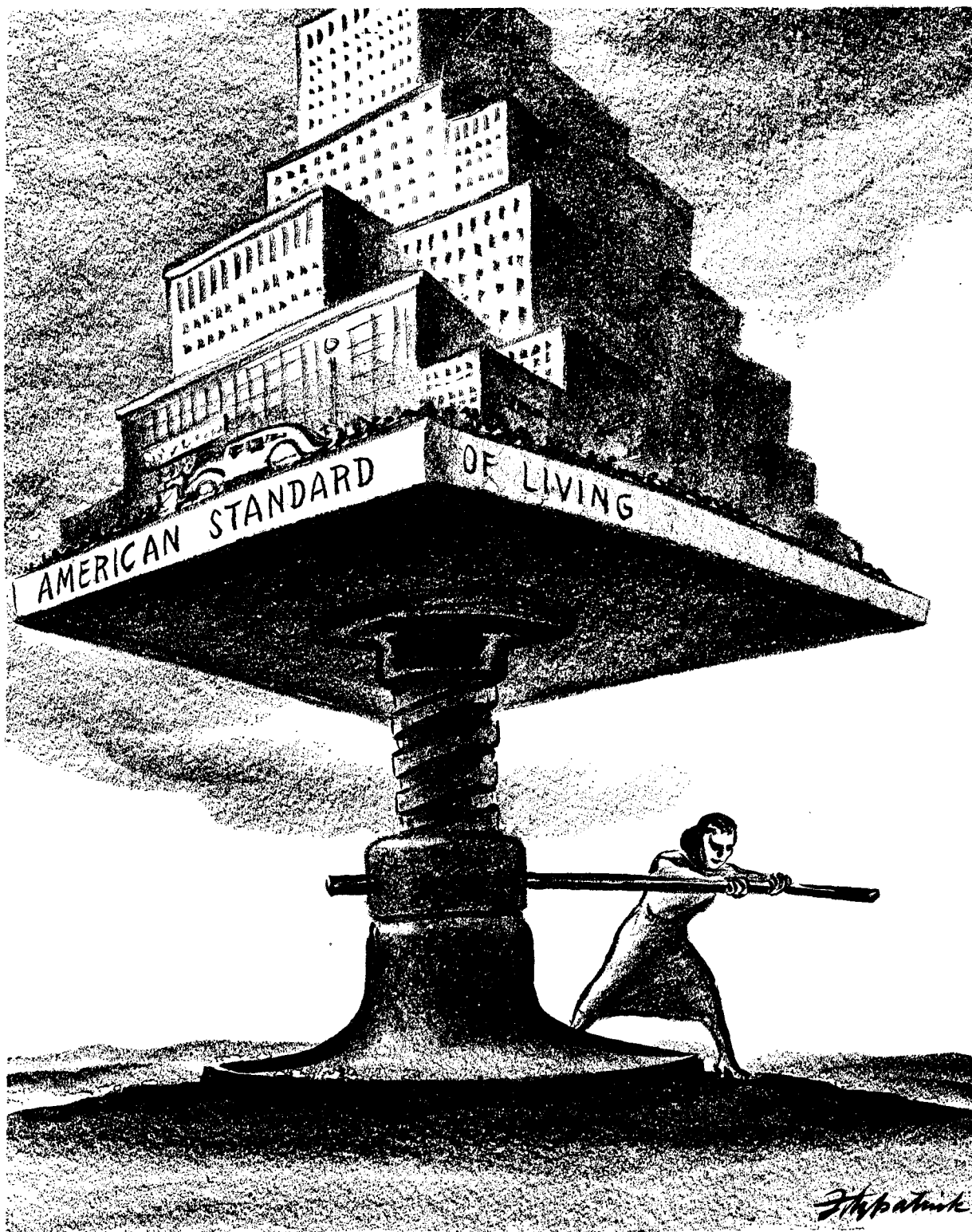
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Our Demanding Women

WE TAKE note of numerous letters reaching the public prints from American servicemen overseas, to the effect that American women, by comparison with English, Irish, Australian, etc., women, are too demanding, want men to spend too much money on them both before and after marriage, have been unduly spoiled by spineless American men, and had better mend their ways if they know what is good for them.

My advice to any bewildered bachelor back home (says one of these letters): Send to England for a wife. The initial investment may be large, but she will save you 2,000 bucks a year in upkeep.

If we were any American girl, we would discount these complaints heavily.

For one thing, a lot of the foreign girls no doubt have heard that all Americans are very rich, and that American women are heavy spenders and breathless keepers-up with the Joneses. Therefore, many a smart foreign girl who hoped to marry some American fighting man would naturally try to give all the U. S. warriors she met the impression that she was a little homebody to whom money and a lot of clothes and a better car every year or two meant nothing. We don't blame any foreign girl for using such tactics on any of our boys. All's fair in love, and in its closely related sport of catching a man.

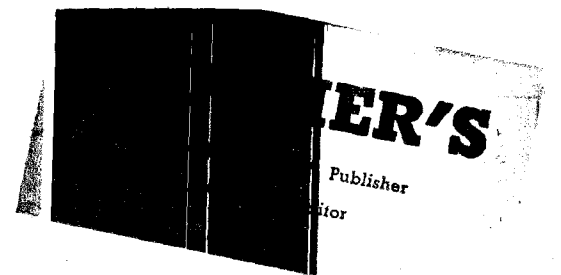
For another thing, the consensus of economists who have given thought to the subject is that demanding,

ambitious American women have had a great deal to do with pushing the American standard of living to the highest average levels in recorded human history.

Most American women have indeed been unwilling, down the generations, to stay put in that station in life to which it originally pleased God to call them, or to see their husbands stay put. They have indeed been pushing, energetic, ambitious, demanding—though as often for their children's sake as for their own, if not oftener. And it should be noted that most of them, too, have been as willing as any Swedish, Irish, French or German girl to pinch the pennies and do their own housework in the early years of marriage while the husband was getting on his financial feet.

The net effect has been to keep most American married men striving to bring home more and more of what it takes to the little woman. The spectacle has its funny side, and so has been a gold mine for fashioners of satirical novels, plays, movies and radio scripts. But its solid and serious achievement has been a big contribution to the aforesaid steady rise in average United States living standards to the day of Pearl Harbor.

We can detect nothing wrong in that. So our tip to American girls would be just to go right on demanding after the war—and after, of course, catching your man by acting like a non-demanding homebody if that's what his war experiences have led the lug to think he wants in you.



Beer for the Navy

VICE-ADMIRAL HENRY K. HEWITT, at this writing U. S. naval commander in the Mediterranean has come out with what looks to us like a most constructive suggestion. Hewitt wants our sea fighters to have beer available to them on board their ships.

Hard liquor was barred as part of the Navy ration just before the Civil War. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels made U. S. warships bone-dry with his General Order 99 of July 1, 1914.

Since those days, the United States as a nation has experimented with prohibition, found it a criminal mistake and bounced it over the side. Prohibition hangs on, however, in the Navy—and is creeping up on the Army, with the recent War Department order forbidding sale of hard liquor on Army posts.

It seems to us a dirty trick to keep our fighting men—some 11,000,000 of the best Americans now alive—subject to such restrictions as these, long after the repeal of federal prohibition.

In the British Navy, grog—meaning high-voltage rum—is served daily to all enlisted men who want it and beer is sold on the ships. We seem to have heard that the British Navy is a pretty capable fighting organization, and has been since 1588 at least. One factor in that long and admirable record, we surmise, has been this policy of treating British seamen, as regards alcohol, like the he-men they are, rather than like the prissies a lot of uplifters wish they were.

We'd like to see the United States copy this British policy in our Navy, to the extent of at least allowing beer on the ships, and hard liquor if our leaders could nerve themselves to defy the full fury of the dries. And we'd like to see the Army go back to its alcoholic status it enjoyed, and did not abuse, before this current attempt to dry up its posts.

Common Sense on Poll Taxes

THE annual Congressional uproar about eight Southern states' poll taxes arrived in due course this spring, bringing with it the usual orations, breast-beatings, threatening filibusters and all-round ill will.

Here is what looks like the common-sense view of the matter:

These poll taxes are a remnant of the old property qualifications for voting, which used to keep many Americans away from the polls. They are aimed at Southern Negroes, but like most other blunderbuss laws they hit a lot of other people besides their targets—in this case, the poor whites.

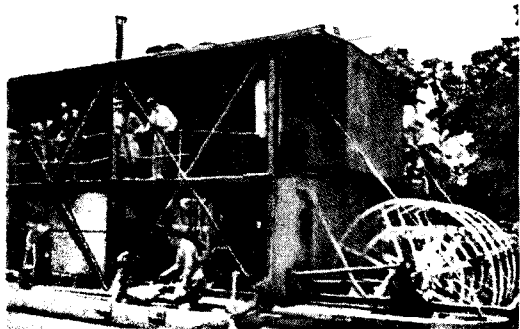
All this has its elements of hypocrisy and injustice. But there is only one way to wipe it out, constitutionally, and that is by amending the Constitution—a long, cumbersome job. The trouble is that the Constitution leaves to the states the power to determine the manner of holding elections.

The anti-poll-tax crusaders by and large want to sidestep a constitutional amendment by means of a federal statute forbidding poll taxes. Should Congress ever pass such a bill, though, it would probably be held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

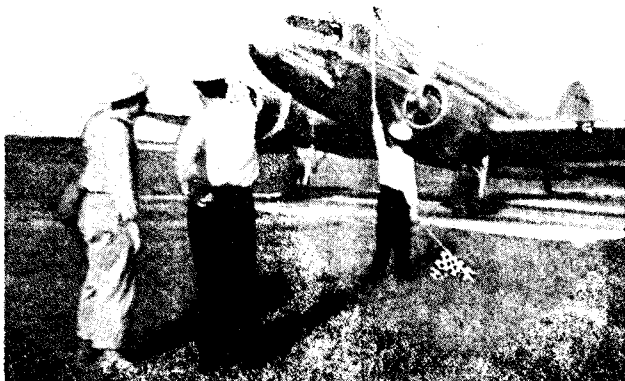
The annual fight for such a law does, however, give welcome opportunities to a lot of professional manipulators of votes and fomenters of race and class prejudice—which is one big reason why they annually bring on this fight.

Under the circumstances, there seems to be only one sane course open to genuine liberals, white and colored, North and South. That course would be to do everything possible to squelch the demagogues, and to get behind a carefully thought out proposal to amend the Constitution so as to eliminate poll taxes in all states. We do not see how short cuts and clever devices for evading the Constitution can in the long run do anything except defeat their own purpose.

Tense Moment at Barranca



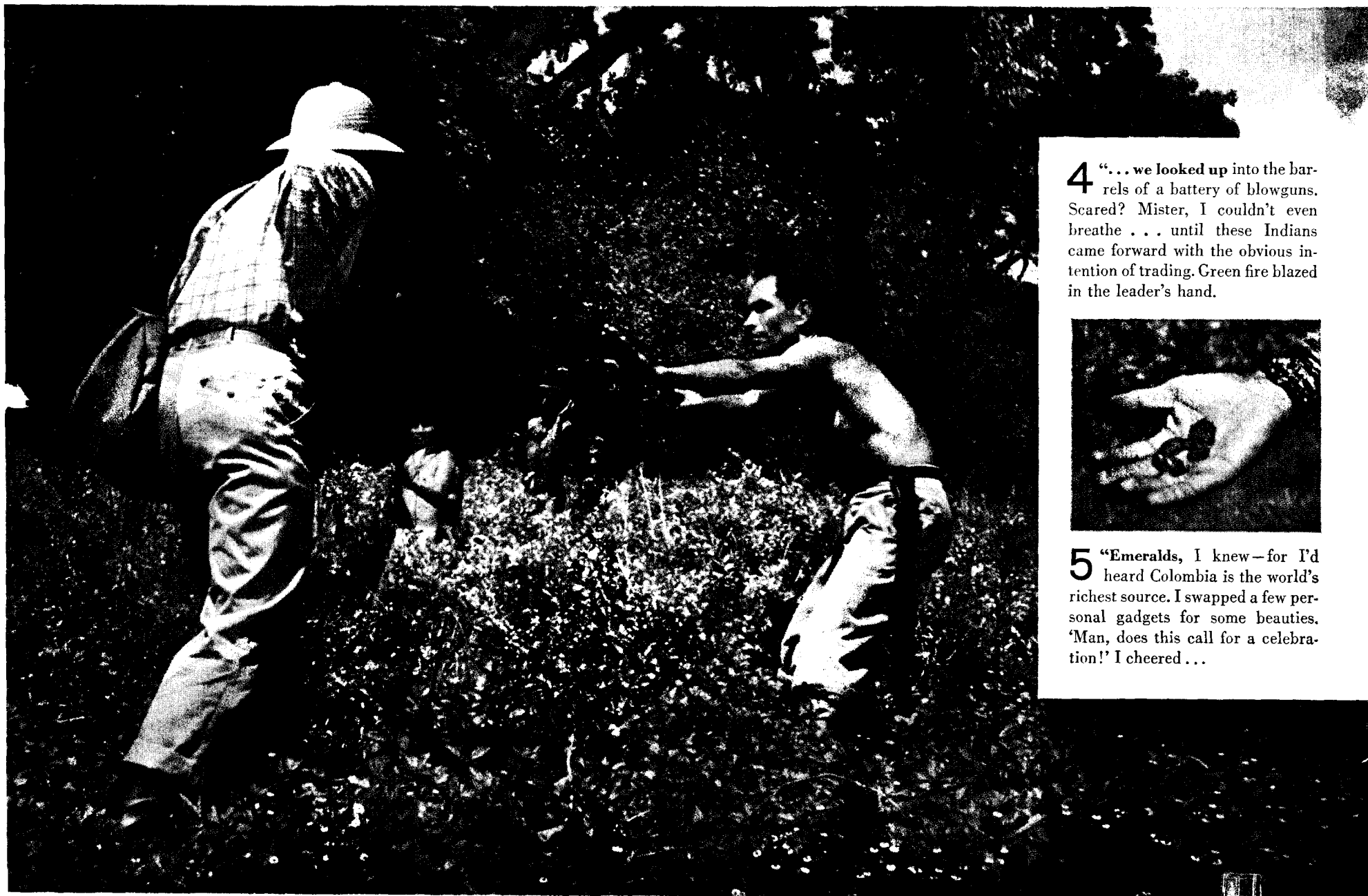
1 "At Barrancabermeja, 'way up Colombia's Magdalena River," writes an old friend of Canadian Club, "I was warned by my boss about the not-always-friendly blowgun Indians."



2 "But with the planes of Avianca, Colombian associate of Pan American Airways landing here on a regular schedule, Barranca seemed as civilized as the province of British Columbia. And it was easy to forget danger, for—



3 "This new field fairly bubbles with oil (you'll hear plenty about it when the war's all over!). In all the excitement of discovery, I put the Indian blowgunners and their poisoned darts completely out of my mind. Until one day...



4 "... we looked up into the barrels of a battery of blowguns. Scared? Mister, I couldn't even breathe... until these Indians came forward with the obvious intention of trading. Green fire blazed in the leader's hand.



5 "Emeralds, I knew—for I'd heard Colombia is the world's richest source. I swapped a few personal gadgets for some beauties. 'Man, does this call for a celebration!' I cheered...

6 "And a rare celebration it was... a toast to my luck in Canadian Club, from a bottle flown down to the boss from the precious wartime supply at Bogotá." Once the war is over, it will be even easier than now to travel to Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club once more available for toasting the "good neighbors" you will meet.

Right now, the distillery is concentrating on war alcohol; so Canadian Club is scarce on occasion.

- Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way, and you may sometimes find your dealer out of stock.
- Many fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves" by making two bottles go the length of three.

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